★Sept. 7, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

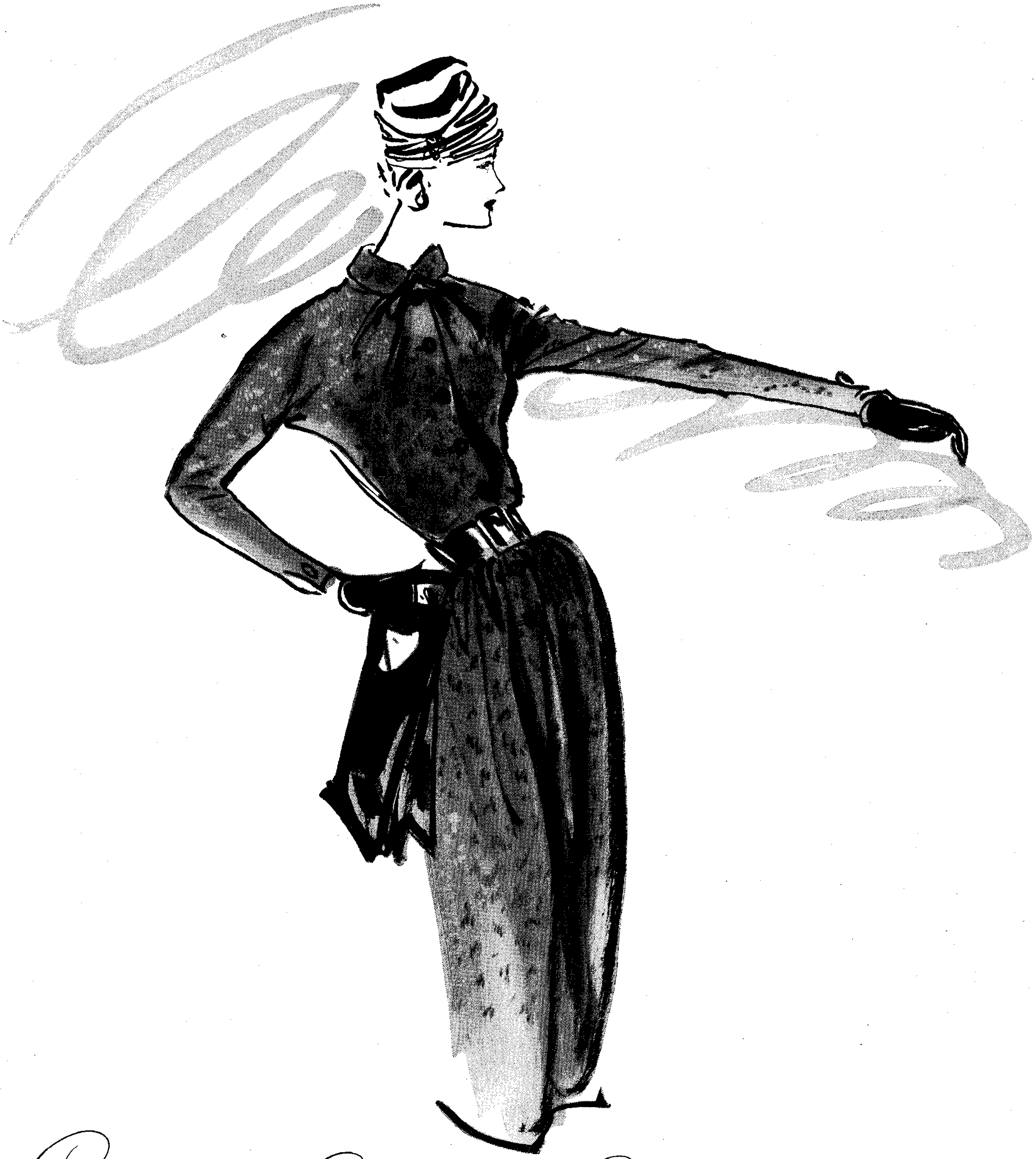
Price 25 cents

STOP
PAY TOLL
20¢
STOP
Garrett Price

"Password or no password—
you can't get by here unless you're
wearing Carter's Knit Boxers
the smart idea in man-comfort
. . . no ironing needed!"
Carter's
KNIT BOXERS
Fashion under Fashion
• Soft, fine selected cotton
• Flexible knit fabric
• Seamless crotch
• No ironing needed
• Carter-Set—
so won't shrink out of fit
The William Carter Co., Needham, Mass.

Carter's Plaid Knit Boxers at these and other fine stores: BOSTON, Jordan Marsh Co. • BUFFALO, J. N. Adam & Co. • CHICAGO, EVANSTON, Baskin CINCINNATI, Shillito's • CLEVELAND, The May Co. • DALLAS, James K. Wilson • DENVER, Daniels & Fisher • DETROIT, J. L. Hudson • GRAND RAPIDS, A. May & Sons LOS ANGELES, Silverwood's • MINNEAPOLIS, Dayton's • NEWARK, Bamberger's • NEW HAVEN, J. Johnson & Sons • NEW YORK, B. Altman & Co. • PASADENA, Nash's PHILADELPHIA, MacDonald & Campbell • PITTSBURGH, Kaufmann's • ROCHESTER, Sibley Lindsay & Curr • SAN FRANCISCO, The White House • SYRACUSE, The Addis Co.

$1.65



Girl in the Quicksilver Gray $100

Very much of the moment, our slender-sleeved shirtwaist dress by Harvey Berin in French wool lace in the beautiful silvery sheen of quicksilver gray. To step into here and now, wear later under mink. Understudied by gray silk crepe (no peek-a-booing) belted and neck-tied with gunmetal gray leather. Also in black, sizes 8 to 16.
Misses' Dresses, Fourth Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Simply Heavenly—A Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with incidental music by David Martin and with Melvin Stewart and Claudia McNeil figuring in the cast. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Tunnel of Love—A bunch of Westport cutups carrying on about adultery. Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries wrote the script, after the novel by Mr. De Vries, and the estimable cast includes Tom Ewell. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

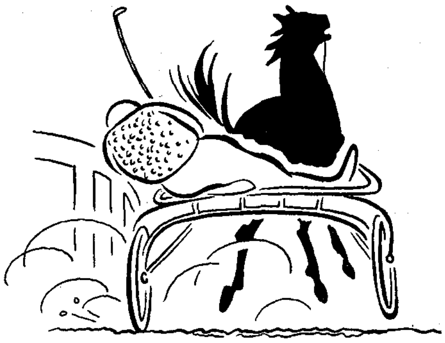
A Visit to a Small Planet—Cyril Ritchard is a miracle of style as a caller from outer space, and he is abetted by Edward Andrews as an overstuffed Pentagon general. Sarah Marshall (who will be replaced starting Monday, Sept. 16, by Diana van der Vlis), Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan are also in the cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—AUNTIE MAME: Rosalind Russell is the eccentric relative in this comedy adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis. The play also has Polly Rowles, Ann Summers, James Hickman, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Right now, Wynne Pearce is the hero, and Rex Everhart and Tucker Ashworth are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 14.) . . . **SEPARATE TABLES:** Two short plays by Terence Rattigan. Eric Portman and Geraldine Page are the hero and the heroine of both offerings. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 28.)

MUSICALS

New Girl in Town—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—BELLS ARE RINGING: A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. One of the phones she answers is that of Sydney Chaplin, playing a convivial playwright. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **DAMN YANKEES:** About a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. Now with Devra Korwin, Ralph Lowe, and Nathaniel Frey. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HAPPY HUNTING:** Something to do with love in Philadelphia and Monaco. The big news is that Ethel Merman is in it. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LI'L ABNER:** A portrayal of the dim-witted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Helon Blount head the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison has the part of Professor Higgins and Julie Andrews plays Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Mask and Gown—A revue devised and directed by Leonard Sillman and starring T. C. Jones, a female impersonator. Ronny Graham and Sidney Carroll are responsible for the continuity, and Jim Russell staged the musical numbers. Presented for a five-week engagement by Mr. Sillman and Bryant Haliday. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2:30.)

	Page
BOOKS	149
THE CURRENT CINEMA	85
MUSICAL EVENTS:	
CONCERT RECORDS	147
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	112
THE RACE TRACK	86

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Carousel," with Howard Keel, Barbara Cook, and Victor Moore. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 29.)

Actors Playhouse—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Thursday, Sept. 12, and Fridays through Sundays thereafter, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—"Tevya and His Daughters," a play by Arnold Perl, based on the stories of Sholom Aleichem. Mike Kellin heads a cast directed by Howard Da Silva. Opens Monday, Sept. 16. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Mondays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 5 and 8:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Roger Boxill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

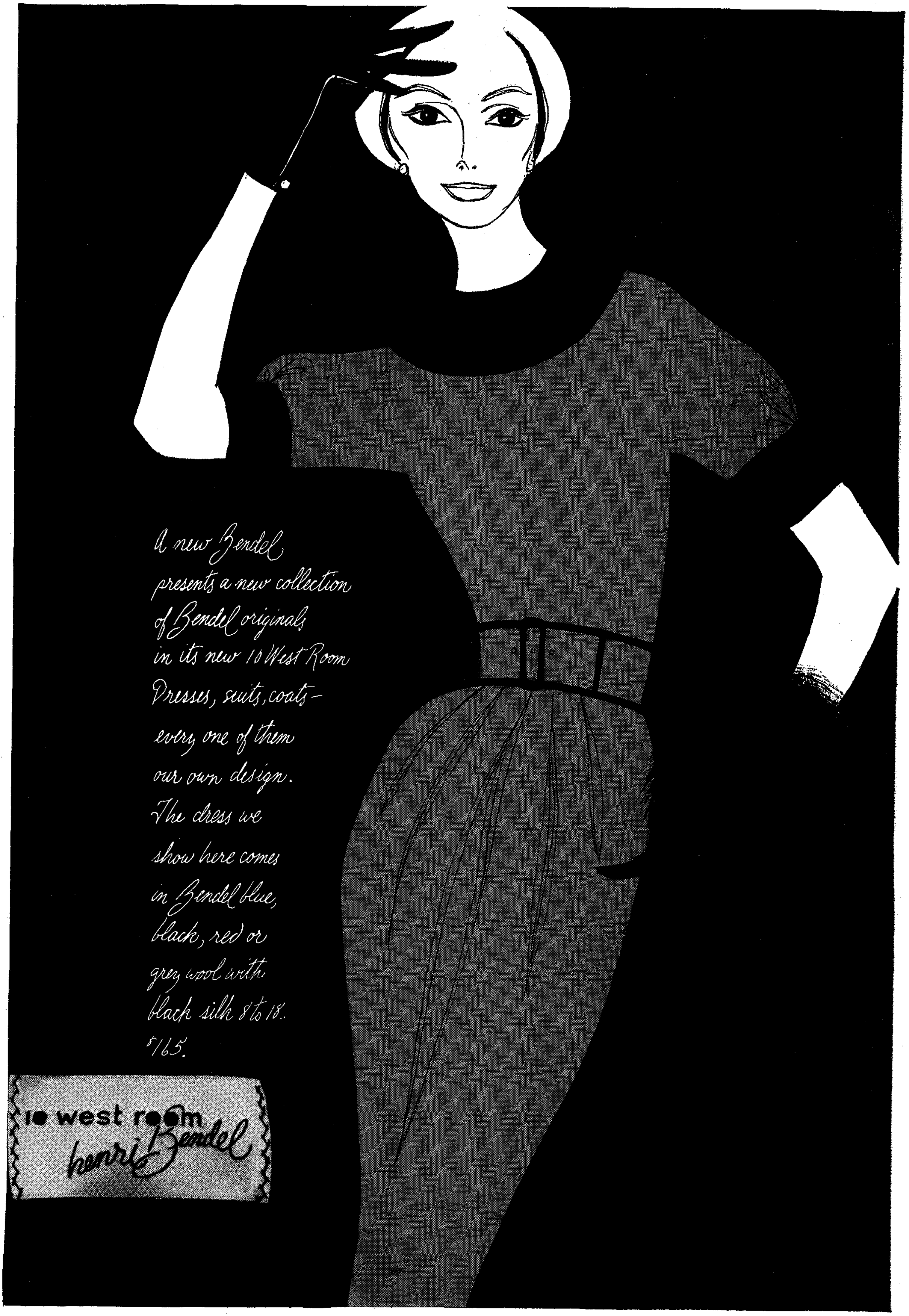
BALLET

The Royal Ballet (formerly the Sadler's Wells Ballet)—Thursday evening, Sept. 12: "Les Patineurs," "Petrouchka" (American première of the company's new production), and "Birthday Offering" (American première). . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 13, and Saturday matinée and evening, Sept. 14: "Sylvia." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée and evening, Sept. 15: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Sept. 17: "Solitaire" (American première), "Petrouchka," and "Birthday Offering." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Sept. 18-19: "The Prince of the Pagodas" (American première). . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 20: "Le Lac des Cygnes." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Sept. 21: "Solitaire" and "Coppélia." (Metropolitan Opera House. LA 4-2049. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 6.)

MISCELLANY

Theatre Under the Stars—A jazz concert by Lionel Hampton's and Dizzy Gillespie's orchestras; Teddy Wilson's, Bud Powell's, and

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 30, September 14, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. ©, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



A new Bendel
presents a new collection
of Bendel originals
in its new 10 West Room
Dresses, suits, coats—
every one of them
our own design.
The dress we
show here comes
in Bendel blue,
black, red or
grey wool with
black silk 8 to 18.
$165.

10 west room
henri Bendel

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

Erroll Garner's trios; and Mary Lou Williams, Lee Konitz, and Bob Brookmeyer. The final program of the season. (Wollman Memorial Theatre, Central Park. LE 5-7373. Nightly at 8:30. Through Sunday, Sept. 15.)

Ice Show—The eighteenth edition of "Ice Capades," this one with Ronnie Robertson, Cathie Machado, and Bobby Specht. Included are such production numbers as refrigerated versions of "Carmen" and "Madame Butterfly" and a salute to Gershwin. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 6. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a probationary member of the Junior and Ivy Leagues, has dinner music until ten, and dancing after that to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Photographs developed while you wait. The studio is open evenings for the convenience of those who have to sleep during the day. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra are the dance musicians.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room this season is a fairly luxurious diners' club, enhanced by the dance music of an orchestra headed by Joseph Sudy and the ministrations of a flotilla of violinists. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 18. Once more, the master of revels will be Ted Straeter, fashion plate, tenor, pianist, and dance-band leader, and there shall be music, too, by Mark Monte's men. At dinner and supper, the floor will be peopled by Lilo, whose home address is Allée de Tin-Pan, Paris 6e, France. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays tea-with-cream music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and filet-mignon music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either abode.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Eddie Lane's band is spinning dance music. He'll be there through Saturday, Sept. 14; on Monday, Sept. 16, Sammy Kaye's orchestra will take over. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, a *cordon-bleu* pleasure dome, Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small ensembles play, play, play for dancing except during dinner and supper, when Constance Moore comes front and center for a few lyrics about life in the gains (capital and ill-gotten) bracket. All quiet Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Buddy Morrow's band keeps traffic moving at a gentle pace in the Café Rouge most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—People who like to be babes in the woods can play at it, on dry nights only, by sitting on the rim of the open-air terrace, which has dance music after eight weekdays and after seven Sundays. Nothing doing Mondays.

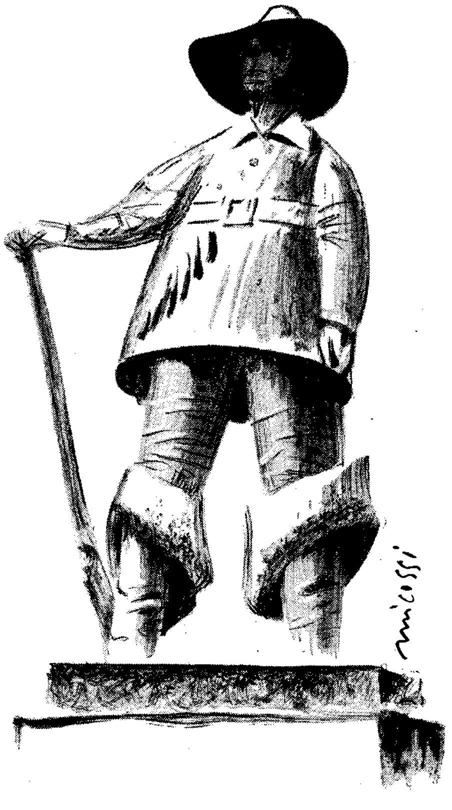
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Sarah Vaughan and Count Basie's band are in full cry on the Starlight Roof—Miss Vaughan with a voice capable of vast range, joy, and subtlety, Mr. Basie with brass and rhythm sections like thunderbolts of Jove. Joe Williams, who can outshout almost anyone else's blues, makes it an extra-grand night for singing. The Roof, which is shut on Sunday, shuts for keeps Wednesday, Sept. 18. . . . ¶ The Empire Room reopens next evening as a drill hall for Los Chavales de España—marchers, counter-marchers, singers, and musicians. The daughter of this enthusiastic regiment is Trini Reyes, an ever-so-perky dancer. They'll show up at dinner and supper; Emil Coleman's and Béla Babai's bands will keep the customers in a dancing mood the rest of the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the Alt Wien group led by Jozsi Ribari concocts dance music from eight until one; the Babai gypsy band takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

Note—The crow's-nest known as the Rainbow Room serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and swatches of non-dance music, you can, if you snaffle a window-side table, survey at your ease the asphalt jungle known as New York 20. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A vineyard haven, evergreen and commodious as can be, where sedate piano is audible at cocktails, dinner, and supper. Addison Bailey is the author of this music during the week; Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. . . . **Little Club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. Kurt Maier does a dinner-and-supper piano obbligato. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' bar, restaurant, conversation piece, and music room is on its fall schedule—news flashes and peppery piano from its owner, romantic piano from Wayne Sanders. Both are available from about six to about daybreak. Closed Mondays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, singing songs that are fraught with ambivalence; that is to say, (1) love is where you find it, and (2) better put it right back where you found it. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong companion-at-arms, is her pianist; Don Evans, a keyboard man of infinite variety, performs as a soloist. The music starts at cocktail time; Miss Mercer starts around half past ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The glory that was Rome brought fully up to date. Interwoven with the captains and waiters is Teo Fanidi's mobile unit of string musicians, and after the theatre one or two people break into song. Closed Sundays. . . . **Carlton House,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the bar, dignified as Berkeley Square, the court musician is Rack Godwin, of the never-to-be-forgotten piano team of Eadie and Rack. His pleasantries are available from five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **Gatsby's,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Three million dollars' worth of very pretty opulence, in the middle of which Fred Witmer plays bland piano at dinner and supper every night but Sunday, which is curfew. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is the home of Norbert Faconi and his violin, and they operate in the best table-side manner after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **Weylin,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, an influential citizen who has had his effect on one or two generations of drawing-room pianists, demonstrates (from cocktails through dinner, and again from ten till one-thirty or two) that he is still a peer of his realm—a calm, collected, sanctuary sort of place. Closed Sundays. . . . **Left Bank,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): Way out West, where Madison Square Garden begins, sits this reminder of night life back on the Eastern seaboard. After ten, the Lee Evans jazz trio (with the magnificent Denzil Best on drums) and another threesome. Closed Sundays. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The permanent festival here (Latin-American style) includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **Casanova,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Just the sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent, from the kitchen to the peripatetic music and the songs, is French. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Little old Ruritania, full of happy villagers, all busy cooking with gas, playing piano, violin, and zimbalon, or singing in French, English, Hungarian, and Ruritanian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **Champagne Gallery,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation instead of mass participation. Someone or other is always at the piano.



STATUES OF CENTRAL PARK

Pilgrim Father

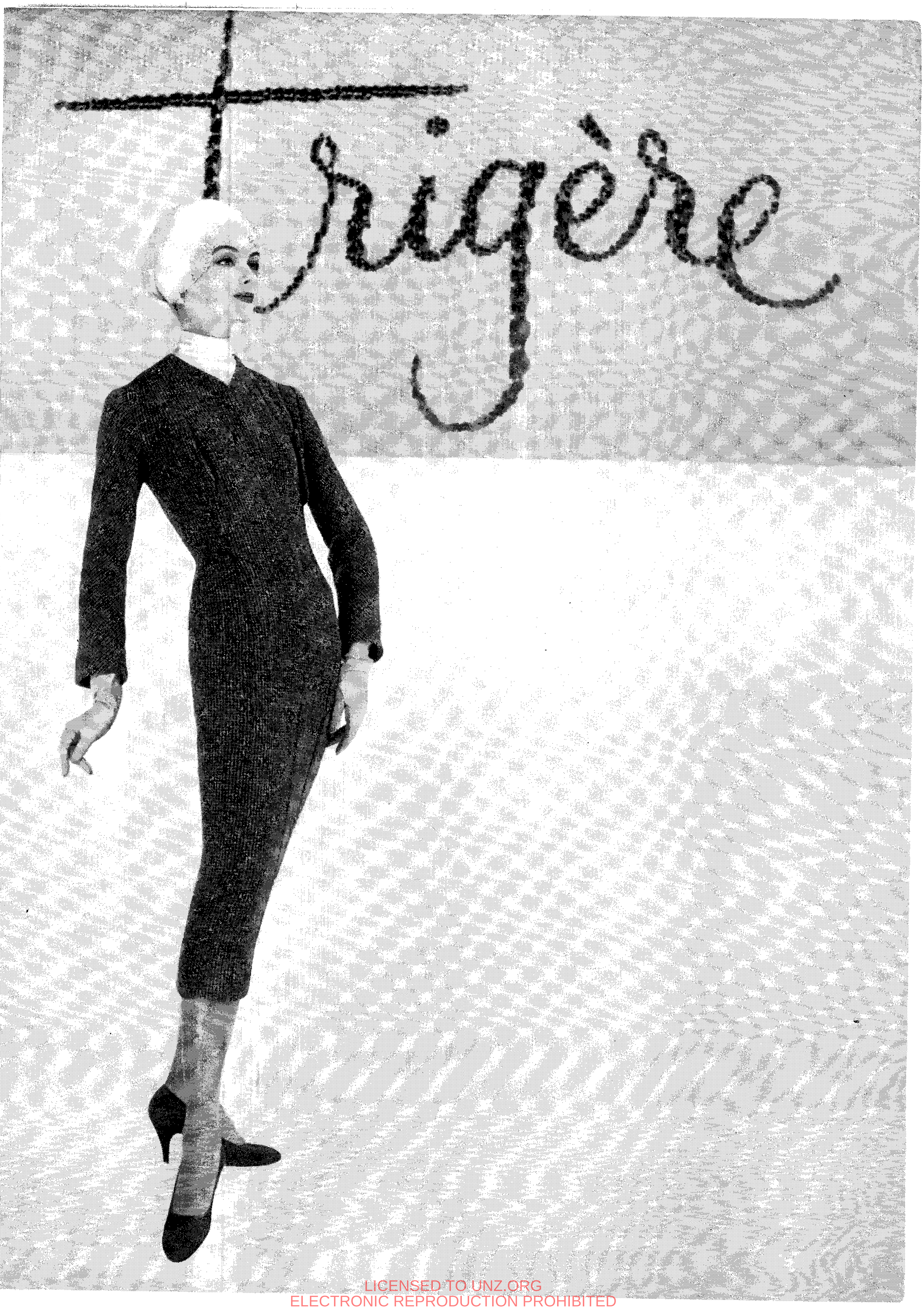
BIG AND BRASSY

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): You'll find other autobiographies of Joe E. Lewis in the bookstalls and on film, but the best one is the in-person narration by the originator, who's back at his old stand, knee-deep in noise, pretty girls, and the other ingredients of an old old-fashioned floor show.

SUPPER CLUBS

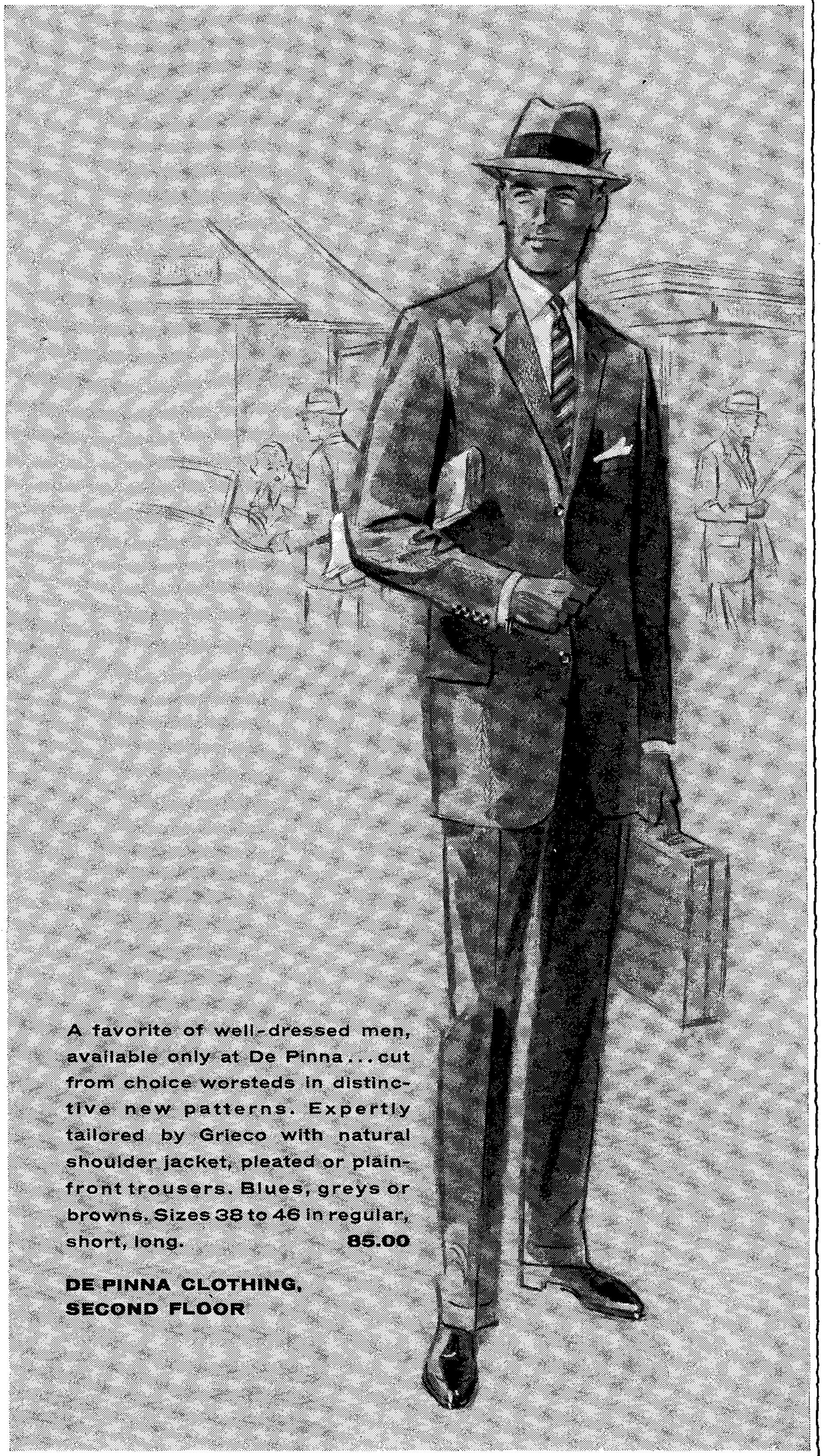
(No dancing, unless noted.)

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Carol Burnett, whose unhappy childhood (television) was spent sharpening an already acute set of wits, and George Matson, whose lifework is the minute observation of the female of the species, have very little mercy on the souls they portray. The best of the other amusement is Luc Poret, an old-school boule-


Trigère

De Pinna

OUR FAMOUS LIDO SUIT
READY NOW FOR FALL



A favorite of well-dressed men, available only at De Pinna . . . cut from choice worsteds in distinctive new patterns. Expertly tailored by Grieco with natural shoulder jacket, pleated or plain-front trousers. Blues, greys or browns. Sizes 38 to 46 in regular, short, long. 85.00

DE PINNA CLOTHING,
SECOND FLOOR

DE PINNA UPPER FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET, N. Y.
LINCOLN ROAD, MIAMI BEACH

vardier, and a cheerful one, who sings his own songs in his native French and outlandish American. In the background are the Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's a session by the Lyons trio from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The habitat of Julius Monk, an entrepreneur who specializes in the sort of seemingly artless merriment that thrives only when performer and audience are as one. The merrymakers are Stella Brooks, a demon *diseuse* and a daring young lady on a flying broomstick, and Annie Ross, a lass with some delicate arias. The instrumentalists are Warren Vaughn and Eddie De Hass, who like their jazz neat, not gaudy. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Hot nights of catch-as-catch-can in the old Village. The principal catchers are Charlie Manna, who never tries to save time by telegraphing his punch lines, and Tony and Eddie, lampooners whose choice of weapons is the harpoon. The music is Felicia Sanders' burning and yearning ballads, Jimmie Daniels' airy lyrics, and the jovial cacophonies of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Familiar faces on the barroom floor—Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who never stray far from their twin pianos. The humor comes from Mickey Deems, chronicler of the American way of life in its domesticated aspect, whose tales are probably all too true. He's away Sundays, when there are silent movies; Mondays are amateur nights.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

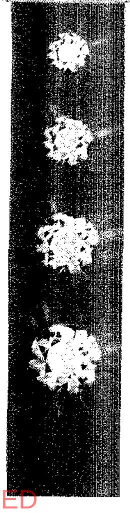
(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): An awesome collection of fire power, going by the names of Wild Bill Davison, Vic Dickenson, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. In between times, the venerable Cliff Jackson is the professor. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Vanguard's new Geophysical Year is now in full swing, particularly because of Horace Silver's graceful quintet and Helen Merrill's tongue-twisted jazz ballads. Slim Gaillard, a good musician but a bop talker, is a leftover from another year—maybe the Year of the Locust. Art Farmer, by the way, is one of Silver's men. On Sundays, there are jazz concerts at 4:30 P.M., as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): In this corner, Dorothy Donegan, lightweight championship boxer of the Western Hemisphere, goes fifteen or twenty rounds with a defenseless piano, and the resulting music is sometimes a Pyrrhic victory. Her trio and Alex Kallao's (which retires as of Monday, Sept. 16) start around nine. There's also cocktail and dinner solo piano every evening. Sundays, other hands take over. . . . **BOURBON STREET**, 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): The first real good look this town has had at Turk Murphy's jazz band, which is doing its best to reproduce a way of life that flourished in the long, long ago. The listening quarters provided are solid comfort. Sundays, there's other fat in the fire; on Sept. 15, it will be the Red Onion group. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Billy Maxted band is at home on its range, which has a distinctly Southern exposure. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Sturdy old troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Benny Moten, who believe that the jazz that Grandpa used to make was the best in the land. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Mary Lou Williams, who has decided to give up being just a legend, is again

Treasured beyond all other gifts

"Some day" is today. . . . Remember the first ring you gave her, and how you said that some day, when your ship came in, there would be a greater gift to celebrate your years together . . . to mark as only a fine gem can the happy times, the milestones of a rewarding life? And now, at last, some day is today. . . . "A diamond is forever."

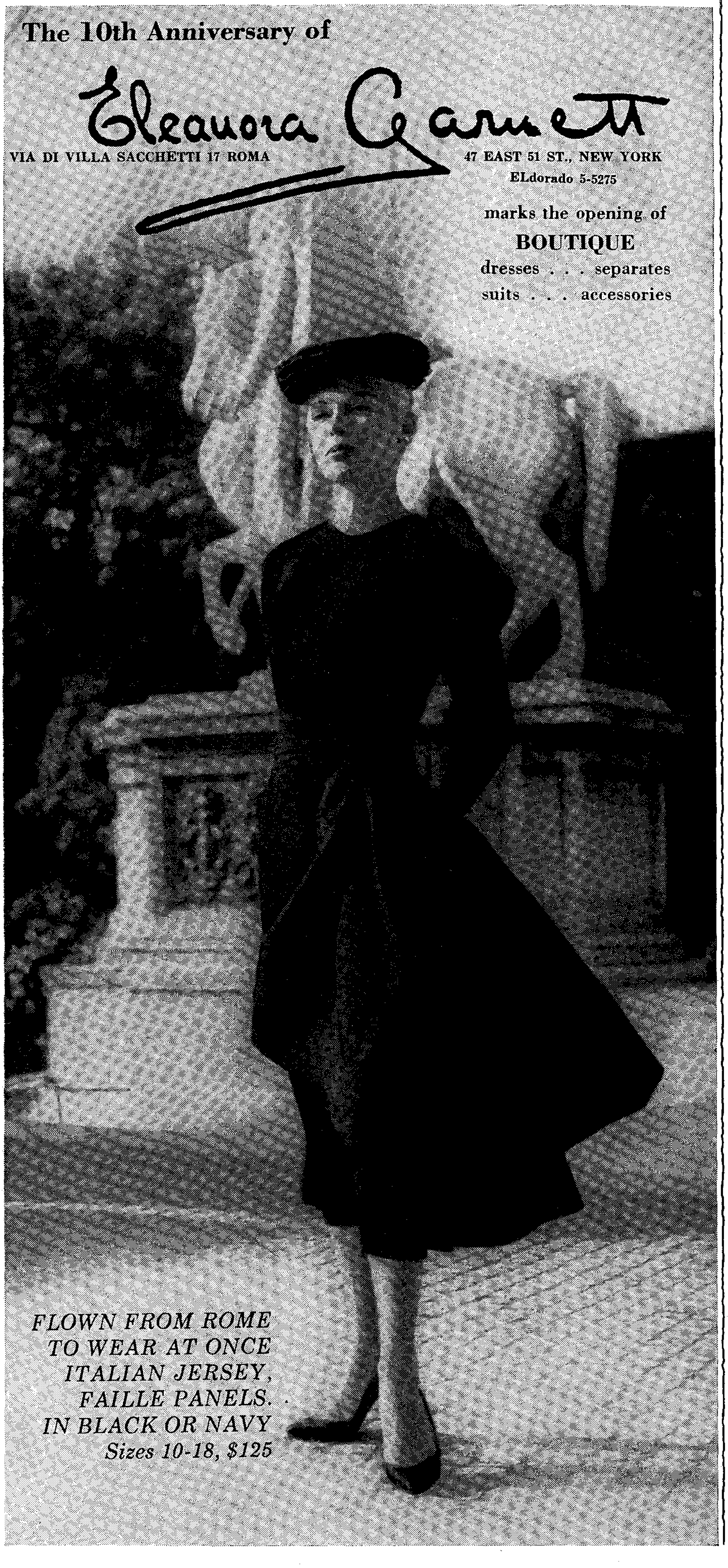
This year, let a diamond make memorable that special anniversary, or important birthday, a debut, the birth of a child, or any significant event.



½ carat, $235 to $500
1 carat, $625 to $1230
2 carats, $1365 to $3410
3 carats, $2500 to $5910

Color, cutting and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to a diamond's value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Prices shown cover range of quotations in July, 1957, by representative jewelers for their top-quality unmounted diamonds. (Federal tax extra.) Prices vary with top qualities offered. Exceptionally fine stones are higher.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.



The 10th Anniversary of

Eleanora Garnett

VIA DI VILLA SACCHETTI 17 ROMA

47 EAST 51 ST., NEW YORK
ELdorado 5-5275

marks the opening of
BOUTIQUE
dresses . . . separates
suits . . . accessories

*FLOWN FROM ROME
TO WEAR AT ONCE
ITALIAN JERSEY,
FAILLE PANELS.
IN BLACK OR NAVY
Sizes 10-18, $125*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in the public eye, playing the sort of piano that has always been ahead of its time. Her trio shares the podium with the threesome run by Billy Taylor, a fast and facile man with a bunch of keys. The Taylors are on leave Sundays, the Williamses Mondays. Their night starts at nine. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to about nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest. . . . BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Dizzy Gillespie's band, the one lately heard round the world, is demonstrating that it is a prophet with honor in its own country, too. Max Roach's foursome is another landmark of progress. The regulars are around nightly except Mondays, when guest artists assemble to make jam. . . . HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar is a trio led by Toshiko Akiyoshi, who would be the perfect choice for Pitti-Sing in a revival of "The Hot Mikado" and who plays piano that would qualify her for "The Cool Mikado." This little Japanese girl from school sets to at nine-thirty. No action Mondays. . . . MANNEQUIN, 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): It's the old Byline Room intact. Nothing new but the music, which is the trio of Barbara Carroll, whose piano thoughtfully endows the staccato intricacies of modern jazz with a smattering of emotional content. Closed Sundays. . . . METROPOLE, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Murder will out every time, if Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and J. C. Higginbotham have anything to say about it. The victims are pop tunes of yesterday, and the butchery (completely in fun) is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold an open forum with Coleman Hawkins, Zutty Singleton, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. . . . JAZZ CITY, 157 W. 49th St. (CI 5-0890): A funny thing happened to the décor and acoustics, but good men and true make the music. Departing on Sunday, Sept. 15: Oscar Pettiford's quintet. Arriving on Tuesday, Sept. 17: Buddy Rich's quartet. Ten is the witching hour. . . . CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave. at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A celebrated beer garden for children who are in town weekends. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, the boys involved in playing Southern airs and graces will (it is reasonable to expect) be Jo Jones, Charlie Shavers, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Johnny Windhurst, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . VOYAGER ROOM, 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): Up on the second floor of the Henry Hudson Hotel, there's solid-silver service by Bobby Hackett's magic horn, flanked by the output of such virtuosos as Buzzy Drootin, Ernie Caceres, and John Dengler. The sound effects are New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, and little old New York. Closed Sundays. . . . CAFÉ BOHEMIA, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The experiments, all futuristic, conducted here sometimes go off with a bang, sometimes fizzle; the comings and goings of the performers are just as uncertain. However, it's no worse than even money that Buddy Rich's quartet and Ronnie Bright's trio will be here through Sunday, Sept. 15. On Monday, Sept. 16, Gil Mellé's quartet, which includes Herbie Nichols, will probably take over. No doubt about this, though: the foundry is closed Tuesdays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

BANKSVILLE, N.Y.: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-3306); closed Mondays. . . . BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Sejour (WElls 1-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . CONGERS, N.Y.: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn (Spring 5-9125). . . . EAST NORWICH, L.I.: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . FISHKILL, N.Y.: Boni's Inn (Beacon 9-7394); closed Mondays. . . . GARRISON, N.Y.: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . GLEN COVE, L.I.: Villa Pierre, formerly Villa Victor (GLen

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cove 4-2890); closed Tuesdays. . . . GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . HARTSDALE, N.Y.: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: André (HUnter 2-7717); piano on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern (Victor 7-4558). . . . PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.: Nino's Continental (POrt Washington 7-7644); dancing; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-6500); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . POUND RIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-8873); piano; closed Mondays. . . . RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Idlewood 8-2628); piano every evening except Monday. . . . ¶ Stonehenge, on Route 7 (Idlewood 8-6511); piano every evening. . . . SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 2-1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 2-1997); closed Mondays. . . . SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill (Hamilton 3-9859); closed Mondays. . . . SYOSSET, L.I.: Villa Victor (WAlnut 1-4000); closed Mondays. . . . WESTBURY, L.I.: Westbury Manor (EDgewood 3-2184); piano every evening except Sunday. . . . WESTPORT, CONN.: Red Barn (Capitol 7-6204).

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOSEPH ALBERS—Graphic works, all non-objective; through Friday, Sept. 20. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Saturday, Sept. 14.)

ANTOINE BOURDELLE—Bronze sculptures, water colors, and ink drawings; through Friday, Sept. 13. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.: Nicolai Cikovsky and Philip Evergood are two of the contributors to an exhibit of oils, water colors, and drawings; through Saturday, Sept. 14. . . . ALAN, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Oliver Andrews, Bruce Conner, Mark Tobey, and other members of the gallery; through Sept. 28. . . . ARTISTS', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: The twelfth annual exhibition of the Spiral Group (Joseph Meert, John Sennhauser, and others); through Sept. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . BABCOCK, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Drawings by six artists, including George Ratkai and Sol Wilson; through Sept. 30. . . . HEWITT, 29 E. 65th St.: Siegfried Reinhardt, George Tooker, and others in a showing of recent paintings; through Sept. 30. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: Oils by Betty Parsons, Larry Rivers, Adolf Dehn, and twenty-three other artists who acted as jurors for the gallery during the past season; through Oct. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the DEITSCH, 51 E. 73rd St.: Drawings, water colors, pastels, and prints by (for instance) Gris, Feininger, and Nolde; through Sept. 29. . . . HERVÉ, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Marie Laurencin, Matisse, Jansem, and other painters; through Sept. 30. . . . MELTZER, 38 W. 57th St.: Water colors and drawings by Jankel Adler, Louis Bunce, George Constant, and others; through Sept. 30. . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by such men as Hartley, Matisse, and Braque; through Friday, Sept. 20. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Homer, Courbet, and Pissarro are among the artists represented in a showing of American and French paintings and drawings; through Sept. 28. . . . WORLD HOUSE, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: An exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculptures, water colors, and prints, with examples by Afro, Lynn Chadwick, Stuart Davis, and others; through Friday, Sept. 13.

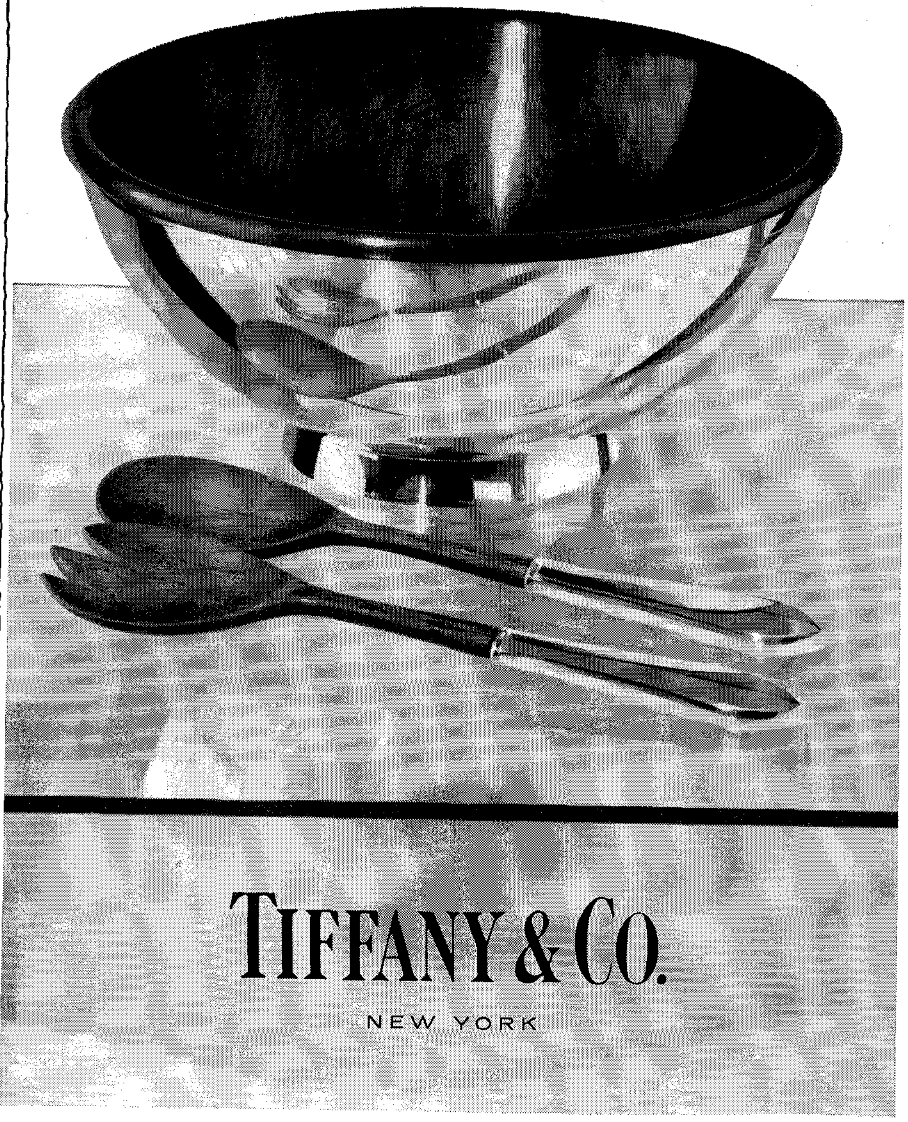
EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the KLEEMANN, 11 E. 68th St.: Mostly French and German paintings by Baumeister, Hartung, Winter, and the like; through Sept. 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th

THE BOWL WITHIN A BOWL...

Tiffany's newest idea. One, designed for many uses in sterling silver, holds another made of cherry wood for serving salad. Eleven inches across. Two hundred fifteen dollars.

Cherry wood salad servers with sterling silver handles in Faneuil pattern, twenty four dollars the pair.

Prices include federal tax.



TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

Vapor trails high in the sky will remind you that the Boeing 707 is flying its proving runs. Soon these first American jet transports will be coming off the production lines. American Airlines will be the first to offer jet air travel in the United States. Early in 1959 American will use Boeing 707's on transcontinental Mercury service.

AMERICAN AIRLINES
America's Leading Airline

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.: Modern French painters, including Chagall, Utrillo, and Pascin; through Oct. 12.

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sept. 29.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Rodin and a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, plus works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others. . . . ¶ "Faces in American Art," an exhibit of more than a hundred photographs of artists, art critics, and collectors, taken by such cameramen as Edward Steichen, Alfred Stieglitz, and Arnold Newman. . . . ¶ Impressionist and modern paintings, on loan from private collections, by Gauguin, Renoir, Modigliani, and so on; through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two exhibitions in the Artists in Mid-Career series, one of sculptures, paintings, and drawings by the abstractionist David Smith, the other of paintings and drawings by the abstract-Surrealist Matta; through Oct. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Drawings and prints by van Gogh, Matisse, Miró, and other Europeans; through Oct. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—The second section of a show of recent acquisitions and works on loan, including paintings, drawings, and sculptures by twenty artists, among them Brancusi, Kandinsky, and Modigliani; through Oct. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Abstract paintings by Anna Walinska, depicting Biblical and religious themes, landscapes, and figures; through Oct. 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A selection of more than sixty pieces from the Museum's collection, including sculptured figures and objects from various places, in wood, clay, ivory, gold, and turtle shell. In addition, a group of fourteen newly acquired items, among them a large Greek marble head, an ivory Polynesian figure, and Middle American gold objects. Through Oct. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sept. 22. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Jazz at the Philharmonic—Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson's trio, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Roy Eldridge, Stan Getz, Sonny Stitt, Lester Young, Illinois Jacquet, Coleman Hawkins, J. J. Johnson, Flip Phillips, and Jo Jones. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8:30.)

Black Watch—The Regimental Band, the Massed Pipers, and the Highland Dancers of the Black Watch, Royal Highland Regiment. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Saturday, Sept. 21, at 8:30, and Sunday, Sept. 22, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Sunday, Sept. 15, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 17-18, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 20, at 8:15, and Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2. . . . **ebbets field:** Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 20, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 21, at 2.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (The Country Club, Brookline, Mass. Through Saturday, Sept. 14.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying round for the U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Pelham Country Club, Pelham Manor. Tuesday, Sept. 17.)

Horse Show—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Lo-

THIS IS A SHAGGY MAN STORY

And this one, happily, makes a point. It means *your* coat needn't necessarily thicken in the winter. It means you need no longer feel bulky and burdened and shaggy and baggy in your heavy old fall suit.

There is a *new* suit named Norford, made in a *new* way to give you a *new* feeling of comfort and freedom you've known before only in summer clothing. It marks the first major change in men's wear in a decade.

The Norford suit is very likely the most natural *natural* suit ever made. It is not excessively narrow or 'pinched'—and you need not worry if you've been a bit long on the vine for the Ivy Look. It is not a new look. It is a new *feel* . . . a feeling of gentlemanly ease plus a wonderful sense of weightlessness.

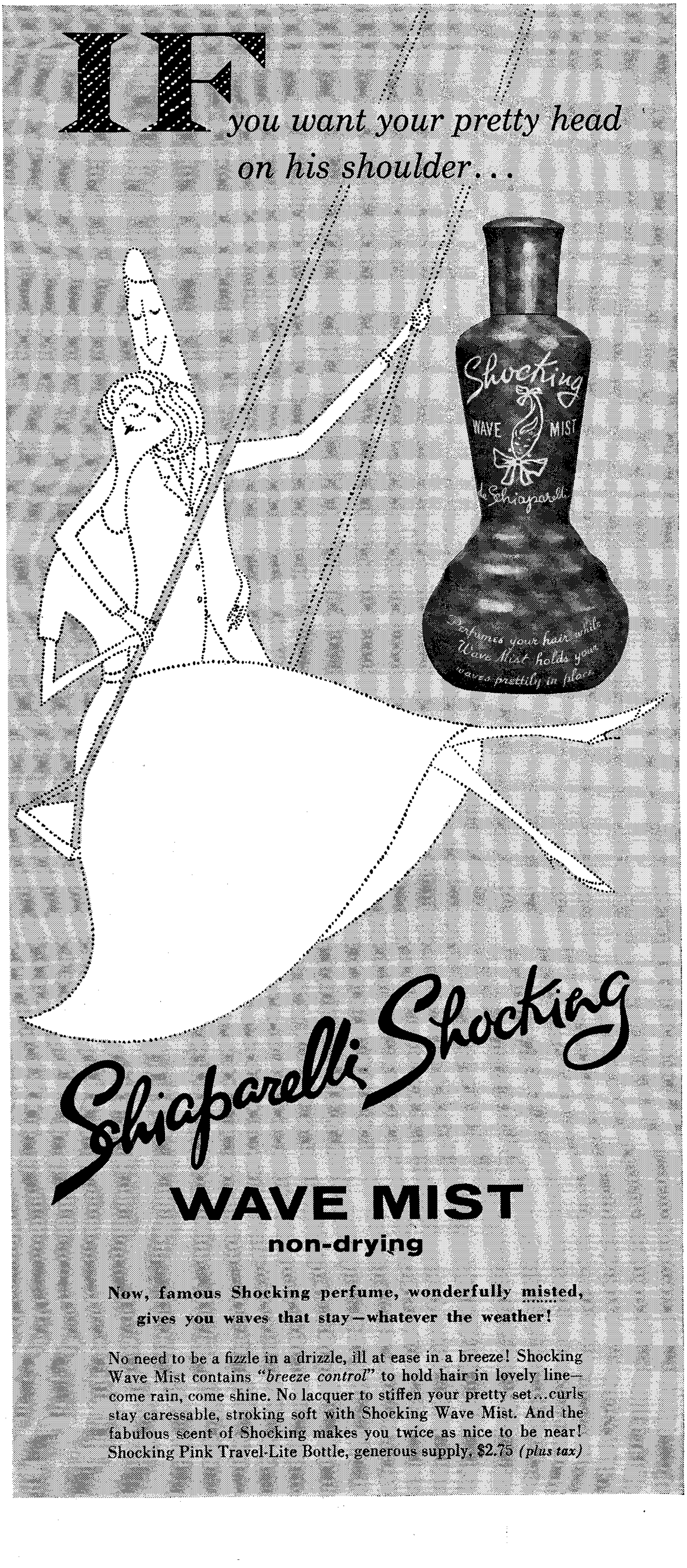
Further, there is no excess bulk or padding. The fabrics are superb blends of wool with airy, man-made fibers. A Norford suit comes out of a suitcase as presentable as it went in. It sheds wrinkles, but never its shape.

All reason enough, we think, for you to note the name Norford, and look into—or better, get into—a Norford suit soon. At such stores as *Whitehouse & Hardy* in New York, *Marshall Field's* Young Chicagoan, *L. S. Ayres & Company* in Indianapolis, *Boyd's* in St. Louis. Suits about 75.00, jackets about 55.00.

Write for the name of the store nearest you—and you need never go shaggy again.

NORFORD
CLOTHES

EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK, SUITE 6715


IF you want your pretty head on his shoulder...
Shocking
WAVE MIST
de Schiaparelli
Perfumes your hair while Wave Mist holds your waves prettily in place
Schiaparelli Shocking
WAVE MIST
non-drying

Now, famous Shocking perfume, wonderfully misted, gives you waves that stay—whatever the weather!

No need to be a fizzle in a drizzle, ill at ease in a breeze! Shocking Wave Mist contains *"breeze control"* to hold hair in lovely line—come rain, come shine. No lacquer to stiffen your pretty set...curls stay caressable, stroking soft with Shocking Wave Mist. And the fabulous scent of Shocking makes you twice as nice to be near! Shocking Pink Travel-Lite Bottle, generous supply, $2.75 *(plus tax)*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cust Valley, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 12-15.)

Hunt Racing—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 14.)... ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Sept. 21.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 21-22.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 14. The Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 14; the Cowdin, Monday, Sept. 16; and the Matron and the Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 21. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 5. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 14. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen, N.Y.: Saturday, Sept. 21, at 9:45.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.)... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 12.

OTHER EVENTS

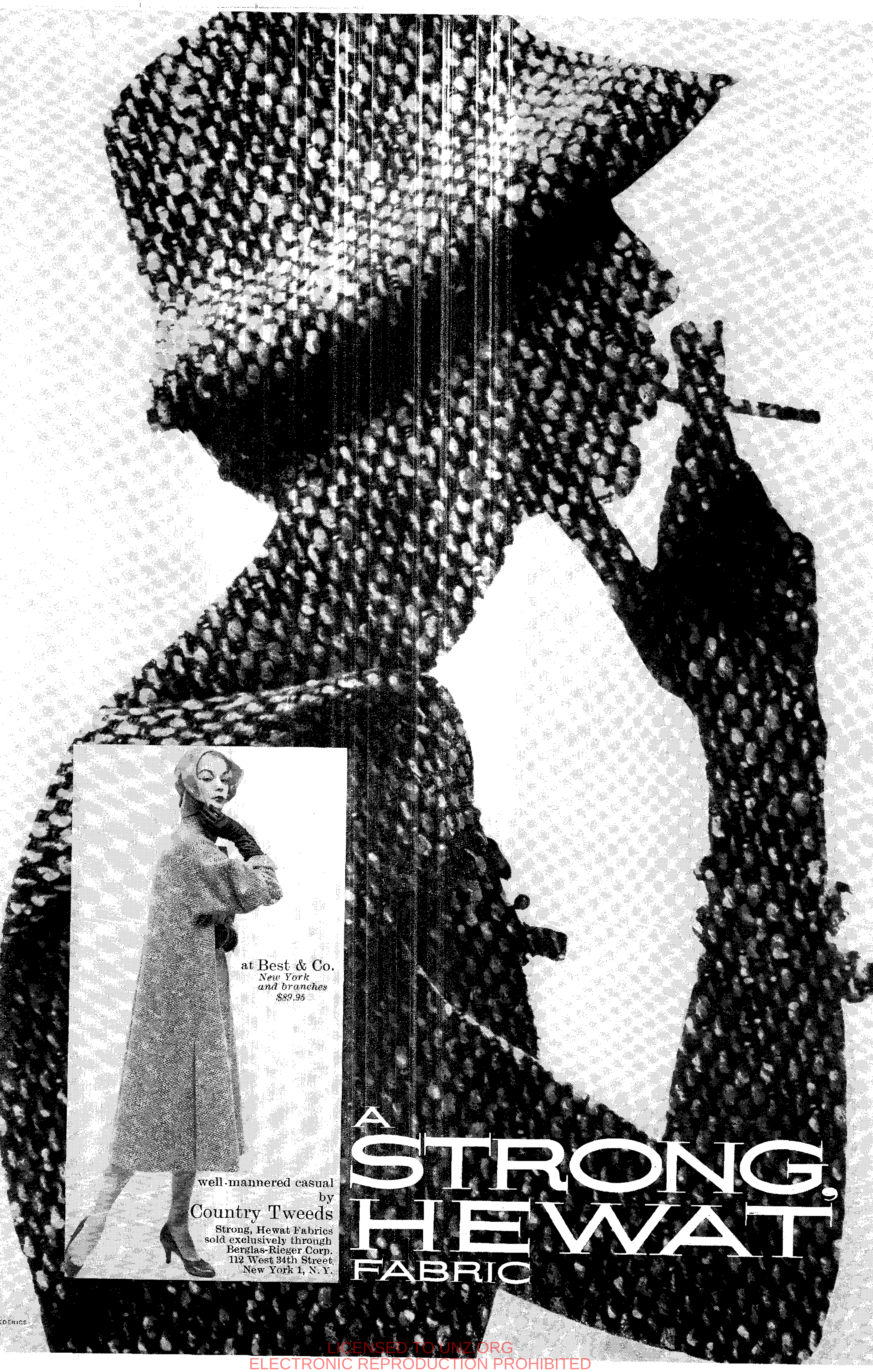
United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

National Homefurnishings Show—"Live with Color" is this year's theme, and some colorful new decorating ideas will be demonstrated in a series of model rooms designed by members of the American Institute of Decorators. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday, Sept. 12, through Sunday, Sept. 22. Weekdays, 11 to 10:30; Sundays, 1 to 10:30.)

Two Thousand Years of Ovid—A display illustrating the influence of Ovid through the centuries. Among the works shown are translations, parodies, and paraphrases by Shakespeare, Marlowe, and other English authors, as well as French, Dutch, and Italian drawings and engravings inspired by Ovid's fables. Through Sept. 30. (Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Earth, Air, and Space," explains the part astronomers are playing in the International Geophysical Year; through Sept. 30. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

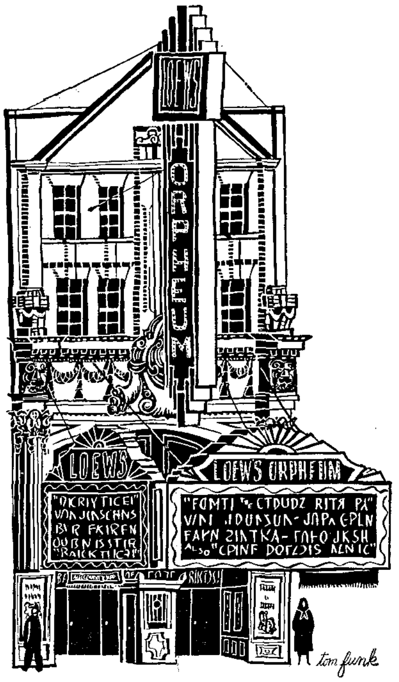
Auctions—The first auction of the season conducted by the Parke-Bernet Galleries will dispose of the property of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Livingston Clarkson and will take place on Friday, Sept. 20, at 1:45, and Saturday, Sept. 21, at 10 and 1:45, at Callendar House, the Clarkson estate in Bayville, L.I. Included are eighteenth-century English and French furniture and decorations, a small group of paintings, silver, and Oriental rugs. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 18-19, from 10 to 5. An admission charge will be made for the benefit of the Bayville Free Library.)



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Face in the Crowd—Something about a TV entertainer who is mentally, morally, spiritually, and commercially dubious but nevertheless a hell of a man with a guitar. Andy Griffith is expert as the no-account strummer. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 18.)

It Happened in the Park—Five successful and deeply moving vignettes of life and love in the beautiful Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome. A film of charm, taste, humor, and sadness, with an outstanding cast that includes Giulia Rubino, Franca Valeri, Anna Maria Ferrero, and Vittorio De Sica. In French. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Love in the Afternoon—Fun in the Paris Ritz, with Gary Cooper, cast as an aging roué, having the tables turned on him by Audrey Hepburn, the respectable, cello-playing daughter of a Parisian private eye (Maurice Chevalier). Delightful and breezy, and directed and produced with gaiety by Billy Wilder. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Pajama Game—A peek at what goes on in the Sleeptite Pajama Factory. Almost the entire cast of the original musical (with the addition of Doris Day) is on hand—John Raitt, Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, Jr., to name a few—and the results are a treat. George Abbott and Stanley Donen produced and directed the film; Mr. Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the screenplay. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Roots—Manuel Barbachano has produced an intense film composed of four stories of Mexican Indian life. Photographed in Mexico with almost entirely native casts, the film manages to convey much of the mysterious quality of a mysterious land. In Spanish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Silk Stockings—Some of the old magic agility of Fred Astaire, complemented by the remarkable grace of Cyd Charisse. A picture based on another picture, called "Ninotchka," which later became a musical comedy—but let's not pursue it down the alleyways of time. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian, the film has something to do with a lady commissar from the Workers' Paradise who finds Paris to her liking. And why shouldn't she? Much of the dialogue is in broken English. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Sept. 18.)

The Sun Also Rises—Perhaps more fiestas and bullfights than are quite necessary, but Tyrone Power, Errol Flynn, Ava Gardner, Eddie Albert, and many others contrive to turn the book into an impressive film. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

Sweet Smell of Success—Another contribution to the current movie vogue for kicking heelish characters around. The low specimen on exhibit here is a Broadway gossip columnist who is so convinced of his own importance that he behaves like a madhouse Napoleon. The theme of the piece has to do with his attempts to keep his young sister from marrying a guitar player, an undertaking in which he is assisted by a press agent as amoral as he is. Written by Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman, and directed by Alexander Mackendrick, the picture has a worthy cast, headed by Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Sept. 14.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Sept. 15-17, tentative. ... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Sept. 18, tentative.)

The Ten Commandments—This spectacular account of the life and times of Moses, as cooked up by Cecil B. deMille, makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Wandering among assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Third Key—An inspector from Scotland Yard pursues a murderous safe-cracker in this English film, which never gets as clamorous as the usual movie descriptions of cops and robbers at their work but is still very interesting in its description of police methods. Jack Hawkins is stalwart as the inspector, and John Stratton, Richard Leech, and Dorothy Alison are commendable in supporting roles. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; through Sept. 17.... ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Sept. 16.)

REVIVALS

Battle Stripe (1950)—Marlon Brando as a paraplegic veteran. Formerly called "The Men." (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Sept. 17.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 15-17.)

Bitter Rice (1950)—Silvana Mangano as a rice harvester in the Po Valley. An Italian picture, with English dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 16.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 17-18.)

Five Men and a Woman (1938)—A French film (formerly called "They Were Five") about a lottery and a country inn. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 12.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—The Hemingway book in Technicolor. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Sept. 18.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Sept. 18, tentative.)

The Great Adventure (1955)—A Swedish film that tells of a ten-year-old boy and the woods and lakes, teeming with wildlife, that he explores. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 17-18.)

Passage to Marseille (1944)—Adventures among the Fighting French. Humphrey Bogart and Michèle Morgan. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 15-16.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 15-17.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Sept. 14.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series entitled "Sixty Years of French Films." Through Sept. 14: "Man About Town" (1947), with Maurice Chevalier.... ¶ Sept. 15-18: "Voyage Surprise" (1947) and an excerpt from "Adieu Leonard" (1943)—both directed by Pierre Prévert. (Showings every afternoon at 3 and 5:30, and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"3:10 to Yuma," Glenn Ford, Van Heflin.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Jeanne Eagels," Kim Novak, Jeff Chandler.

Central, B'way at 47th. (JU 2-4778)
Through Sept. 18: "Battle Hell," Richard Todd, Akim Tamiroff.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE PAJAMA GAME.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Man of a Thousand Faces," James Cagney, Dorothy Malone.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

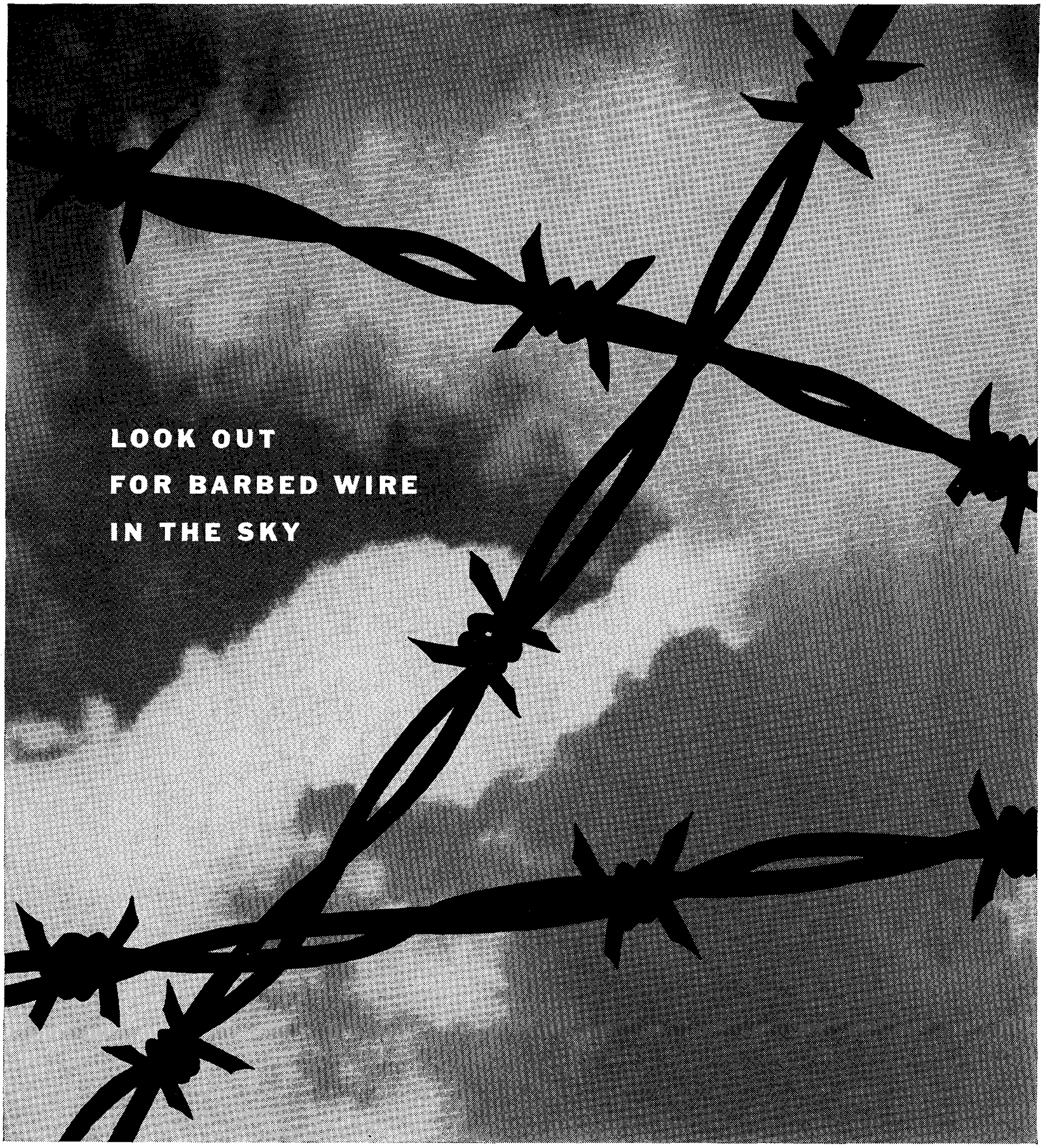
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
THE SUN ALSO RISES.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"House of Numbers," Jack Palance, Barbara Lang.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Woman in a Dressing Gown," Sylvia Sims, Anthony Quayle.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays at 8:40; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK (in French).

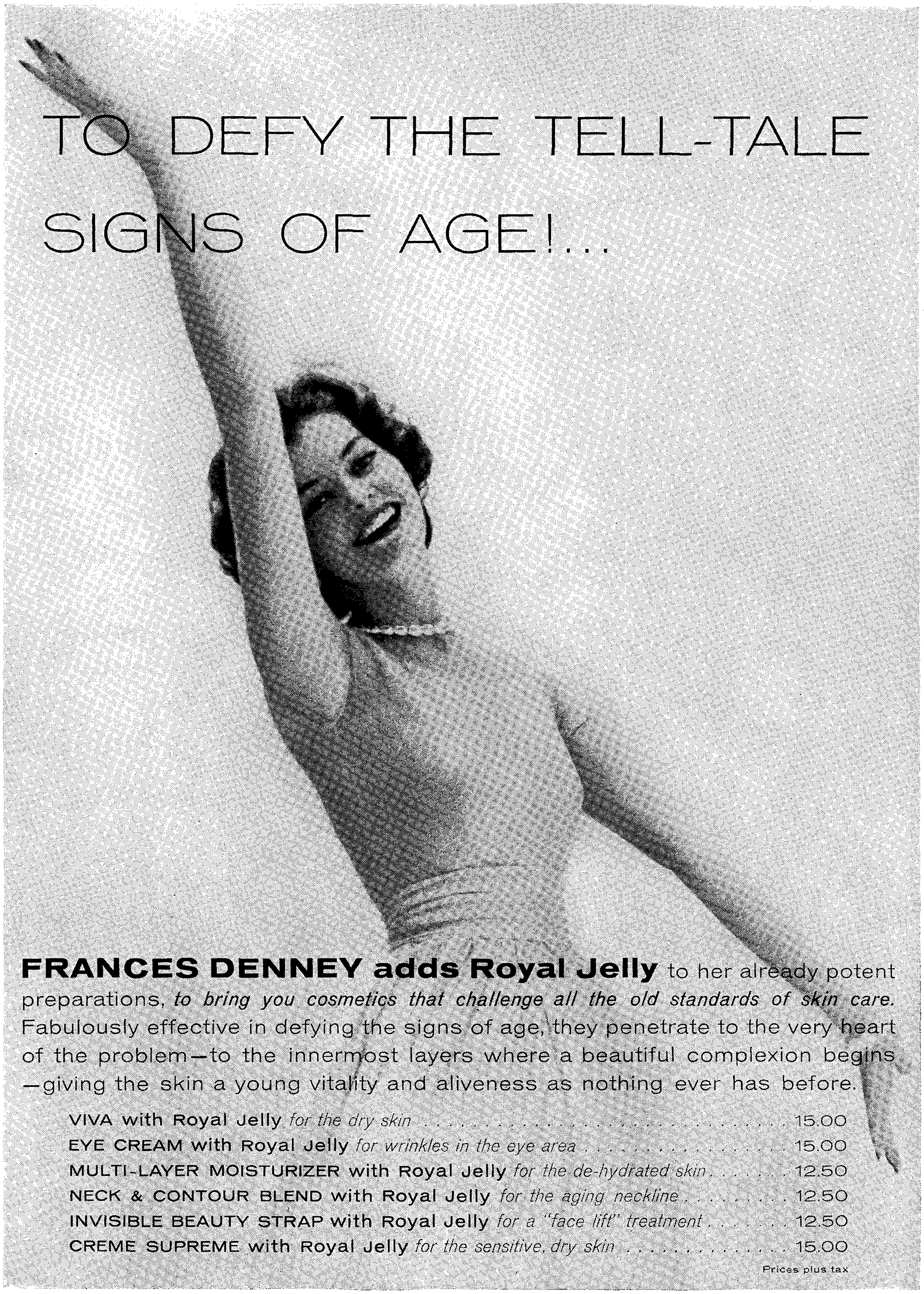


"Free as the air" is a saying that sounds faintly ironical in our modern world, where peaceful planes are shot down or forced to land at gun point for violation of a nation's "air space."

As map makers, we at Rand McNally have always had a healthy respect for boundaries. But not the kind that are fenced with barbed wire and patrolled by sudden death. Nowadays every nation is only a few hours by air from the farthest point on the map. Guided missiles span whole continents. The wide world has shrunk to the dimensions of a schoolboy's globe by Rand McNally . . . and there are no hiding places left. Our only hope is that maps and textbooks like those Rand McNally publishes, accurately printed, and freely circulated, will hasten the day when men everywhere learn to dispense with barbed wire.

RAND McNALLY

PUBLISHERS • PRINTERS • MAP MAKERS
ESTABLISHED 1856
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • NASHVILLE
SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON

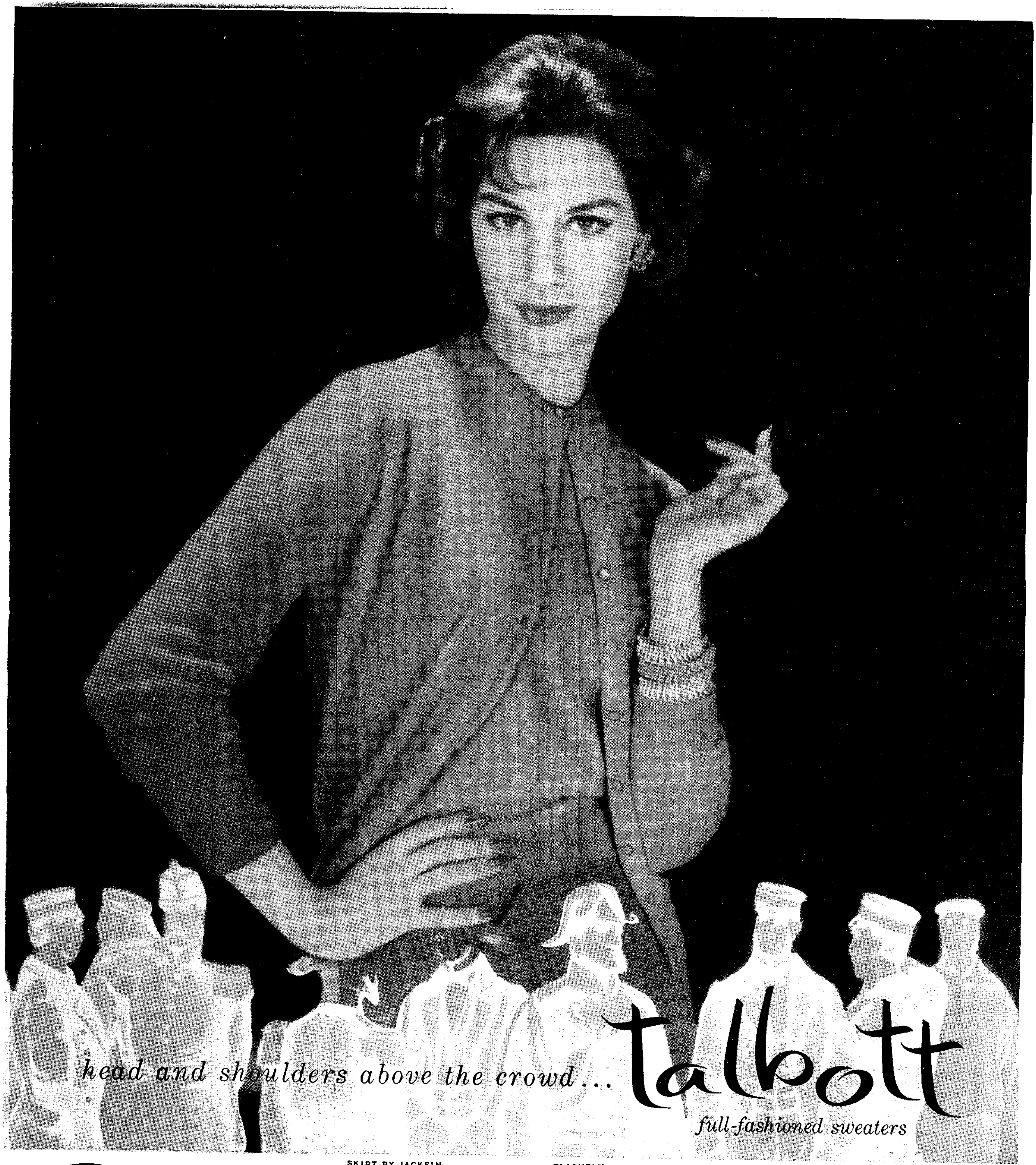

TO DEFY THE TELL-TALE SIGNS OF AGE!...

FRANCES DENNEY adds Royal Jelly to her already potent preparations, *to bring you cosmetics that challenge all the old standards of skin care.* Fabulously effective in defying the signs of age, they penetrate to the very heart of the problem—to the innermost layers where a beautiful complexion begins—giving the skin a young vitality and aliveness as nothing ever has before.

VIVA with Royal Jelly	*for the dry skin*	15.00
EYE CREAM with Royal Jelly	*for wrinkles in the eye area*	15.00
MULTI-LAYER MOISTURIZER with Royal Jelly	*for the de-hydrated skin*	12.50
NECK & CONTOUR BLEND with Royal Jelly	*for the aging neckline*	12.50
INVISIBLE BEAUTY STRAP with Royal Jelly	*for a "face lift" treatment*	12.50
CREME SUPREME with Royal Jelly	*for the sensitive, dry skin*	15.00

Prices plus tax

Frances Denney invites you to visit her Consultant at the fine stores where her preparations are sold.


head and shoulders above the crowd...
talbott
full-fashioned sweaters

SKIRT BY JACKFIN

SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

Ban·Lon® textured YARN
JOSEPH BANCROFT & SONS CO.
THE TEST IS IN THE TOUCH

Talbott's classic Ban-Lon twosome has the leaner look that is unmistakably Chanel . . . heralds the trend to the beloved cardigan-and-pullover teaming for a studied nonchalance in-and-out of town. The superb fit of Talbott full-fashioning stays steadfast forever. In sleek, soft Ban-Lon yarn that won't pill, mat or fuzz.

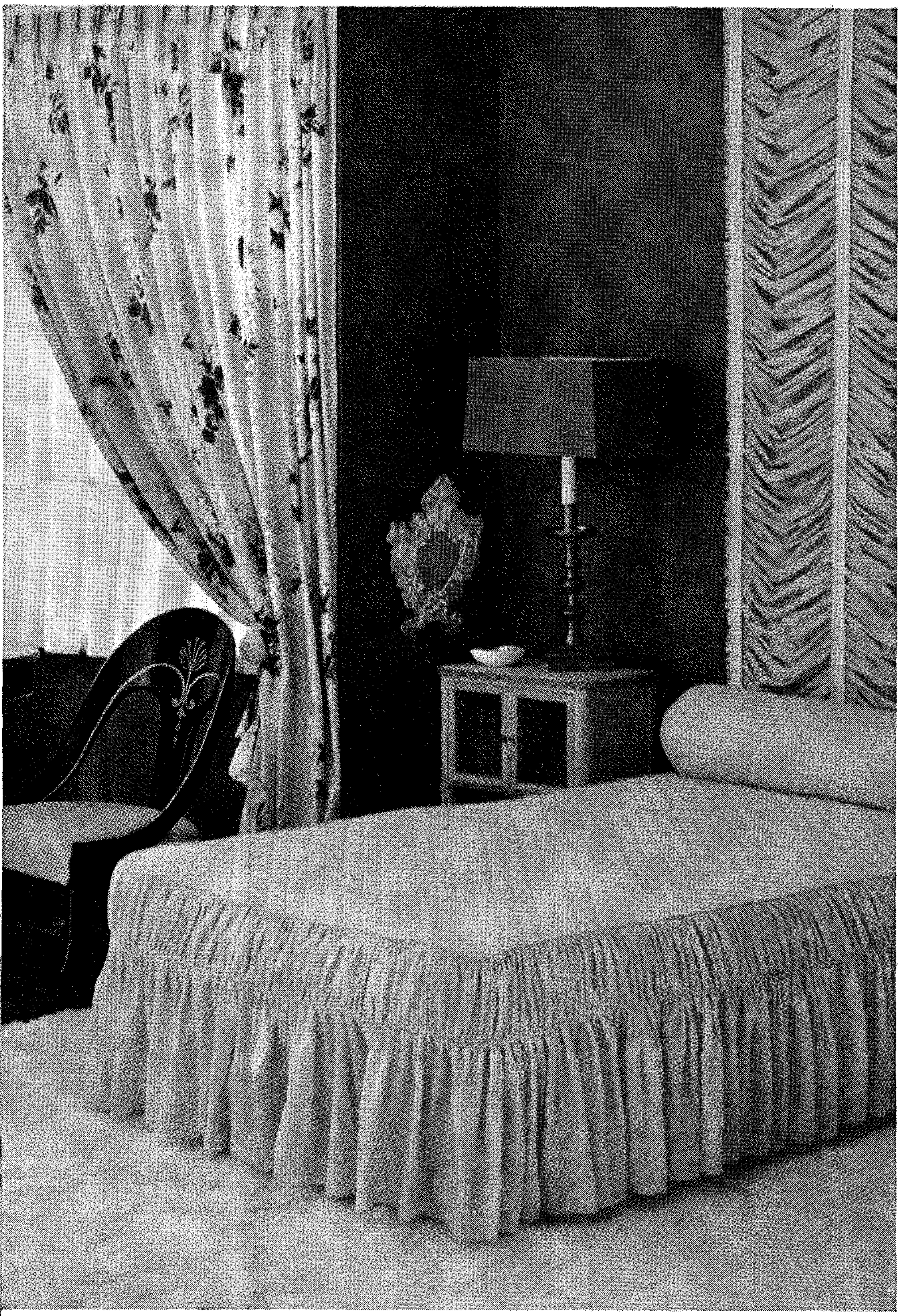
Bright-blooming Zinnia and other glowing shades. Sizes 34 to 40.
Long-sleeved cardigan about $9. Short-sleeved pullover about $7.

At Bonwit Teller, New York; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Higbee Company, Cleveland; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh and better stores everywhere. For store near you, write:

TALBOTT KNITTING MILLS, INC., 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

inspiration from
the four corners
of the earth for

CELANESE "WORLD OF IDEAS"



Inspiration from Austria: Antique silver-framed mirror, typical of Austrian Baroque design. From the Celanese international collection of native arts.

translated in a
fabric by Jofa

From the popular arts of distant lands come new ideas for your private world, ideas discovered by Celanese decorating consultants on a world-search for new inspiration and translated now in brilliant new American fabrics with Celanese Contemporary Fibers. This silver mirror inspires a charming print on textured sheer of 100% Celanese Fortisan super-strong rayon. Fortisan gives a fabric remarkable stamina and allows no shrinking or stretching. This is just one of the internationally-inspired fabrics tagged for Celanese "World Of Ideas." See them all this fall at stores listed here and on last page. At Macy's, New York & Macy Associates; Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; The Dayton Co., Minneapolis. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

Celanese® Fortisan®

FORTISAN...A Celanese CONTEMPORARY FIBER

THAT AYRES LOOK – in Quebec à quatre heures. The starting point was Indianapolis. A flawless Ben Reig costume of gentle movement that hails a hello from Les Jeanettes. The store, L. S. Ayres & Company of Indianapolis, sponsors this look in fashion that leads just a little and is apropos anytime, any place. Photographed in Canada by Rutledge.

new excitement!
CANDALON
Kissing Cousin
CLOSEST RELATIVE TO FUR
So exciting, a new calypso song called "Kissing Cousin" has been written in its honor!
COAT BY NORTH BAY, STYLED BY ARTHUR DOCTOR

—at a fraction of real-fur price!

It's love at your first sight of this creamy, new 100% Orlon pile fabric—so lush and lustrous that fur seems to imitate *it*.

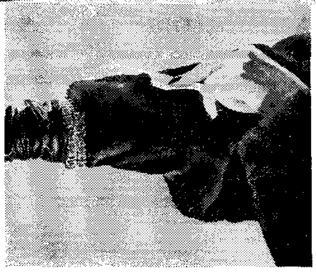
In Midnight Black or Bewitching Brown, KISSING COUSIN makes a coat that looks more like seal than seal itself!

There's even excitement in the way this fabric feels. Just let its deep silkiness brush your cheek. Such luxury is almost scandalous!

The price tag, though, is modesty itself. And it brings you a coat that will *never* shed—either on your dress or his suit. You see, KISSING COUSIN is not knitted—it's woven. Its pile is *locked-in,* permanently. Proof? Try the Comb Test.

But first, slip into a beautiful new KISSING COUSIN coat and see what this new excitement does for *you.* Slim shawl collar with cuffed push-up sleeves, slash pockets. Sizes 6-16. $110.

Orlon—Du Pont trademark for its acrylic fiber



HERE'S PROOF IT WON'T SHED—EVER! Pull an ordinary comb through the pile of Kissing Cousin. If it were ordinary pile fabric, you'd have a comb full of fuzz. But this Comb Test proves Kissing Cousin won't shed—even with rough handling.

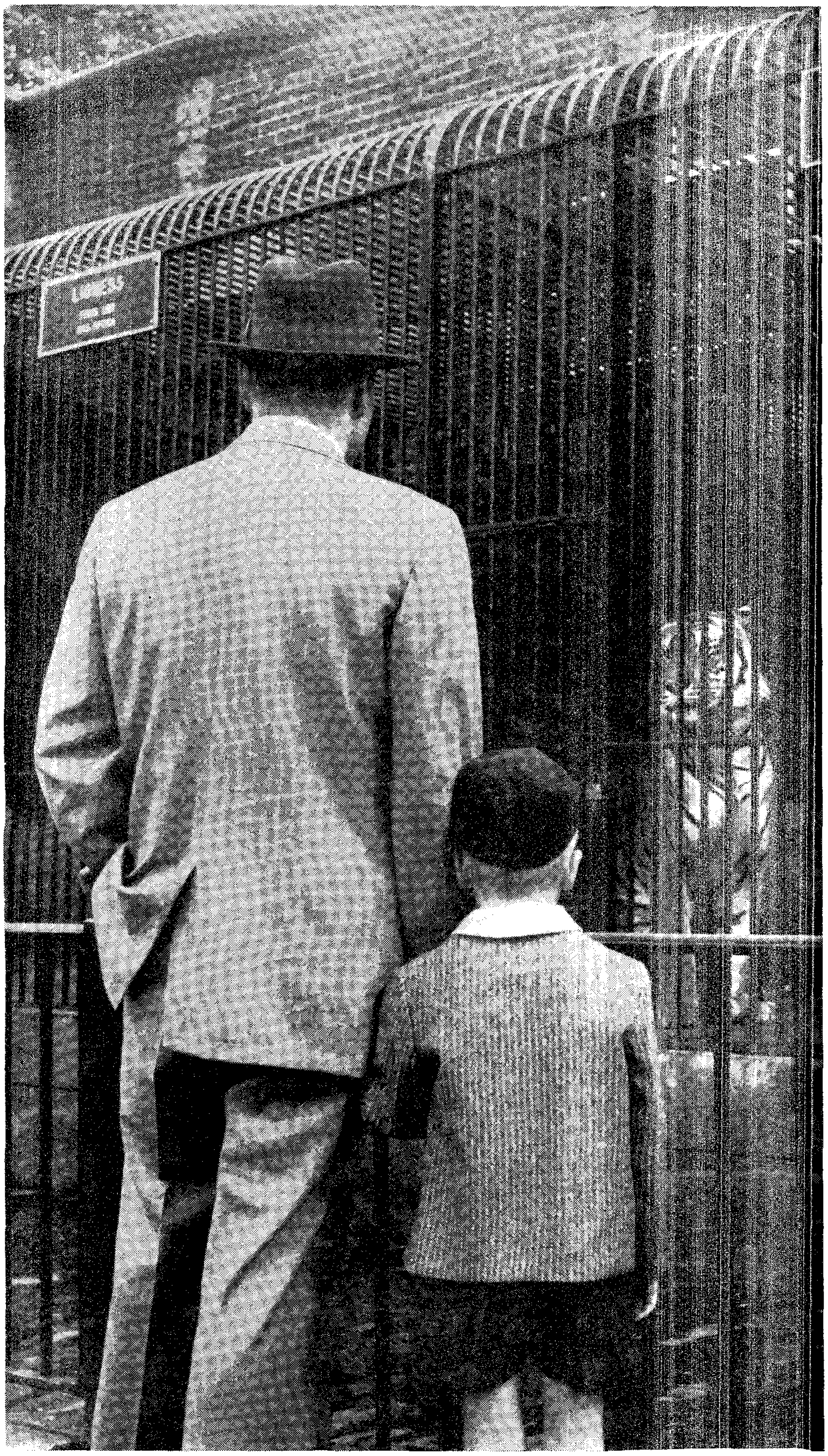
Made exclusively by
COLLINS & AIKMAN *Makers of the famous Cloud No. 9®*
210 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York
America's Largest Weavers of Fine Pile Fabrics

At **LORD & TAYLOR**
New York, 2nd floor, Fifth Avenue
Manhasset, L. I. • Westchester • Millburn, N. J.
West Hartford, Conn. • Bala-Cynwyd, Pa. • Garden City, L. I.

JACK WOLFGANG BECK

Haymakers®

biggest news afoot today—the new Haymakers. ITS WHOLE OUTLOOK IAS BEEN NARROWED DOWN, TAPERED, LIGHTENED—AND IT FITS LIKE A MOLD OF YOUR FOOT. HAVE IT FLOATING ON TS FAMOUS WEDGE, ABOUT $16—OR (NEWEST IDEA!) WALKING ON A BUOYANT ENGLISH CREPE SOLE AND STACKED IEEL, ABOUT $17. EITHER WAY, IT'S STILL THE GREAT HANDMADE SHOE CRAFTED IN THE SOFTEST, HANDSOMEST .EATHERS. WHERE TO FIND THEM? WRITE HAYMAKER SHOE CORPORATION, 47 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



Little Boy Not Lost

A tragic accident took this little boy's parents when he was only five. Nothing will ever make up for their loss. But he is not alone.

His father had the ability and foresight to provide adequately and to plan wisely for all contingencies. Under the terms of his Will, the family property and investments will be managed in trust by experienced Trust Company executives. And, in the Trust Company, his young son has a dependable advisor who, in understanding cooperation with certain relatives, will guide and care for him until he becomes a man. Through occasional visits and meetings he will come to realize that City Bank Farmers is a friend he can *always* rely on.

So here he is with his banker pal, on a surprise Saturday afternoon at the Zoo, looking the big cats straight in the eye.

The **FIRST**
NATIONAL CITY BANK
of New York

Investment Advisory and Trust Services are Administered by our Affiliate:

CITY BANK FARMERS TRUST COMPANY
22 William Street, New York 15

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

BROOKS BROTHERS INTRODUCES "DACRON" IN A SUPERB NEW FALL SUITING

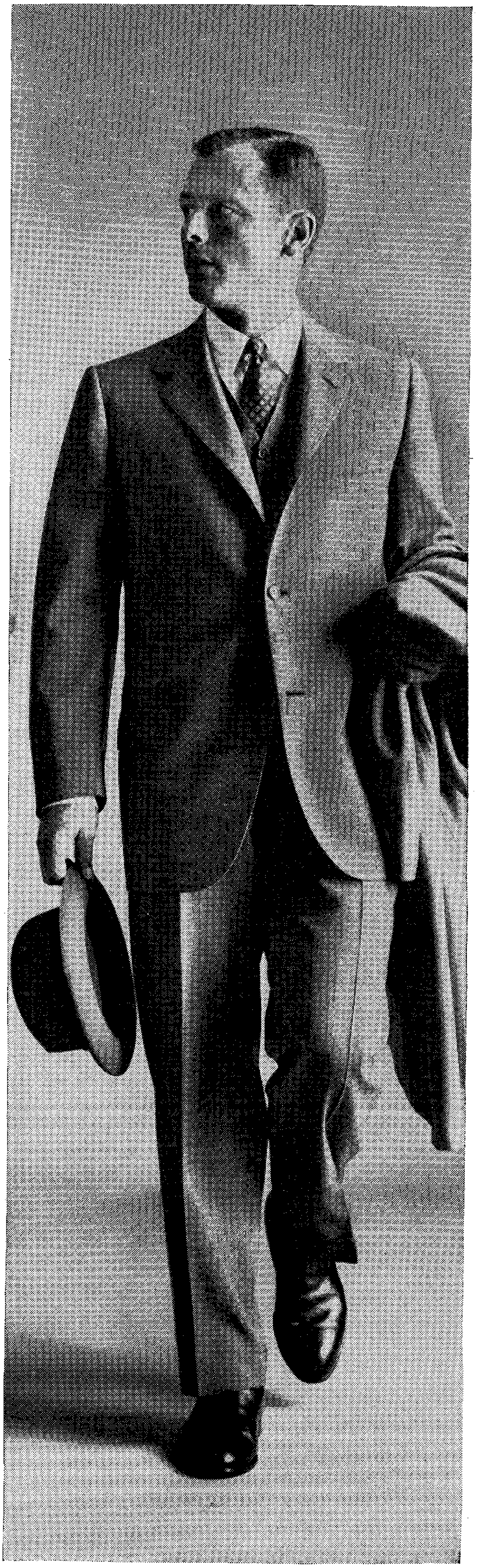
Now, in a lighter-weight fall and winter suiting of "Dacron" and wool, you can enjoy the same advantages that have made "Dacron" famous in tropicals . . . the same lasting neatness, good looks, durability and comfort. It is yours in handsome, clear-finished worsteds of 55% "Dacron" polyester fiber and 45% wool . . . distinctively styled in herringbone and glen-plaid designs. $90 at all Brooks Brothers stores and through the Brooks catalogue.*

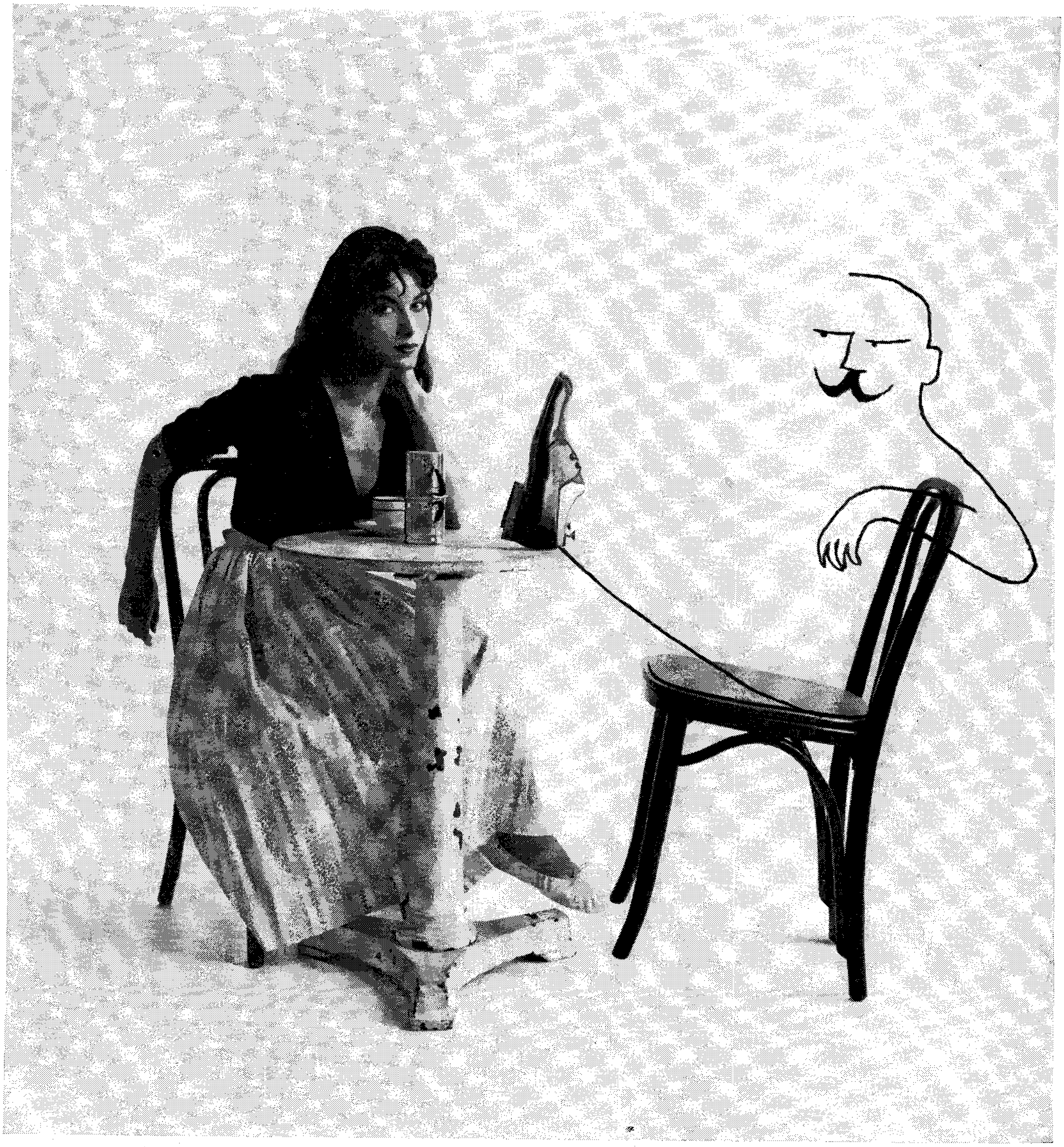
Dacron
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

**"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or suit shown.*



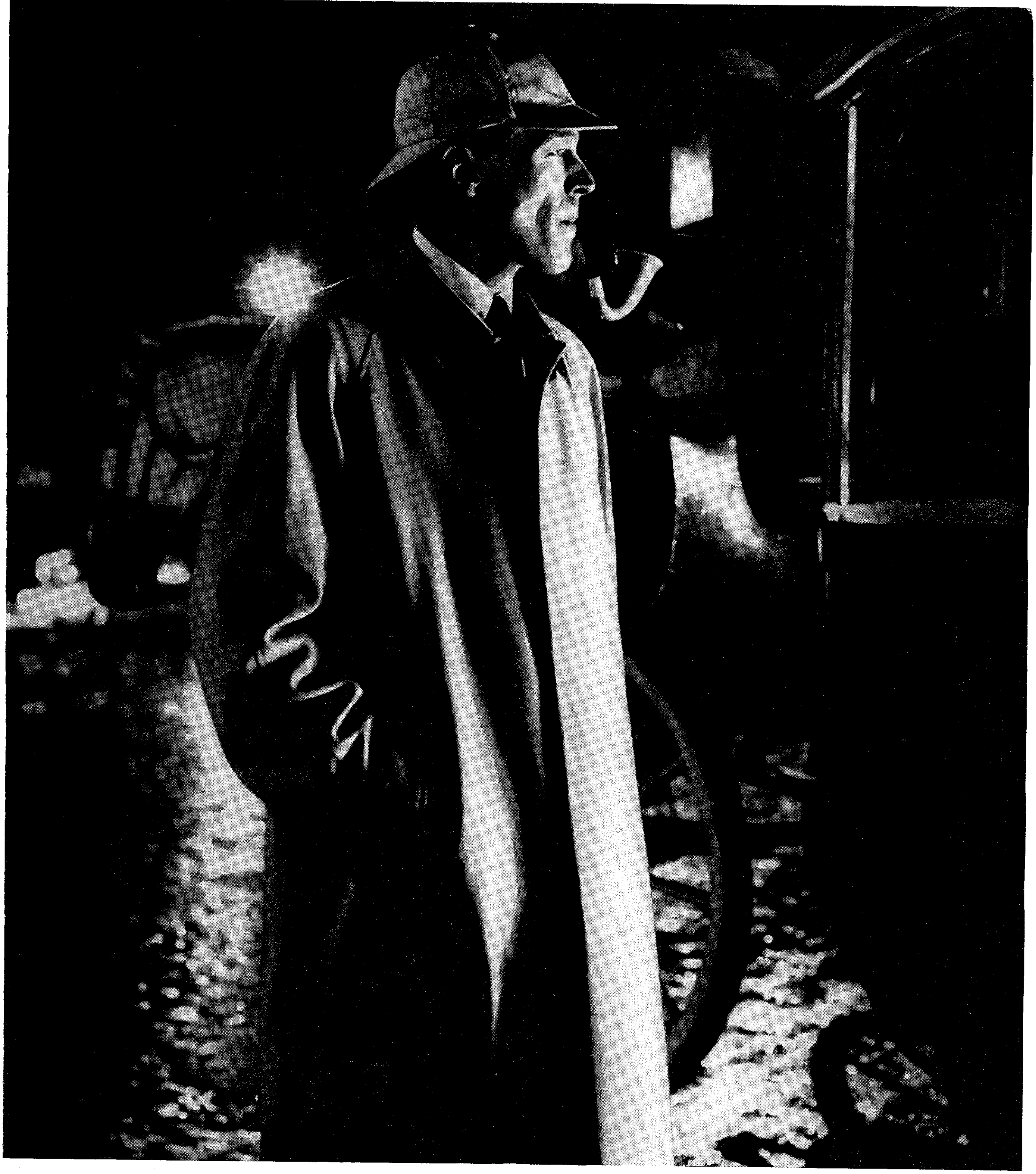


THE SUCCESS OF THE ESPRESSO or, America puts Italy on its feet

Like the hero-sandwich and certain Italian actresses, the Nettleton Espresso® has found a warm welcome here. This elegant shoe is Italian to the eyelets—classically simple in line and blessedly light on your feet. And Nettleton has given it typical American improvements: laces and hidden side panels are elasticized. The shoe need never be untied—you slip it off and on with ease! Like all Nettleton Shoes, this marvel takes four times longer to make than humdrum kinds. And if it is a bit more costly, why, the fact remains: it's extravagant to pay less! The Espresso is now available in the original plain-toe version or the new moc-toe shown. Nettletons start at $24.95.

Nettleton

WRITE A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE 2, N. Y., FOR NEW STYLE BOOKLET, OR VISIT: THE NETTLETON SHOPS—NEW YORK, DETROIT, LOS ANGELES • JACOBS & LEVY, RICHMOND • YOUNTS-DeBOE, GREENSBORO • NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS • RICH'S, WASHINGTON, D. C. & CHEVY CHASE, MD. HUBERT W. WHITE, MINNEAPOLIS & ST. PAUL • POTTS, LAS VEGAS • GREENFIELD'S, ST. LOUIS • BEVERLY HILLS BOOT SHOP, BEVERLY HILLS • SCOTT & CO., BOSTON



**BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE WORLD'S
BEST-DRESSED MEN**

When showers come his way, his double-weatherproofed Burberry coat rejects the raindrops with magnificent disdain. When the skies clear, he feels and looks like a distinguished boulevardier . . . strolling down a private avenue of compliments in the authentic London tailoring, the superb raglan styling of the world's finest weatherproof!

Priced from $42.50. All Burberry Coats bear this authentic silver and blue label

Burberrys®

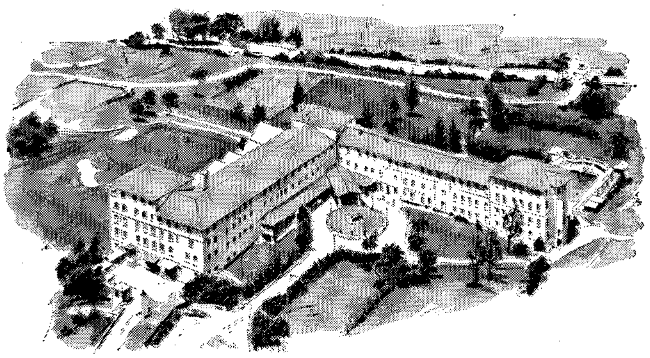
Burberrys®
MADE IN ENGLAND®

Limited in distribution to the finest gentlemen's outfitters. For nearest shop, write to: BURBERRYS, LTD., 14 E. 38th St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.
ALSO AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT CANADA.

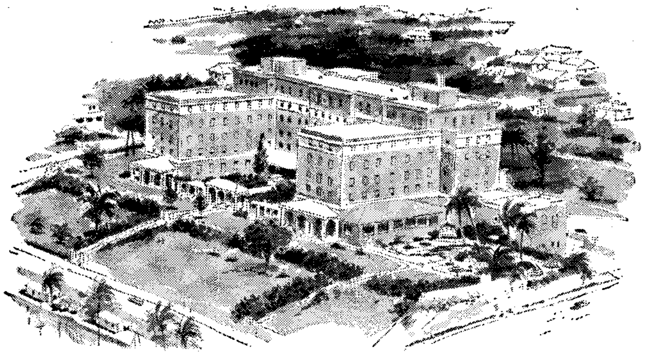
It's still not too late
for your summer vacation

BERMUDA

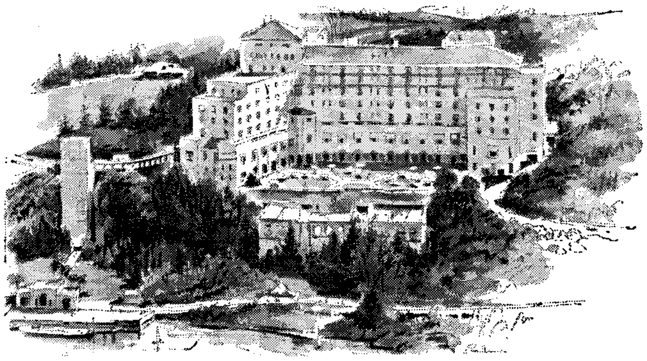
Her excellent hotels and guest houses are famous for fine accommodations, food and service . . . provide all the summer fun you want on a holiday. Superb sports facilities . . . nightly dancing and gay social life. Come to Bermuda now for your happiest vacation ever! Daily flights on BOAC, Eastern, Pan American and Trans-Canada Airlines; weekly sailings on Queen of Bermuda and Ocean Monarch. It saves time, costs no more to *plan wisely—with your travel agent!*



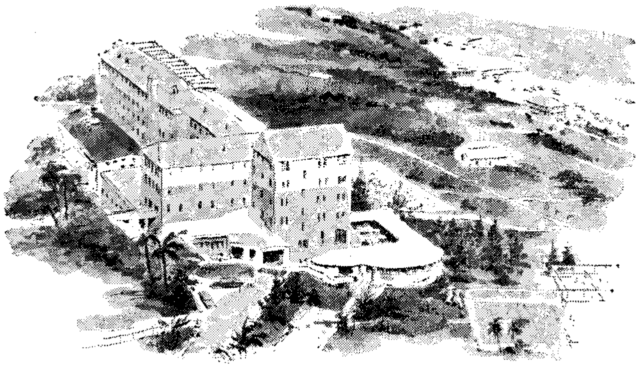
BELMONT MANOR HOTEL and GOLF CLUB is beautifully situated on its own 18-hole course. Swimming at Sapphire Pool or South Shore beach club; tennis. Cycling, picnics, fishing, sailing, water-skiing. 15-minute ferry ride to Hamilton shops. Rooms or suites . . . water or garden view; cottages. 200 guests.



THE BERMUDIANA. Charming hotel in tropical garden estate, two minutes from shopping center of Hamilton. Swimming pool . . . South Shore beach club privileges with complimentary transportation. Dancing in the Sunken Garden or Silver Grill. Attractive accommodations, gracious atmosphere. 500 guests.



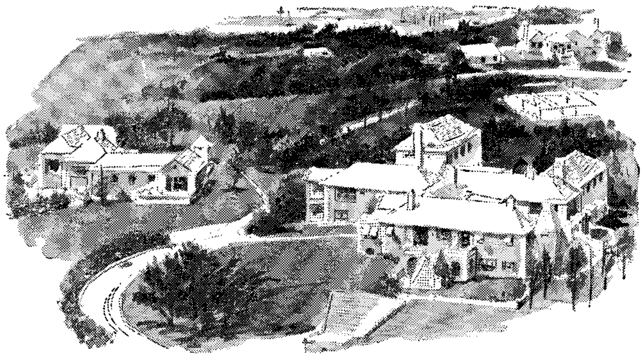
CASTLE HARBOUR HOTEL. Magnificent building high on a ridge overlooking Harrington Sound and Castle Harbour. Spacious rooms, most with sea view. Golf course, tennis courts . . . swimming pool, beautiful private beach . . , sailing, fishing. French chefs provide fine cuisine. Nightly dancing. 500 guests.



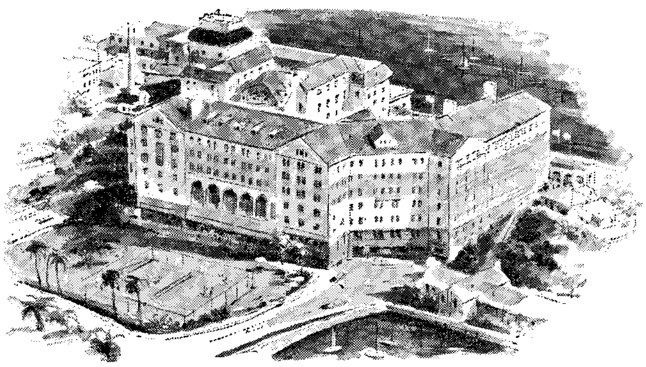
ELBOW BEACH SURF CLUB. One of the most luxurious and best equipped resort estates. Private beach on South Shore. En-tout-cas tennis courts, bicycle livery, Games House. Convenient to golf courses . . . only 10 minutes from Hamilton shopping district. Cocktail bars, nightly dancing featuring Calypso bands. 320 guests.

Bermuda is perfect now for the good times you look forward to on a summer vacation. You can swim in blue waters, loll on pink sands . . . improve your game on beautiful golf courses, tennis courts. There's ideal sailing, fishing . . . skin-diving, water-skiing.

Go cycling, picnicking in rare scenic beauty, shop for duty-free gifts . . . you'll find fun to fill every glorious day. For FREE BERMUDA BROCHURE, 16 pages in full colour, write to The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.



HORIZONS and COTTAGES. One of the oldest houses in Bermuda . . . now beautifully restored, yet retaining its sturdy beauty and the charm of a private residence. Main house and cottages overlook the South Shore . . . Coral Beach and Tennis Club privileges. Easily accessible to Hamilton. 46 guests.



PRINCESS HOTEL and COTTAGE COLONY overlooks Hamilton Harbour . . . colourful Cabana Pool and romantic terrace for dancing at water's edge. Princess launch leaves from your door for sightseeing. Near Hamilton shops. En-tout-cas tennis courts. Entertainment and dancing nightly. 450 guests.

WILL STEINMAN design in Dusty green, Reynolds rose, and Dusty blue. Sizes 5-15, 6-16. About $50. (Slightly higher on West Coast.) At Best & Co.; Montaldo's; Battelstein's—Houston; I. Magnin; and other fine stores.

out of this world...

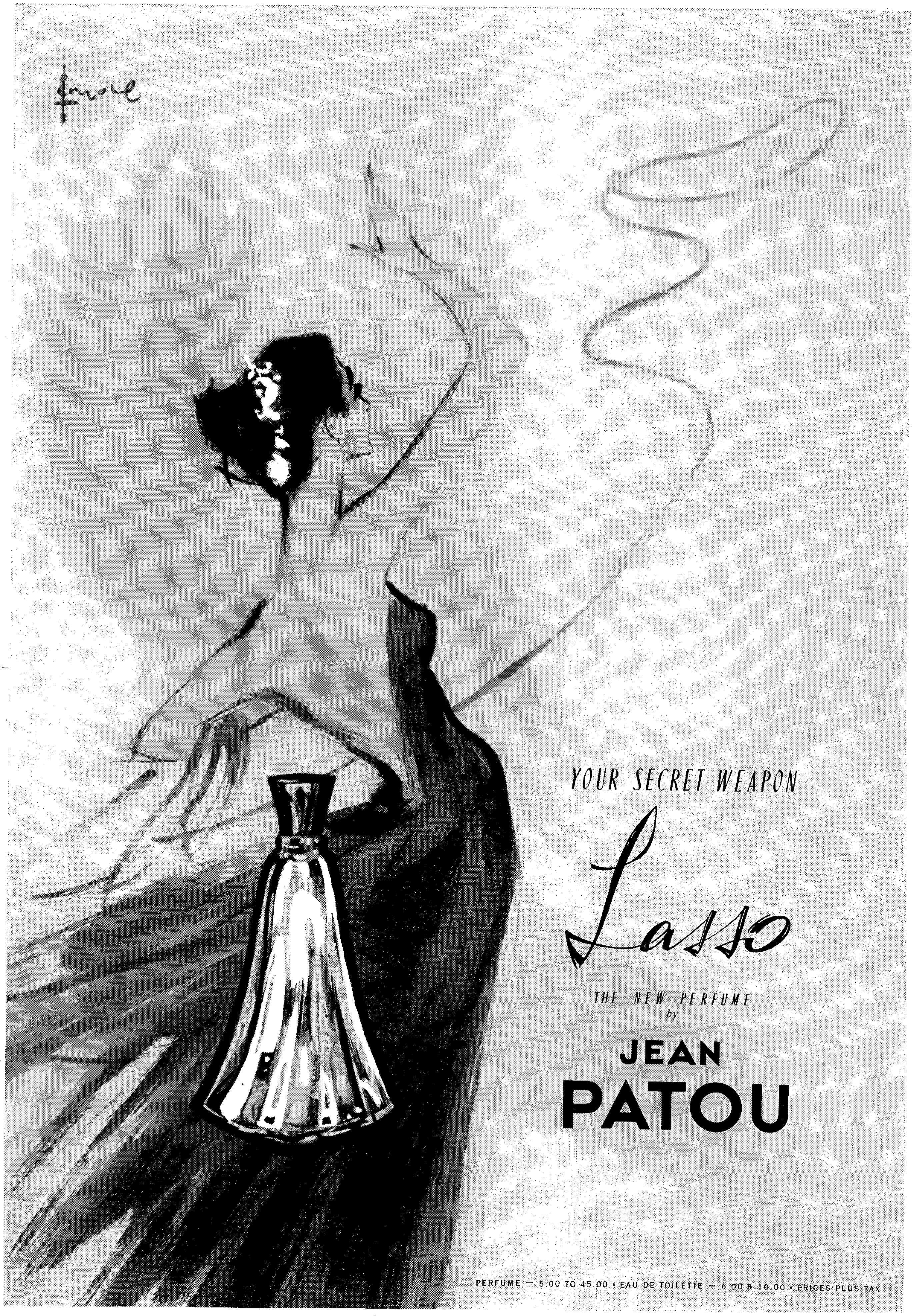
New Muted Lusters in Du Pont Color-Sealed Acetate

Keep *your* space man in the clouds . . . with this brocade dance dress of Du Pont Color-Sealed Acetate. It has a back beautiful, a belling skirt—but, best of all, it comes to you in a complexion-pretty palette of "Muted Lusters" that are new this season, to be found only in Du Pont Color-Sealed Acetate. And isn't it nice to know that this gentle coloring is sealed inside the fiber—*safe from fading, streaking, running.*

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabric or dress shown here.



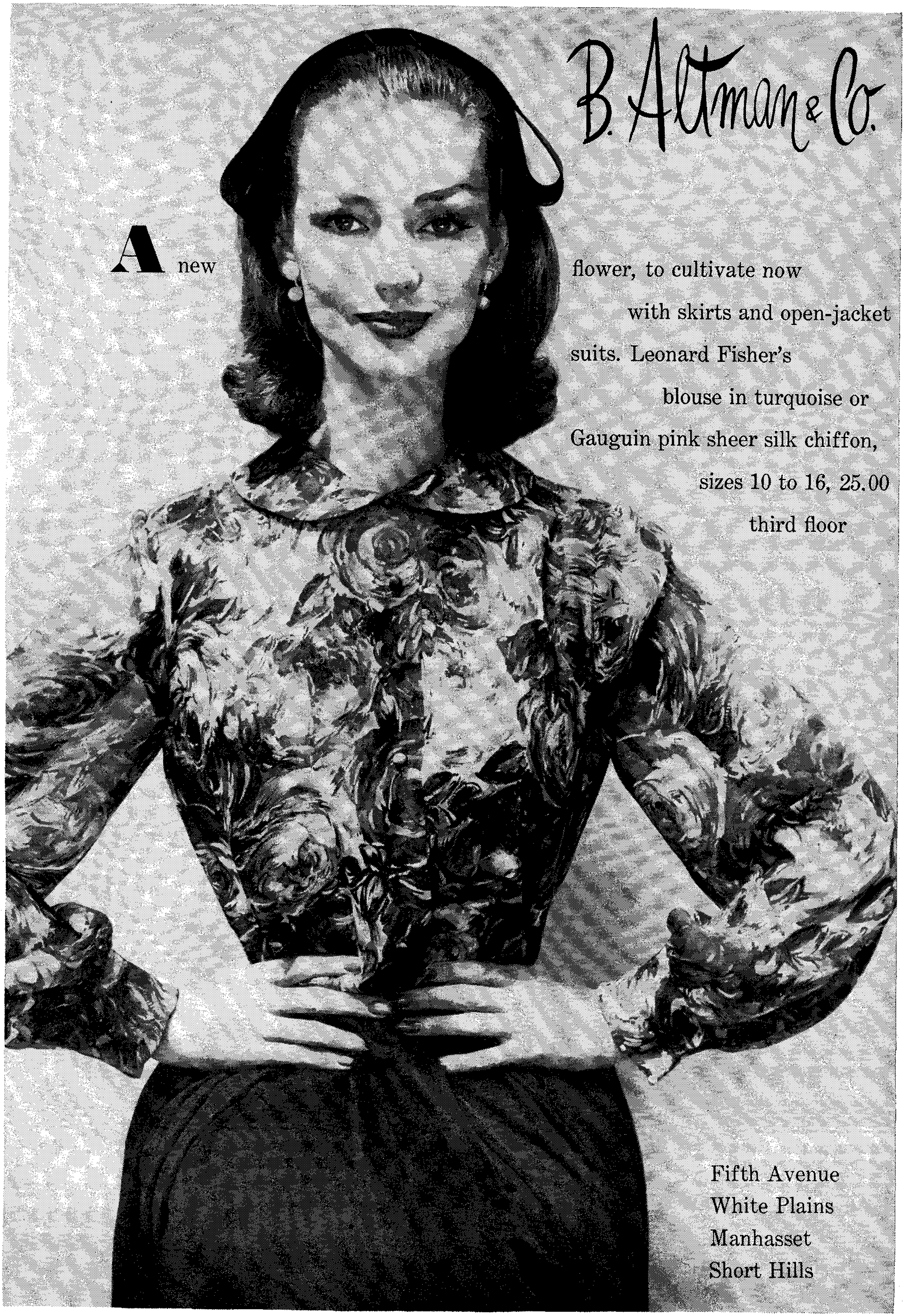
YOUR SECRET WEAPON

Lasso

THE NEW PERFUME
by

JEAN
PATOU

PERFUME — 5.00 TO 45.00 • EAU DE TOILETTE — 6.00 & 10.00 • PRICES PLUS TAX



B. Altman & Co.

A new flower, to cultivate now with skirts and open-jacket suits. Leonard Fisher's blouse in turquoise or Gauguin pink sheer silk chiffon, sizes 10 to 16, 25.00 third floor

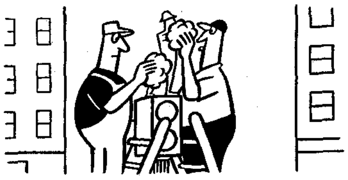
Fifth Avenue
White Plains
Manhasset
Short Hills

THE NEW YORKER

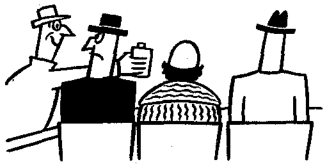
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

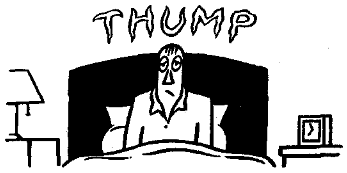
THE Fifth Avenue Association is planning to hold a golden-anniversary celebration next month, with a torchlight parade up the Avenue, a fifty-dollar-a-plate dinner at the Waldorf, and heaven knows how many other backward- and forward-looking wonders. In preparation for these events, the handsome bronze traffic lights, each surmounted by a little gilded figure of Mercury, which the city put up back in 1930, and which have stood guard so pleasantly along the Avenue ever since, are receiving their first cleaning. Twenty-seven years of urban grime is being removed and the original golden finish of the bronze restored by buffing; the finish will then be lacquered, the better to preserve it in the future. We're glad that so much pious attention is being paid to these lights, which are not only useful but, like few other things in this matter-of-fact city, ornamental. And since the new architecture tends to look as if it had been designed by machines, objects that look as if they had been designed by men are becoming increasingly precious to us. We cherish the Fifth Avenue lights because they are so obviously the work of someone who was mighty proud of having dreamed them up. We also cherish them as old friends. We remember how gallantly little Mercury gleamed in the dark depression days of his birth, and how, even then, he seemed capable of travelling a good deal faster on foot than the huffing and puffing traffic he surveyed. For oh, yes, Virginia, there will always be a traffic problem and there always has been. Just under eight hundred thousand motor vehicles were registered here as the thirties began, and we used to say flatly that we didn't see how the congestion in our streets could get any worse. Today, over a million and a half motor vehicles are registered here, and we say flatly that we don't see how the congestion in our streets can get any worse. Maybe we'll be saying the same thing (in a fairly quavering voice, to be sure) in the nineteen-eighties; if so, we trust that Mercury will still be on duty above the mess, repeating his insouciant self in ageless golden images up the Avenue.



QUEEN ELIZABETH II has expressed a hankering to see an American football game during her forthcoming visit, and in this case her wish, of course, is our command. The trouble is that, being a queen, she will learn practically nothing about what it's like for an American to go to a football game. It's doubtful whether she'll be stuck in pregame traffic on the Merritt Parkway for an hour and a half, and, accordingly, miss the entire first quarter. She will probably have a sensible, orderly lunch beforehand instead of a hasty picnic (in an outrageously priced parking lot a half mile from the Bowl) off the tail gate of a station wagon belonging to an addled classmate of her husband's. Her Majesty is bound to be shielded from the experience of sampling drinks from nearby strangers' flasks, and she surely won't get stuck in post-game traffic for two hours and a half. All in all, it promises to be a rather unconventional football afternoon for the Queen, and we hope, for her sake—lest her impression of our customs be *too* absurd—that at least she'll be exposed to a few minutes of pelting rain.



THE American Rayon Institute has come up with the phrase "morning thump" to describe the matutinal sensation of people who ride on the ten per cent of automobile tires that aren't made with rayon cord. This is a splendid name for an affliction, and we hate to see it wasted on such a specialized minority. We often feel peculiar on arising, even when miles from a highway, but we've never had the proper term to epitomize our plight. Morning thump it is, all right, and we suggest that the American Rayon Institute turn this useful name over to the American Medical Association.



SOME months ago, we took exception to the word "jumboizing," which the shipbuilding industry was trying to foist upon our already much-maimed language. Now we lodge equally fervent protest against "miniaturization," which is being plugged by the Anaconda Company. "From pocket radios to intercontinental missile controls, the trend is toward miniaturization," says an Anaconda ad. In language controls, the trend is toward bastardization, if you ask us, and we wish the National Association of Manufacturers would call in all the jumboizers and miniaturizationists and bang their heads together.

Compleat

A FEW weeks ago, we discussed the swimming situation in this seaport; the next logical step was to look into the fishing situation, which we've now done. According to the Parks Department's count, there are forty-three fishing areas in the five boroughs. The ones most productive of fish, not surprisingly, are in the outlying regions, like Coney Island and the Rockaways, but there are no fewer than eight in Manhattan, provided you count the big lake in Central Park, which the Parks Department stocks with minnows every spring. Like the Seine at Paris, the Hudson at Manhattan has its dedicated anglers; we trust we won't be thought too chauvinistic if we repeat the legend that the Parisian fishermen haven't had a bite in centuries, and point out that Hudson fishermen, to our first-hand knowledge, have. The Parks Department maintains seven miles of park along the Hudson, from Seventy-second Street north. It can't allow fishing there at random, lest strollers get snagged by hooks, so it sets aside special fishing enclaves, at Eighty-third, Ninety-second, 164th, and 177th Streets and just north of Dyckman Street, and the other day we spent an hour kibitzing at the Eighty-third Street one.

Arriving about noon on a late-summer day, when the outlines of the Palisades and the George Washington Bridge were softened by haze, we found the fishing area—a paved rectangle, surrounded by a wooden fence and furnished with a row of benches—occupied by half a dozen elderly anglers, two of whom we succeeded in engaging in conversation. One of these, who wore an undershirt and tan slacks, and had a flowered handkerchief around his neck, and who told us that he was a retired cop, was fishing with a hand line attached to a contraption rigged to ring a bell if a fish bit; the other, using rod and reel, was a white-haired gaffer with twinkling blue eyes and an air of secret wisdom, who identified himself as a retired butcher. We sat down to await action. Motorboats and sloops moored offshore bobbed gaily in the tide, but the bell was silent and the rods were unbent. "Life is fishing," said the ex-butcher reflectively. "As soon as you get out of bed in the morning, you start fishing for something."

The ex-cop told us that the ex-butcher was the philosopher of the group. "We fish for eels and striped bass," he went on. "When I was a kid on Delancey Street, which was pretty near seventy years ago, we caught all kinds of fish in the city rivers—flatfish, lafayettes, tommycod. Nothing now but bass and eels. You can keep any length of eel, but you got to throw back bass under sixteen inches or you pay a fine. I better see if I got any bait left." He pulled up his line and found the hook stripped. "Crabs," he said. "Boy, those crabs break your heart!"

Spurred on by the thought of crabs, the ex-cop launched into a dissertation on the tribulations of city fishermen. Bait is a major problem for them, to begin with. Bloodworms cost sixty cents a dozen hereabouts, and getting to the nearest place that sells them at any price often means a couple of hours' travel by bus, not to mention the fare. Then, there is the drawback that any fish caught in the muddy, polluted local Hudson water are barely edible. "I dasn't bring 'em home, so I give 'em away," the ex-cop said. "Taste like kerosene. I been fishing this spot six months a year, the last fifteen years, since I left the force. Nice scenery here."

"At all times, success depends on bait," said the ex-butcher. "If you want to do business, you got to advertise."

Two or three other anglers nodded agreement, and a moment later the ex-cop's bell suddenly gave a decisive tinkle. Amid pandemonium in the enclave, he hauled dramatically on his line, and presently a striped bass came flopping over the rail. There were admiring whoops, and somebody cried, "He'll measure sixteen, all right!" Basking in acclaim, the ex-cop unhooked his catch and held it against the rail, where two notches had been made sixteen inches apart. Unmistakably, the fish was an inch short. "Well, that's that," the ex-cop said stoically, tossing it back into the river.

"Fishing is life," said the ex-butcher, gazing over at the Palisades. "Mankind is a race of fishermen."

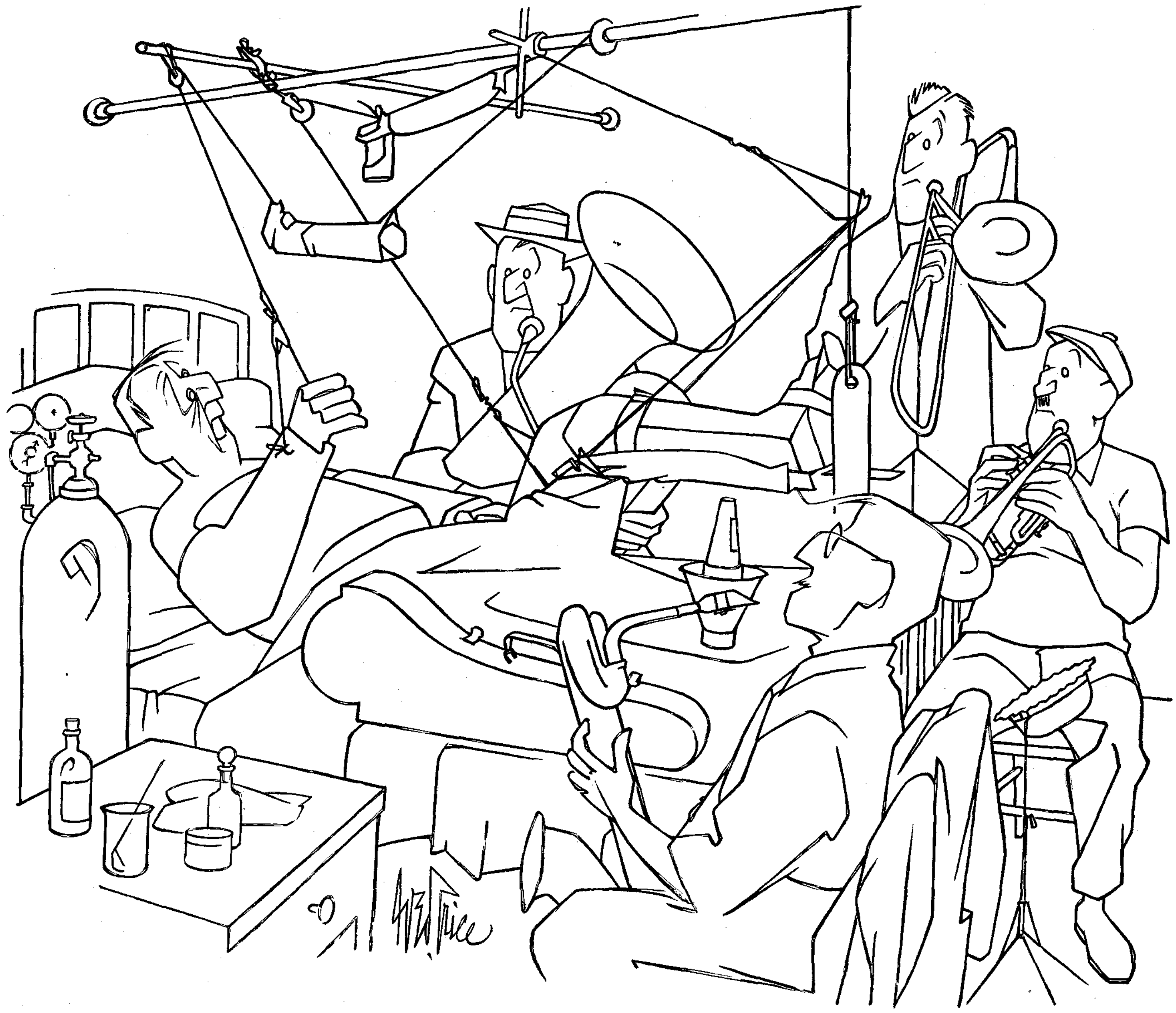
•

BRITISH INTELLIGENCE: The lawns around the buildings of King's College, Cambridge, are adorned with signs reading, "Please do not walk on the grass unless accompanied by a senior member of the college."

New Threat

LEAFING through the *Post* last Thursday afternoon, we noticed a strange odor. The odor kept getting stronger and stronger, until, on page 21, we reached its astonishing source—a large ad of a mound of frozen strawberries, printed in a vivid, purplish ink and bearing the legend "YOU CAN ACTUALLY SMELL THE STRAWBERRIES ON THIS PAGE. TRY IT!" We did, and, by George, we could. Maybe the page didn't smell *exactly* like strawberries (the odor struck us as being somewhat closer to that of Juicy Fruit gum, or even of raspberries), but we're willing to concede that it came uncannily close. We called the *Post* and learned that the man responsible for this new form of sensory seduction is Mr. Alfred Neuwald, president of the Fragrance Process Company, of 73 Sullivan Street. In a minute, we had Mr. Neuwald's ear and were pestering him with questions. Pleased as Punch with his odoriferous strawberries, Mr. Neuwald told us that the ad we had seen and sniffed marked the first appearance in a newspaper here and the fifth appearance anywhere of a marvellous compound of his invention, which joins color and smell in an inklike substance and can be used with equal success on the presses of newspapers and magazines.

The compound was first tried out in April, when an ad for refrigerators, printed in pine green and smelling of pine needles, appeared in a newspaper in upstate New York. The connection between refrigerators and pine needles is not as close as Mr. Neuwald would have liked, but his chief concern was to start things off with a good, safe smell, and for that nothing beats pine needles. A little later, a large-scale trial of the compound was made in a Charleston, West Virginia, newspaper by a chain of supermarkets. On that occasion, the marriage of sense and senses was perfect, if not very subtle; the ad was



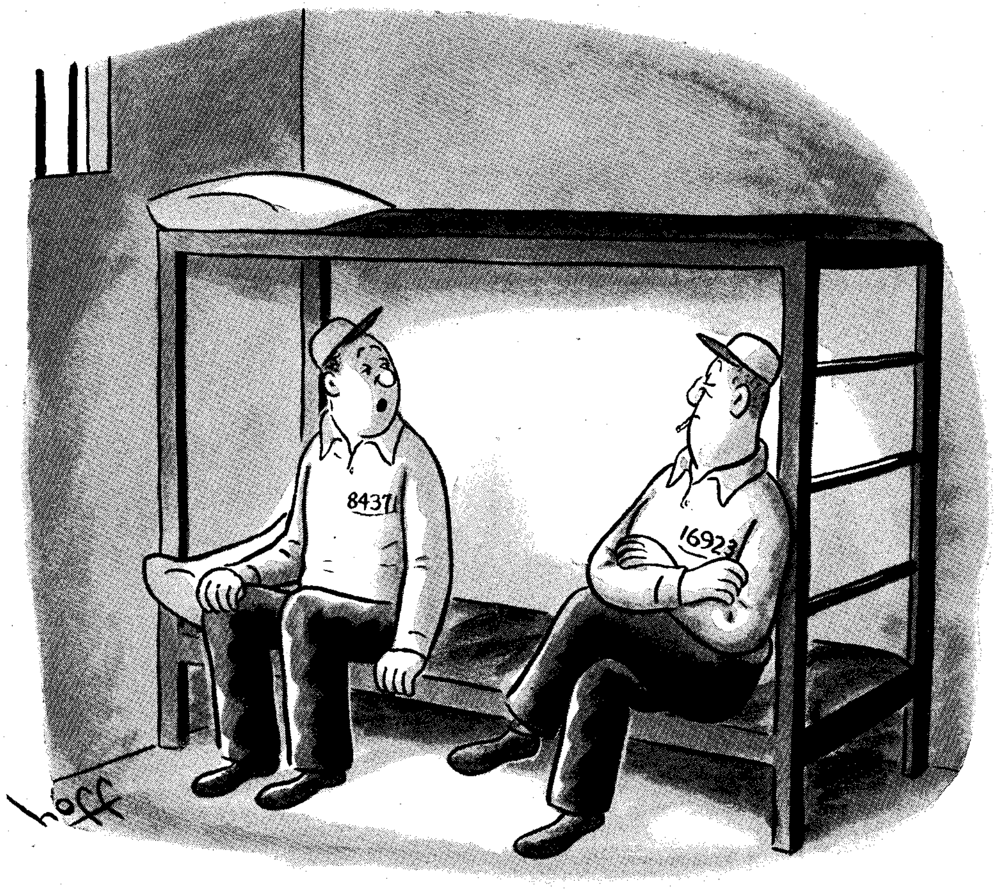
"I appreciate your thoughtfulness, boys. It's just that I'm not in the mood for music."

* * *

for oranges, was orange-colored, and smelled of oranges. According to Mr. Neuwald, it brought orange buyers into the markets in droves. A second large-scale trial was made in a Boston paper about a month ago, the ad being for a grape-flavored drink. (Grape is another sure-fire smell.) The only other appearance of Mr. Neuwald's compound has been in the Cincinnati *Post*, which ran the same grape-drink ad that appeared in Boston. We don't know what happened in Cincinnati, but the strawberry ad in our *Post* seems to have created as much excitement among other advertisers as among the reading public; the people who footed the bill—the Fairmont Foods Company, of Omaha, Nebraska—profess to be well pleased with the results.

From the mechanical point of view, Mr. Neuwald said, the use of his compound is child's play. He supplies it in sealed cans to the printers, who then handle it exactly as if it were ink. At the moment, the compound is extremely expensive—from six to eight dollars a pound, compared to eight cents a pound for ordinary black printing ink—but Mr. Neuwald says, "After all, we're not selling print, we're selling smell." A native of Hungary, Mr. Neuwald came to this country in 1930; though he had been trained as a pharmaceutical chemist, he lost his heart to advertising, and at one time had his own ad company. He began experimenting with a color-odor compound about seven years ago; up to that time he had been content to devise and manufacture colorless compounds used for scenting paper. "I turned scented papers into a big thing in direct-mail advertising," he said. "I started with perfumed ads from department stores, cosmetic houses, and so on, and went on from there. I've made chocolate-milk scent for Borden's, maple-syrup scent for General Foods, rose scent for the Jackson & Perkins rose people, and even the scent of frankincense and myrrh for a Bible publisher. Some automobile dealers are scenting their direct mail with the smell of new cars. I compound it for them out of the smells of upholstery, gasoline, and the banana oil in new paint. An insurance company asked me to develop a hospital odor for them. I worked out a delicate blend of creosote, tar, carbolic acid, and iodoform. Their ad was a beaut. It said something like 'Remember this smell? One out of every three families will have a dear one going to the hospital this year!' "

Mr. Neuwald is no less resourceful in respect to his color-odor compound. On short notice, he will combine any color with any odor and produce the compound in any quantity. "As I see it, the advertising possibilities are endless,"



"It was a perfect crime, but my trouble was that I couldn't resist popping off about its damned perfection."

• •

he said. "Think of the food aromas I can print—pizza, apple pie, barbecued hamburgers! Think of all the Christmas-present smells!" We asked how many different odors he would dare to run in a single edition of a newspaper or magazine. "It might seem to be against my own interests to say so, but I recommend sticking to one smell at a time," he said. "Strawberry and chocolate may smell O.K. together in nature, but in a newspaper they'd be simply awful."

En Famille

WHAT is very probably the most plaintive camp letter of the summer was written by a nine-year-old girl to her parents and reads, in part:

> Everybody in our cabin is homesick including a girl whose father and mother work here. And *they're* homesick too.

Quaint Little Place

JUST before the opening of a recent art festival in Bucks County, one of the artists participating got a phone call from a member of the committee in charge of the affair, who asked him to describe his contribution, so that it could be captioned. He replied that the work represented an impression of Wiesbaden, Germany. On opening day, he decided to begin his tour of the festival by looking up his own painting, and was rather taken aback to find it entitled "A Wee Spot in Germany."

Busy Beavers

EIGHT thousand psychologists were in town last week to attend the annual convention of the American Psychological Association. We visited convention headquarters, at the Statler, in the hope of discovering whither psychologists are drifting this season, and right off the bat discovered that psychologists don't drift. An exceedingly orderly lot, trim in appearance, brisk of manner, they know precisely what they're up to and why they're up to it, and if they have any commandments, the first must be "A place for everything and everything in its place." This rather chilling doctrine was exemplified by a sign we saw hanging above the message desk at headquarters, which at once whisked us back to our schooldays, giving us those old Stanford-Binet blues. The sign read as follows:

To Leave a Message

1—Write the Message on a Piece of the Special Notepaper Provided
2—Fold It as Indicated
3—Address the Envelope Plainly Showing
  a) The Name of the Person for Whom the Message Is Intended
  b) Today's Date
  c) The Date and Hour to Which You Wish Us to Hold the Message
4—File It in a Box Identified by the First Two Letters of the Addressee's Name

To Pick Up a Message

1—Remove All Messages from the Box Identified by the First Two Letters of Your Last Name
2—Find Your Message
3—Return All Other Messages to the Correct Box

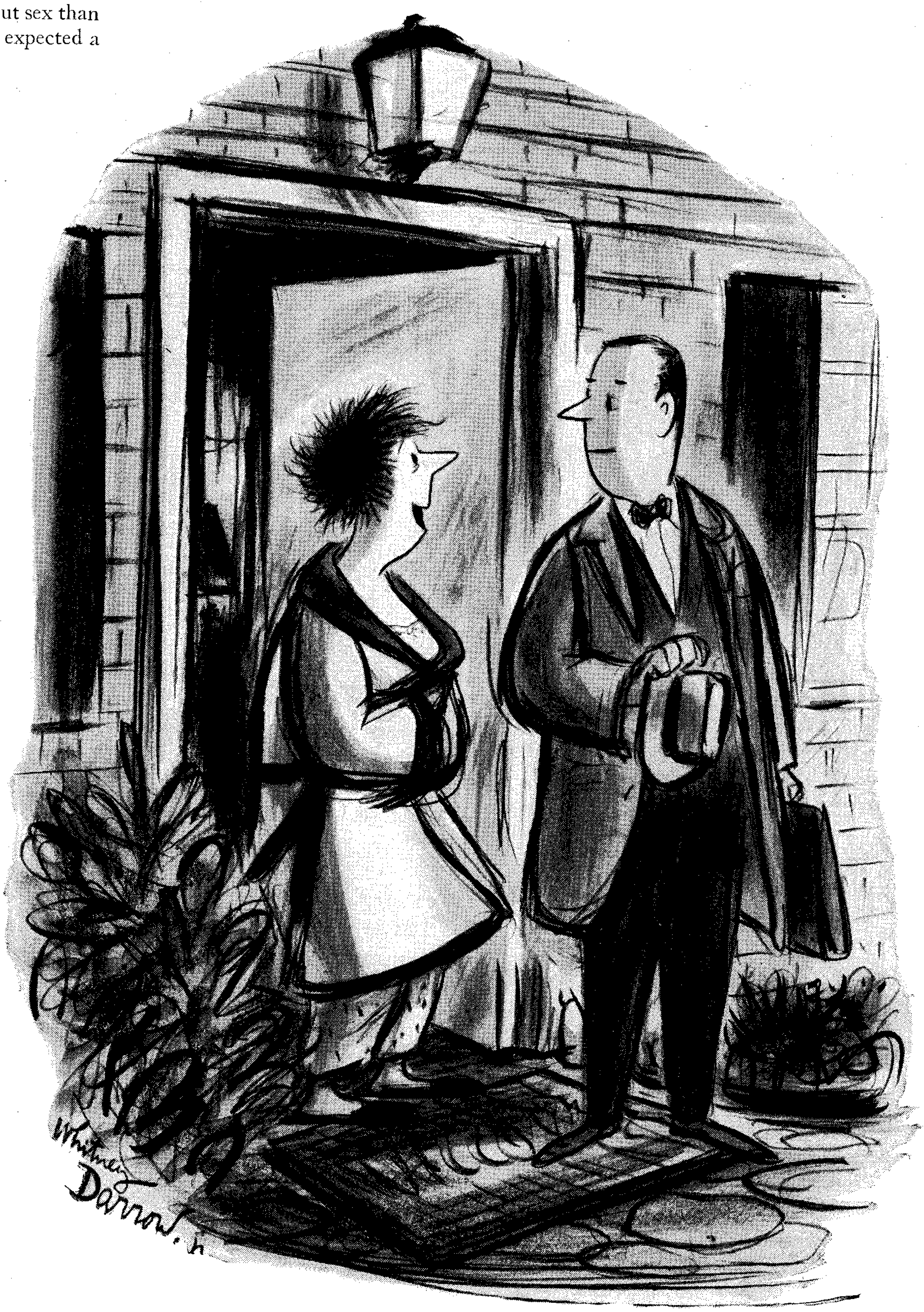
As we stood at the desk watching psychologists, each with a name tab in his lapel, dart up like well-trained hungry mice to file and/or collect messages, we were kindly taken in hand by a young man with a red beard, whose name tab showed him to be Dr. Ogden Lindsley, Harvard Medical School. He caught us eying his beaver, and said easily, "We have a great variety of beards in our profession but, curiously enough, very few really first-rate red beards. Don't ask me to explain that. Or even to explain the present vogue for beard-growing and beard-keeping. Why the crew cut? Why the ponytail? Psychologists have very little information on such subjects. What bothers us is that we have equally little information on much more pressing problems. We study what we call basics; what is basic ought to be what we know best but is generally, of course, what we know least. Psychologists are to psychiatrists what the biochemist is to the internist, what physics is to electronics. I hope I make myself clear. The American Psychological Association has twenty-one divisions—General, Teaching, Experimental, Clinical, Industrial, Military, and so on. I'm involved with the motivation of psychotic patients, and used to fall under Experimental, but now I'm in Clinical."

Another young man, beardless and smoking a cigar that looked considerably older than he did, came up and was introduced as Dr. William A. McClelland, of HUMRRO. "Human Resources Research Office, of George Washington University, for better or worse," Dr. McClelland told us, through blue smoke. Dr. Beaver was quick to inform his colleague that a new journal was ready to be announced; to be called the *Journal of the Experimental Analysis of Behavior*, it would be published by the Society for the Experimental Analysis of Behavior, and Dr. Beaver predicted that it would brew plenty of trouble. Dr. Cigar looked envious. A knot of politely disputatious psychologists approached the message desk, and we heard one say with vigor, "Don't tell *me* there's anyone who knows more about sex than Frank Beach of Yale!" We expected a lively rejoinder, but a psychologist bringing up the rear boomed out, referring to someone whose name we didn't catch, "I was absolutely flabbergasted by his data. The fact of the matter is his animals just don't like quinine," and the supremacy of Beach of Yale on sex went unchallenged.

Leaving the psychologists to talk shop, we proceeded to the mezzanine, with the thought of examining some of the psychological testing apparatus on display there. As far as we could make out, most of the devices were designed—no doubt in an excellent cause—to frustrate the natural appetites of rats, hens, birds, dogs, cats, babies, and other small creatures, and we felt nothing but dismay upon looking at them. We ended by taking refuge in the exhibition area of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The gentleman in charge volunteered that he had sold five sets of the Encyclopædia in the course of the convention and had more sales in prospect. "One thing I'm careful about with these fellows," he said. "I never ask them why they're buying. You try to get an answer like that out of them, it makes them suspicious. Asking a psychologist why is bad psychology."

Breather

THAT all is not moiling, boiling, senseless haste in New York—that even here may be found echoes of the gracious dalliance of another day—is attested by an incident on, of all places, a crosstown bus. An acquaintance of ours, riding west on Seventy-ninth Street during the mid-morning hours a few weeks ago, relates that at Broadway the driver suddenly drew to the curb in front of a drugstore, turned around, and said to his passengers, "Look, I could do with a cup of java. Any of you folks mind if we take five here?" The riders, eight or ten in number, exchanged consulting glances, and finally shook their heads and said no, they wouldn't mind. The driver sprang down, went into the drugstore, and had coffee and Danish, and, what's more, he was joined at the counter by three or four of his passengers. When they were finished, they all got back into the bus and, greatly refreshed, continued their journey.



"Goodbye, dear, and remember—no matter how discouraging things may become at the office, you always have me to come home to."

LEKHA

THE head of our department—my husband's department, that is—in the Ministry of Valuation was a widower for a long time, but three years ago, when he came back home to Delhi from his yearly holiday in Bombay, he was married. We were all very much surprised. We had thought that he was happy living alone in his government hostel; he had such a nice room there, and a good bearer, whom I myself had selected for him, and, of course, all we wives did our best to make him comfortable, often sending special dishes to him or arranging little dinner parties. We were a happy group—he and the other senior officers of the department and their wives—and there was a close feeling of friendship among us all. Of course, we did have a bit of friction sometimes; for instance, I often found myself cross with Mrs. Nayyar, because I felt she was pushing herself forward too much in order to get into the Head's favor. She invited him far too often to her house, and that time he had jaundice, she went around at least twice a day to visit him. I do not like to see a lady being so forward. I truly think that the Head favored me and appreciated all the little things I was able to do for him, since he knew that I did not do them because he was my husband's superior officer—I am not that sort of person, doing things only for my own interest, though I'm afraid that Mrs. Nayyar may be rather inclined that way—but only because I have always genuinely liked him and esteemed him for his good qualities.

When we heard that he was married, we all realized that things would be different, but we hoped that our friendly relations with him would continue. Naturally, we were very eager to meet his new wife. At last, we were invited for dinner, and I must admit I was rather nervous at the prospect. So much depended on this lady and whether she would like me. It can be very awkward if the wife of your husband's superior officer does not like you. In the car on our way to the dinner, my husband gave me a look out of the corner of his eye and said, "I see you have made yourself very elegant to meet her."

That annoyed me a little, so I told him, "I don't know what you mean. Certainly I always like to look my best when people invite me out to dinner." He did not say anything, and after a while I continued, "You need not think that I am going to put myself out much for her. If she likes me, very well, I shall be happy. But if she is going to expect me to go down on my hands and knees to her, I'm sorry—I'm afraid I have too much pride for that."

But as soon as I saw Lekha, I knew at once that it was going to be all right. She was young—about twenty—but not really pretty. Only her eyes were nice—very large eyes, which seemed to take up all her face. She was terribly nervous, and when I realized this, I at once stopped being nervous myself. I said to her, "We have all been so eager to meet you," in a kind and confident way. She giggled (and her voice trembled so at the same time that it was almost as if she were crying) and said, "Oh, thank you, thank you!" She bit her lip, and a last strangled giggle came out, and then she was very serious.

Mrs. Nayyar, who was already sitting there on the settee with a glass of pineapple juice in her hand, cried out to me, "Just think, she used to go to school in Bombay with my cousin!"

"Oh?" I said.

"They were in the same class. Isn't it a coincidence?" She sounded triumphant. "We have already found a *lot* to talk about!"

Lekha did not say anything for a moment, but then suddenly she said, in the same trembling way as before, "Yes, isn't it? Isn't it a coincidence?" But she seemed to be thinking of something quite different while she was saying it. Her eyes kept straying around the room, and she looked lost and unhappy about something. I have had enough experience to recognize that look; there was something wrong with the dinner. Poor little thing, I thought. I felt very protective toward her because of her inexperience, and I did not like to see Mrs. Nayyar being already so possessive about her. When she went into the next room, I followed her and said, "May I help you, please?"

"Thank you, no," she said. "Please stay comfortably with the others." But then she glanced up at my face and suddenly threw her head against my shoulder and began to cry. I patted her gently.

"Oh, I don't know what to do!" she cried, wiping her eyes. "Nothing is ready for the dinner, and it looks so terrible! How will anybody ever eat it?" Without another word, I walked into the kitchen. I could see at once what sort of cook she had got. But I soon showed him that I was not a person to stand for any nonsense, so he bestirred himself as best he could, and under my directions the dinner was soon made ready. It was not a good dinner, but at least we got it served, and everybody sat down to eat.

SO that was how I became Lekha's best friend, right from the beginning. She came to see me the very next day, and sat in my drawing room, drinking coffee and eating my homemade biscuits, and talked and talked. I had never heard anyone talk the way she did. She told me all about herself and her father and the house she came from, and she told me that she loved Indian classical music and dancing and to go walking late, late at night on the beach at Bombay, and how she was sometimes very happy and sometimes so unhappy that she did not want to live any more. "I have always been like that, since I was a child," she said.

"But you are still a child," I said, smiling.

"Oh, no," she said. "You do not know how very serious I am inside me." And she sighed and ate another biscuit. Of course, she was very sweet, but I could not help feeling that she was hardly suitable to be the Head's wife. A little later, she told me that what she had first liked about her husband was that he was so serious.

"He is a very fine administrative officer," I told her.

"Yes," she said rather slowly. And then, more cheerfully, although it seemed to be an effort, she added, "Yes, I am sure he must be." They had been married then about five months.

After that, Lekha and I used to meet several times a week. I was the only person she ever came to see; I don't think she knew anyone else in Delhi. She never visited the wives of the other officers, though I know Mrs. Nayyar tried very hard to become friendly with her. But Lekha had taken a dislike to her right from the beginning. "She is like her cousin," she explained to me.

"Why, what is wrong with her cousin?" I asked.

Lekha turned away and said, "Please don't let us talk about her," and her lips went tight.

"Why?" I asked. "What has she done to you?"

"It is nothing she has done to me. It's only what she is." Suddenly, she turned to face me, and her big eyes were flashing. "I *hate* that sort of person!" she cried. "A person with a cold heart." I could see that she was really filled with hate, and it quite frightened me. I myself disapprove of Mrs. Nayyar's nature, but I certainly do not hate her. It

"Ordinarily we just ignore him. But should he suddenly roar 'To Yogi Berra,' I'd advise you to raise your glass aloft."

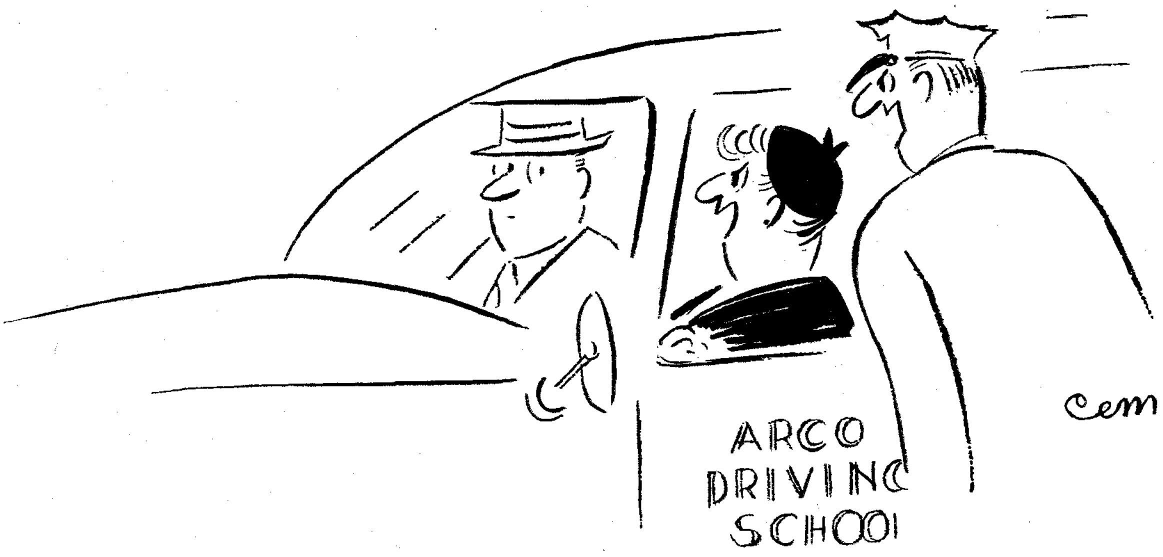
is wicked to hate people. But the next moment Lekha's face was its usual sweet, childish self again. She came close to me and rubbed her cheek against mine. "I told you we shouldn't talk about her," she said. "What have you and I to do with such people? You have such a dear, warm nature. I am so happy you are my friend."

What worried me the most as I grew to know Lekha better was the fact that she did not care about her house. Mrs. Nayyar and I and all the other ladies take great pride in making our homes dainty and nice to look at. We hang up ruffled curtains and paint our own flower vases and embroider cushions and table runners. Of course, I wanted to help Lekha to make her home nice, too. At first, she was quite enthusiastic, and we went out to buy material for curtains, but then she lost interest and never even bothered to have the curtains made. In the end, I brought my own tailor and had the curtains stitched, and I hung them up with my own hands. Lekha was very grateful to me and kept saying how nice they looked, but she never took them down to have them washed. They just hung there, limp and full of dust and showing a missing curtain ring in one place.

The real trouble with Lekha was that she was not modern. She simply did not understand the new trends we have in India today. Of course, we are all very proud of being Indian, but all the same we do realize that there are some things we can learn from the West. The Western way of doing up a house and living in it, for example, is more attractive and advanced than ours. But Lekha kept to the old Indian ways. When she was alone, she never sat down to eat properly at a table but squatted on the floor and had her food brought to her on a round brass tray, and then ate it with her fingers. That may be the traditional Indian way, but it is my opinion that it would be better for India if everyone learned to eat in the way people do in the West. I also didn't like the way Lekha always had incense burning in her house; that smell always reminds me of the dirty shops in the bazaars. It was not as if she were orthodox—I have never known her to go to the temple. And yet she would often observe some fast day, all the way from sunset to sunset. On the day of the Spring Festival, she would wear only yellow, just like the peasants, and once, when there was an eclipse, she even went down to the Jumna to bathe, with all the crowd. Some of our old customs are very pretty, I know—the lighting of little lamps on Divali, for instance, which we always do because the children like it so much—but no modern person observes as many of them as Lekha did. And, as if there were not enough Hindu festivals, she would keep the Moslem ones also, such as Mohurrum and Bakri-Id, when she had some goat meat cooked and sent to our house. When I asked her about this, she said, "Oh, you know, I love festivals so much that it doesn't matter whether they are Hindu or Moslem. And anyway I think there is bound to be some Moslem strain in all of us, so it is only right that we should keep their holy days." The only festival she would not keep was Christmas. I think Christmas is such a nice festival; we always have a turkey dinner with plum pudding, and so do all our friends. But Lekha said she did not like Christmas, because it is not religious. She said it is only social and only for Englishmen. When I pointed out to her that, on the contrary, Christmas is very religious because it is the day on which the God of the Christians was born, she said yes, she liked Jesus Christ, but she did not like Christians or their Christmas. What can you make of a person like that?

It surprised me that the Head allowed her to carry on with all these fads. He himself has always been very correct in his behavior, and one would have thought that he was the last person to allow his wife to go in for practices that were so unsuitable to a high social and official position. But apparently he made no objections and let her do whatever she pleased. I think he had grown very fond of Lekha. I could detect a change in him, something in his face that had not been there before and that showed he was— I don't know quite how to say it—perhaps satisfied is what I mean, or perhaps just happy.

Lekha didn't enjoy the little dinner parties we gave. She came once or twice to dinners at Mrs. Nayyar's house or Mrs. Kaul's or one of the other wives', but it was quite evident that she did not enjoy herself. She would just sit there with her head bowed, not joining in the conversation, and play with her bangles. Then, one day when Mrs. Nayyar was giving a dinner party, the Head tele-



"Now what do I do? Just sit here and take it? Or can I dish it out, too?"

phoned her in the afternoon to say that his wife was ill and therefore they could not come. I went to see Lekha straightaway next morning, but when I asked her what was the matter, she laughed out loud. "Only Mrs. Nayyar's party was the matter!" she said. "No, I have had enough now of these little dinner parties. I have done my duty."

"Lekha, are you telling me that you are not coming to *any* of our parties again?" I said. I was quite shocked, for I myself was giving a party the following week.

"I will come to your house," she said, "but to nobody else's. Why should I sit there and die with boredom while everyone talks stupid things? I will sit at home and think my own stupid things."

I ALWAYS feel rather nervous before my dinner parties, so you can imagine that I was not at all pleased when Govind suddenly appeared at my house half an hour before the guests were due to arrive. Govind is my husband's younger brother, but he is as unlike my husband as can be. He finished his studies at the university, but after that he never made any attempts to get into government service or into any proper job at all. He only sits in coffeehouses all day, with other loafers like himself; sometimes he does a little something for films or radio—I do not know what. He associates a great deal with musicians and dancers and such people. I did not even pretend to be pleased to see him. "I didn't know you were in Delhi," I said.

"I have been here for three weeks," he said, and laughed. (He laughs a great deal.)

"And only now you come to see your elder brother."

"But you are never happy to see me," he said. That was true, but I didn't think it was right for him to say it. Just then, my husband came in, and the two of them greeted one another. My husband is quite fond of his brother, although, of course, he disapproves strongly of his ways. While the two brothers talked, I thought desperately about how I could possibly fit Govind into my dinner party. He was entirely unsuitable to meet the Head and all the other officers, who are serious and important government servants. Even his clothes were unsuitable; the others would all be coming in evening dress, but he was wearing his usual wide white pajama trousers, with a loose and very fine Lucknow kurta on top. He keeps his hair rather too long, and this gives him a not quite respectable appearance.

But it turned out that I need not have worried after all. Govind knows how to behave himself when he wants to, and that evening he really acquitted himself very well. He took an interest in the office affairs the gentlemen were discussing, and asked some quite intelligent questions, which the Head answered for him in a clear, precise way, and he was very polite and attentive to the ladies. Indeed, I could see at once that Mrs. Nayyar felt flattered by the way he got fruit juice and nuts for her, and found her handbag when she mislaid it. A little later, after the buffet dinner had been served, I noticed Govind talking animatedly to Lekha. He was sitting on the arm of her chair, holding his plate and swinging one foot, and she was looking up to him. If Lekha had not happened to be the Head's wife, I would have felt embarrassed for her appearance. She was wearing an orange cotton sari—*cotton* for a dinner party!—and, as usual, no lipstick. She had the Hindu tikka mark on her forehead, and she had stained the palms of her hands and bottoms of her feet with henna to make them bright orange, which I think is really a dirty habit, even though it may be an old Hindu tradition. Her big, big eyes appeared even bigger, because she had underlined them with kohl. She and Govind seemed to have a lot to talk about, and I must say they fitted well together—both of them so odd in their appearance and so different from the rest of us. They looked like a couple out of Hindu mythology—the sort of Krishna and Radha couple you see on calendars or in historical films.

THE day after my party, Sita, my eldest child, got measles, and after that my son got it, too, and finally the baby. It was a very hectic time for me, and it was three weeks before I could leave the house again. I had many errands to do that first day, but in the afternoon I happened to be passing near Lekha's house, and, because I still felt responsible for her, I decided to drop in. The servant showed me straight into the drawing room, where I found Lekha sitting on the floor. Lying beside her, with his head in her lap, was Govind. She was stroking his hair. They started up when they saw me, and Lekha came flying to meet me. She embraced me with great fervor and said, "I am so happy to see you, so happy!" Really, I have never known anyone to sound so happy.

I sat down and said quite formally, "How are you, Lekha?" I felt terribly shaken, and my heart was like a cold, dead weight inside me. Govind lay down on the floor again and rested his head on his hand. I didn't want to look at him, but I could not help myself, and I saw he was smiling. Lekha was also smiling, and laughing, and she kept talking all the time. I was so upset and she was talking so fast that I couldn't take in half of what she was saying. She asked after Sita and the two other children and my husband, and asked what we had been doing, but she never waited for a reply, and all the time she didn't really seem to be asking those questions, because her voice was full of something else. Govind did not say anything, but sometimes he would laugh at something she said, and then she would cry, "No, you must not laugh at me! Tell him not to laugh at me!" But she laughed, too. I told her I had to go—I made up a lie and said I had an appointment with the dentist—and I went out without saying anything at all to Govind. Lekha saw me to the door, and there she embraced me again. "I will come and see you tomorrow," she said. "I have so much to tell you!" Suddenly, she kissed me on the neck; her lips and breath were very hot.

When I got home, I lay down on the bed and shut my eyes. But I could not get rid of the picture of the two of them together as I had seen them when I came in, or the sound of the laughter between them. I was shocked not only because it was Lekha and Govind, though that in itself was bad enough and would get worse when I grew calm enough to think about it. But to see two people behaving like that, a man and a woman together! Oh, it was nothing really that they did; it was only the understanding between them, and something else, which I cannot describe—something that had come rising out of them and filled the room. I have been married now for ten years and I am fond of my husband and we have three children, but there has never been anything between us like what I felt between Govind and Lekha that afternoon. I pressed my face into my pillow and suddenly I began to cry. I do not know why I cried, but I cried bitterly.

By the time Lekha came to see me the next morning, I was quite calm and collected. I had not told my husband anything about what I had discovered. I did not want to worry him—he has enough worries in his office—and also I felt shy about telling him. I did not know how to put it into words for him. So I determined to deal with this thing myself. I would talk to Lekha very strictly, and, speaking as an older married friend, I would make her see her folly. But when she came, it was she who did all the talking. She came running into the house with her arms full of toys for the children. "How are they?" she cried. "How is my Sita?" And when they came, she embraced them and kissed them—something she had never done before—and they were extremely pleased with the toys. There was a great change in her; she had become beautiful. Her movements had always been a little awkward, but now they were light and graceful. She tossed back her hair, stretched out her arms, and walked up and down—she could not sit still for a minute—and her bangles jingled, her eyes sparkled, and she was laughing, laughing all the time.

"I am so happy!" she said to me. "You don't know how happy!" Here I should have started telling her what I had meant to tell her, but she would not give me time. "I didn't know there was anyone so wonderful as he in the world!" she said. I wanted to protest—I had known Govind a good deal longer than she, and there was no one who knew his worth (or, rather, lack of it) better than I—but she went on again immediately. "There is such depth in him, such greatness! Oh, I know, he hasn't done anything great yet, but he will. Only wait and you'll see! He will astonish the world!"

If the situation hadn't been so serious, I could have burst out laughing at the idea of Govind astonishing the world. If sitting idly in coffeehouses will astonish the world, then he certainly will do it, but not otherwise.

"I feel so privileged to be allowed to know him," she said, and added, in a whisper, "And to be loved by him."

"Lekha," I said.

"You don't know what happiness he gives me, what a paradise he has made for me. He is like a god."

"Lekha," I said, "are you in your senses?"

"Oh, no, no! I have taken leave of my senses! I have no mind any more—only a body and a soul! He has awakened both for me. You can't know."

I said, quietly and sternly, "And your husband?"

"Please don't!" she cried, and put up her hands to cover her ears. "Why do you talk of him? What has he to do with this?"

I was aghast at such total irresponsibility, but I managed to say quite calmly, "I should have thought your husband had a great deal to do with it."

"Nothing! Believe me, this is different. Oh, believe me. . . ." She stood still and put both her arms up to her head to stroke back her hair, and her eyes shone more brightly than ever. I felt embarrassed to look at her. "He is good and kind, I know—" she began.

"The Head is an excellent man in every way," I interrupted, taking her up rather severely.

"I know, I know!" she cried. "But being good and kind is so little—it is nothing. You cannot touch another person's soul by being only good and kind. I was not alive before. Nobody could show me what there was in me until he came."

Then I only wanted her to go away. But she wouldn't go; she kept talking on and on about herself and Govind. I sat quite still and tried not to listen, but I couldn't help listening. There was something burning and fierce about her, like fire.

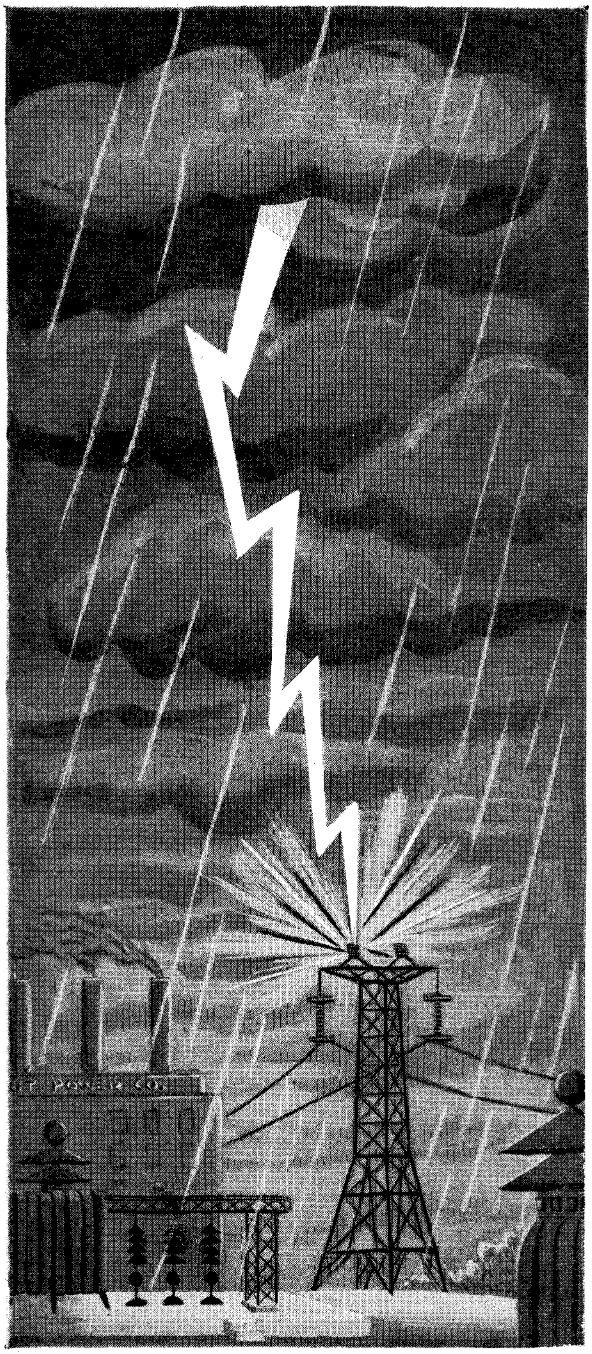
After that, she often came to see me, and every time it was the same. She talked, and I had to sit and listen to things that should never be spoken. She had no shame at all. She talked to me of the beauty of Govind and how she, too, had learned to feel herself as beautiful. It was painful for me even to look at her, and after a time I began to avoid her. I would go out of the house at the times I knew she would be coming to visit me. I did not care where I went, as long as I didn't have to see her and listen to her. Mostly, I went to Mrs. Nayyar, where we would sit and talk quietly and normally about normal things, like the children's schooling and the high price of vegetables and the lovely new Benares saris that had come in at the Cottage Industries Emporium. These conversations with Mrs. Nayyar were sooth-

ing to me, yet whenever I got home I would find myself thinking of Lekha and Govind again. I became very irritable, especially with my husband; somehow I had a feeling of dissatisfaction about him.

Some time later, it came my turn again to give a dinner party, and, of course, I had to invite the Head and Lekha. When the guests were all assembled, Govind walked in. I knew who had told him to come, but with all those people there there was nothing I could do but pretend to be pleased to see him and make him welcome. He was perfectly free and smiling, and not in the least embarrassed. This was the first time I had seen him since that day in Lekha's house, and I looked at him curiously, for I had wondered how Lekha could possibly find him handsome and "like a god." But now I saw that there was something about him that might strike an impressionable person like Lekha. His complexion is rather too dark—my husband, thank God, is much fairer—and against this dark skin his strong and healthy teeth and the whites of his eyes shine quite brilliantly. He has strong shoulders, and because he always wears such thin, transparent kurtas one can see exactly how they are formed and how the muscles move. His hair is really far too long, but it is very curly and shines with oil. He always wears a fine gold chain around his neck. There is something strange about him, something that is more like an animal than like a man, though perhaps it is a sin to say that.

I watched the two of them anxiously, but I must say their behavior was quite good. I never intercepted as much as a glance between them, and they talked together very little. Lekha was more lively than she usually is at parties, for which I suppose I ought to have been grateful. The Head seemed pleased to see her enjoying herself, and I noticed that he still looked at her with an expression of satisfaction.

The talk turned to a celebrated South Indian dancer who had given a recital in Delhi the week before, and from there a discussion arose about the various styles of dancing and their exponents. Govind talked intelligently and managed to impress the other guests with his knowledge of Indian classical music and dancing. Mrs. Nayyar, I could see, was thrilled by all he was telling us, and the Head, too, listened with interest. Then, suddenly, the Head said, "You know, my wife is quite a competent exponent of Bharata Natyam," and he smiled in a deprecating but rather proud manner.



"Oh, yes? How interesting," said Govind, and he looked around as if he were not quite sure who the Head's wife was. Really!

"Oh, but why does she not dance for us!" cried Mrs. Nayyar, clapping her hands together. She always likes to be lively at parties, and now, of course, she was being especially lively, for Govind's benefit. So then everybody looked at Lekha.

"Should I?" she said, with a smile. She was not at all shy or embarrassed.

"It would be a great pleasure for all of us," Govind said.

"Yes, wouldn't it?" I said quickly. "But there are no ankle bells and no music. What a pity!"

"Couldn't she borrow Sita's ankle bells?" Govind suggested. "And you have a dholak, I think?"

"What are we waiting for?" cried Mrs. Nayyar.

I looked at the Head; I was sure he would not allow it. But he smiled and rubbed his chin and said, "Well, Government is always telling us that we must preserve and foster our cultural heritage. . . ."

I hoped that Sita's ankle bells would be too small for Lekha, but, of course, they weren't. Her limbs were as thin and fragile as a child's. Govind sat on the floor by the dholak and began to beat it with his fingers and sing while Lekha danced. He sang:

"Bring, oh, bring my beloved unto me!
Oh, what ecstasy shall I know with him always on the couch strewn with flowers, in the white radiance of the moon.
O my friend, beautiful as a bird! I languish with love for my Lord.
What is this happening to me? Come, O friend!
Ask my Lord to come to me, so that flower-adorned I may dance, sing, and play with him. Why this delay!"

And that was what Lekha danced. She really was quite a good dancer. Her hand gestures were very suggestive, and so was her smile, and the way she rolled her eyes and swayed her head from her neck. "I languish with love for my Lord," said her fingers. "What is this happening to me?" said her eyes and her lips. The ankle bells rang out as she stamped her feet: "Come, O friend!" Govind flung back his head as he sang, so that one could see the movement in his throat. His long brown fingers danced on the drum, his whole body swayed, and he smiled with flashing eyes and teeth. "Like a god," Lekha had said of him, and now she was worshipping him with her dance. Mrs. Nayyar sat with her hands clasped before her and a smile of rapture on her face. The Head was also smiling a little and he looked very proud. As I

Dana Fradon

looked at the Head, I thought how good he is—how true, how affectionate, and how stupid!

A WEEK later, Govind went away to Bombay—I think on some film work. When he had gone, Lekha began coming to see me every day. If I was out, as I often tried to be, she would sit and wait for me, and the moment I came in, she would begin to talk about herself and Govind. His absence did not seem to make her at all sad. "You see, he has not gone away from me," she told me. "He is with me here." And she clasped her hand to her bosom in such a passionate gesture that I had to look at the floor. "He is with me all the time, all the time." Another day, she said, "You remember when Krishna went away from Radha? How she thought she could hear his flute playing, even when he was not there? Well, it is like that with me. I can feel him playing in my heart." She had told him to send letters to her at my house. "Because I know you are my friend," she explained to me. But there were never any letters. Every day she came with a trembling air of expectation, but every day there was nothing. After a week or so, I could see the look of disappointment and pain more and more clearly in her face, and the smile with which she tried to cover it. "There is no need for him to write," she explained once. "He knows how near we are together, even when we are apart." I think she was writing to him every day.

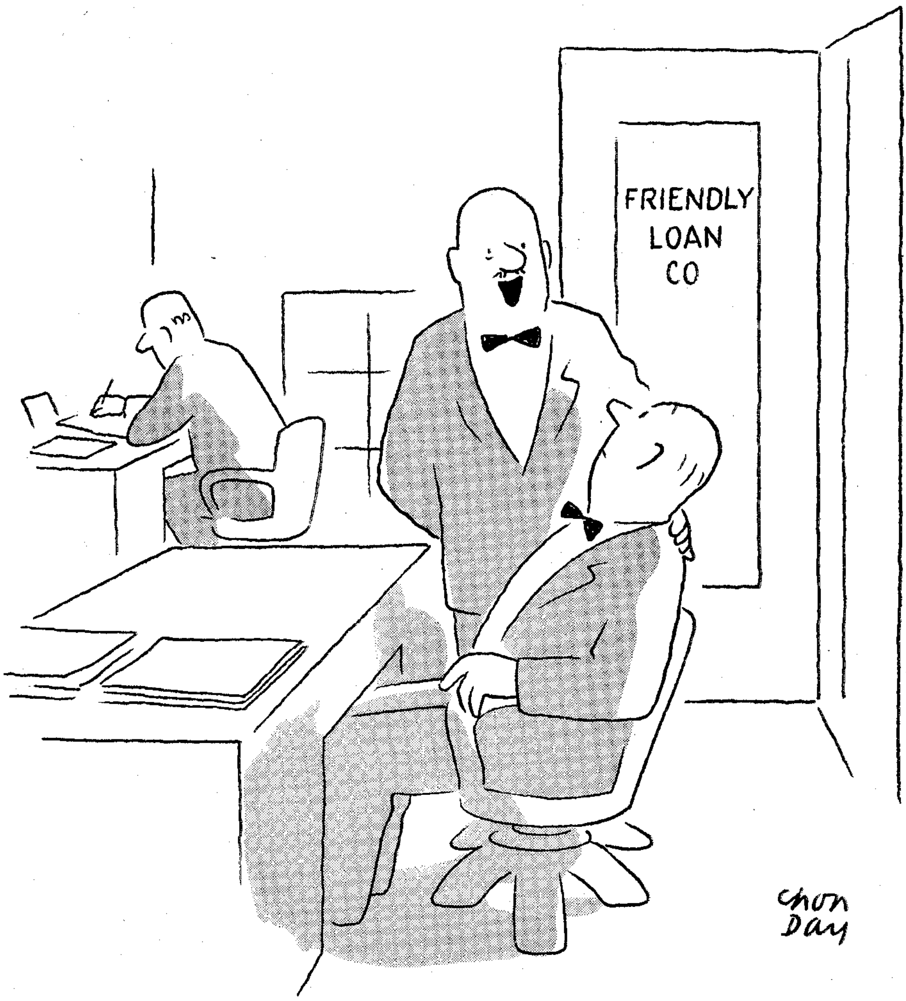
The days went by, and Lekha stopped coming to see me so often, and when she did come, she did not talk as much. She sat quite quietly in my drawing room, playing with the bangles on her arms. She was thinner and her lips were pale, and it became hard for me to imagine how I had ever managed to think of her as beautiful. Now it was I who did most of the talking, but she never seemed to take any interest in what I was telling her. I couldn't help thinking that Lekha was rather a dull girl, but all the same I began to feel protective toward her again and to like her as I had in the beginning.

Then a whole week went by with no visit from her, and I became worried, and went to see her one morning. I found her sitting in her drawing room, on the floor, with her knees drawn up and her arms clasped around them. Although it was after eleven o'clock, she had not yet had her bath or dressed, and her hair straggled over her shoulder in a very untidy manner. The room smelled of stale incense, and I could see at once that it had not been dusted or made neat for many days. She did not move, and hardly even smiled, when I came in.

"Hallo, Lekha!" I called, in a loud voice. I was trying to cheer her up, and besides I felt fresh and vigorous after my morning bath, in my crisp, clean sari and with my household duties all ordered and done. But Lekha only looked at me out of her big, sad eyes, and lifted one hand to brush a strand of hair from her forehead. I wanted to shake her and shout, "Come on, Lekha! Up and doing!" I wanted to fling open all the windows and call in the servant to give the room a good scrubbing and cleaning, and then bring fresh flowers to arrange on the mantelpiece and a clean starched cloth to put on the table. But I realized that my first duty was to give Lekha a good talking-to, so I sat down on the settee just behind her, with my hand laid affectionately on her shoulder.

I did not know how I was going to start, but the words came of themselves—all the words I had been wanting to say for many weeks but which she had never given me an opportunity to say. First, I talked to her about her husband—about what a fine, good, conscientious man he was and what she owed to him as his wife. And after that I told her what a worthless loafer Govind was. I explained, in a very understanding, womanly way, how he was the kind of man who might impress a young woman who didn't know his background and his association with people who were not respectable. I even gave her a very small hint of the rumors I had heard about his behavior with a certain type of woman in Bombay. I talked for a long time. She sat quite still, with her head bowed, and the only movement she made was once when she shrugged the shoulder on which I had laid my hand. I thought it might be making her feel hot—it was rather sticky that morning—so I took it away. She did not see me to the door when I left, but remained sitting there on the floor. I felt pleased and contented all the rest of the day, for I knew I had done my duty, and in the evening I made my husband take me to a cinema.

I telephoned to her the next day, but the servant said she was out; the day after that it was the same, and the day after. I was rather surprised, so I went to her house to see her. When I entered at the gate, I saw her sitting on the veranda, but she got up at once and went indoors. I thought she had not seen me, and I was about to follow her when the servant came running



"Bentley, old pal, you're fired."

• •

out, calling, in a loud voice, "Memsahib has gone out!"

I realized then that Lekha didn't wish to see me any more. I went home and I sat in my bedroom and cried. But I didn't cry long, for I knew that I had acted rightly in every way, and that if Lekha had been a person of principle, she would have understood that and felt grateful toward me. At any rate, I had nothing to reproach myself with. It was not my fault that Lekha chose to take this attitude. I had only done my duty.

ONE morning, shortly afterward, I finished my shopping a little earlier than usual, so there was just time to drop in at Mrs. Nayyar's for a chat and perhaps a cup of coffee (though the coffee she serves is never very good). I came by the veranda, and I was just going to enter the drawing room through the open glass doors when I heard a voice say, "I don't know how it is, sometimes I am so happy, so happy—and sometimes I am so sad that I don't want to live any more." I stood quite still and then I looked through the door, and, yes, there was Lekha, curled up on a rug in Mrs. Nayyar's drawing room, talking with great animation and nibbling homemade biscuits. I wanted to go away, but unfortunately Mrs. Nayyar caught sight of me and called out, "Hallo, there! What a surprise!"

Lekha got up at once and said, "I must go." She had averted her head from me and was playing with her bangles.

"So soon?" said Mrs. Nayyar, and she put her arm round Lekha's shoulders to walk with her to the door. I heard them whispering together outside, and then I think they kissed each other goodbye.

"Poor Lekha!" said Mrs. Nayyar, coming back into the drawing room wearing her big, pleased smile. "She is such a shy little thing. Whenever anybody comes, she rushes off at once. A cup of coffee?" She poured the coffee and then sat on the settee, stirring the sugar in her cup. "Yes," she said, "Lekha is very shy before others. But when we are alone together, she sits and talks and talks for hours. She tells me everything. Everything," she said again, stirring, and looking as if she had a big secret. I also stirred. After a while she leaned close to me and continued in a low voice, "You know, she has had a great love affair with an Artist." I kept looking down into my coffee cup. "They were terribly in love," Mrs. Nayyar went on, and her eyes shone. "But then Lekha sent him away. Because of the Head. She says she couldn't do anything to hurt the Head. How fine," she said in a voice full of feeling. "How noble." I sipped the coffee, which was, as I had expected, of a rather inferior quality.

The only times I ever see Lekha nowadays are at one of Mrs. Nayyar's dinner parties. She won't come to any of our other parties, and at Mrs. Nayyar's she only sits there and plays with her bangles. She never as much as looks at me. Mrs. Nayyar has told me in confidence that Lekha has told her she does not like me because I am a person with a cold heart. I think that is a very unfair and unkind thing to say about me, especially after I have been such a good friend to her. But what distresses me most is that because of Lekha's attitude toward me we can no longer have any social relations with the Head. I know it will not make any difference in the end, because he is really too fair-minded a person to let personal considerations stand in the way of his official reports. But I am sorry to have lost contact with him, because I have always had a genuine liking for him. He is such a good man. Often I can't help thinking that it is a pity he could not have married a wife who would do more credit to his office. After all, being the wife of the head of a department carries a lot of responsibilities, and if my husband ever attains such a high position, I certainly shall not shirk them as Lekha has done.

—R. PRAWER JHABVALA

•

MOUNTAINSIDE—Residents of the area who are interested in protective measures during these uneasy times will be able to learn about the Army's "Nike" Monday evening at Deerfield School, Central avenue.

The Mountainside Volunteer Fire Department has invited Army Captain E. J. Buschir to speak on "Nike" and Captain Buschir will give a demonstration and show movies on the subject. Questions will be answered.

The program starts at 8 p.m. Admission is free.

Ask no questions but look wise, and eventually you may get the low-down.
—*Westfield (N.J.) Leader.*

You may get facial neuralgia, too.

WHAT'S A GIRL SUPPOSED TO DO—SIT AROUN' AND TWILL HER THUMBS?

HELLO? . . . Yes, this is her talkin'. Who is this, please? . . . No, I can't guess. . . . Well, the voice is very familiar, like if I know you from someplace, but right off I can't reckanize who this . . . *Ellie Blatt!* Fa heaven's sakes, Ellie, this certinny is some supprise! What wind blew you in from California alluva sudden? . . . Oh. . . . Oh, I see. So how is she, your mother? . . . Uh, huh. . . . Well, thank God it's not serious. After all, at her age— How ole is she? . . . Eighdy-one? Well, a woman eighdy-one, Ellie, that's no spring chicken no more. You gotta espect those things, her age. So tell me, how's Sam? He likes it out there in California? . . . Natchelly. And the kids—how's Arnie and Sandra, they O.K.? . . . That's good. Listen, so long you got your health, that's the main thing. . . .

Oh, I'm fine, knock wood. I can't complain 'cept I still gotta watch out my diet. Lemme eat the lease little thing estra, and right away it starts to show, the calories. . . . Harry? Oh, Harry's like awways—grouchy one day, next day the same. He don't change, Harry. . . . Beverly? Ellie, you simply gotta see Beverly—you'll never reckanize the way she turned out. A livin' doll! . . . Oh, that was awmost two years ago, when she was eighteen the time. That's nothin' compared what she's like today—her looks, her personality, her gorgeous built and all. Physically speakin', she developed herself very nice. . . . Boy friends? I should say! She's got 'em galore. Trouble is, evvey time things start in lookin' serious, Harry hasta go and put in his two cents' worth and spoil her chances. . . . No, I'm not jokin'. Listen, you got a minute? . . . O.K. So I'll explain you what's happened.

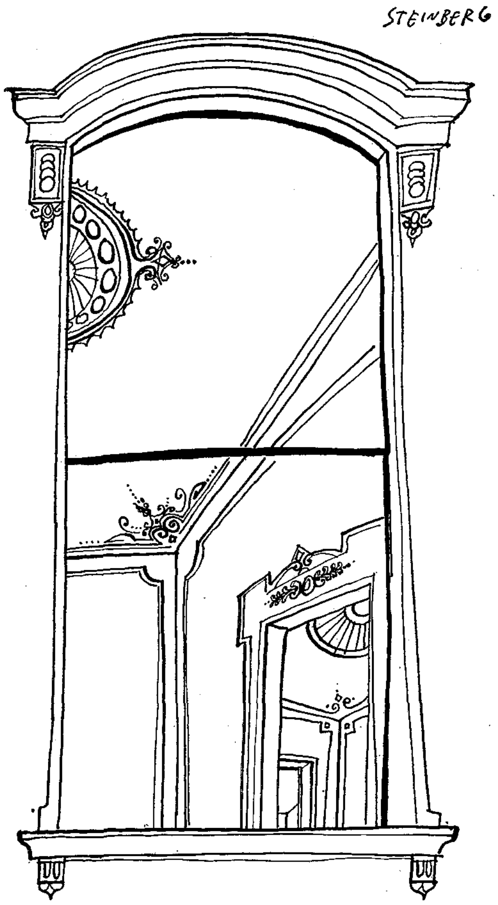
About, oh, a half year so ago I'd say this was, a certain blond-headed boy—Mordy Prager, his name—he comes to the house. A very nice young man, he was learnin' to be a druggiss. Waddeya call them fellas—they got a special name? . . . That's right—a pharmaciss. Anyways, Mordy comes once, he comes twice, the third time he comes, Harry figgers there muss be somethin' serious goin' on between he and Beverly, so right away he commences astin' him so many queshins Beverly couldn't stan' it no more. The poor kid, she gets so embarrassed she hasta leave the room and go to her bedroom, where she cries and cries, juss like a regella baby. Afterwards, when Mordy goes home, there's such a big fight, Beverly and Harry, it's a wonder the neighbors din complain, the noise goin' on. "A person can't afford to have no boy friends with you aroun'," Beverly hollers on him. "Evvey time I bring somebody to the house, you hafta go and chase him away by astin' all kines personal queshins which you got no right astin'. Please, Pa," she says to him, "once and for all, will you kiney mine your own business?"

Harry claims it *is* his business. After all, he says, he got oney one daughter—Beverly—and natchelly he wantsa make sure the fella is the right party, and not some *schlepper* who he's gonna wine up supportin' the resta his life. He claims when a girl falls in love, she's too romantically inclined to be practical, which is why it's up to the father to consider the practical side.

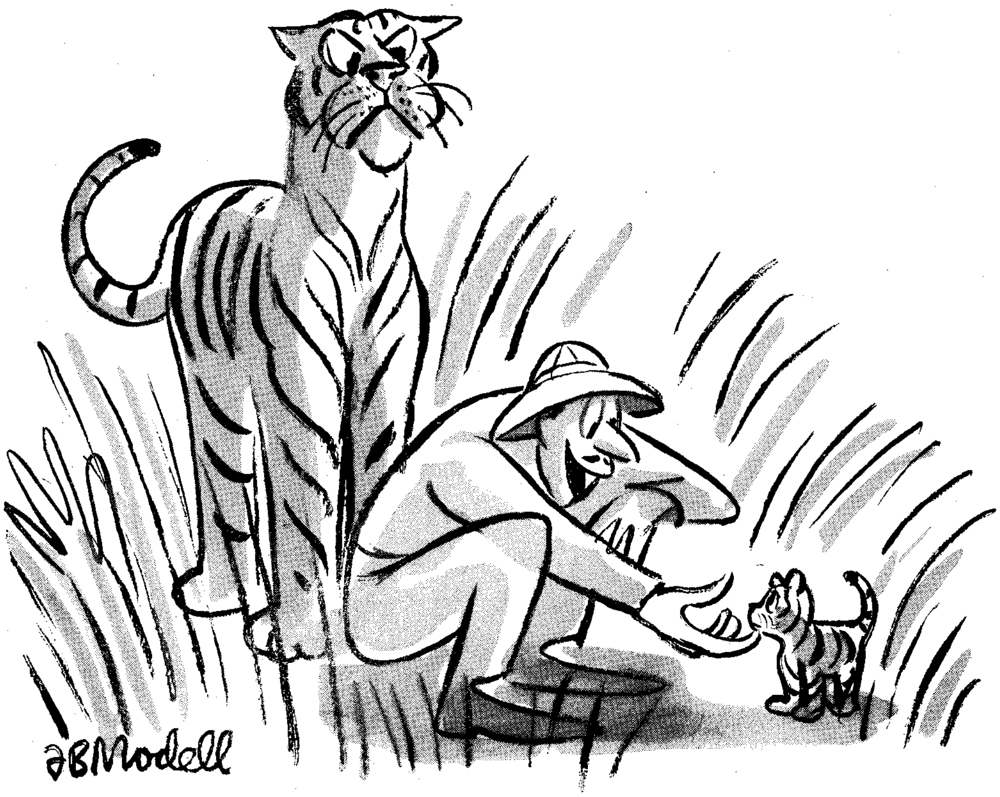
"Here you are," he says to her, "with a lovely position—an esecketive seckatary with a nice pay check comin' in evvey week. If you're gonna give up all that to get married," he says, "it seemsa me the man should be able to afford, I wouldn't say a mansion esackly, but at lease a comftible home." You know, Ellie, in a way I don't blame him. If a girl's gonna be stuck with a cole-water flat and a hubby who spends his time collectin' unemploymint insurance, she can be so miserable, poor thing, you simply got no idear. If you ast me, they's too many divorces goin' on today where the girl made a mistake marryin' the wrong party in the first place. Right, Ellie? . . . Oh, what happened?

Well, fa days the two of them, Harry and Beverly, they din hardly even speak. "Hello," "Goodbye"—that's all. It begins to feel like I got two boarders livin' in the apartmint. But that din bother me so much as why nobody's comin' to take Beverly out like they useta, 'ceptin' maybe some girl friends who come and sit aroun' and watch a little television, else they go and take in a moom-pitcha show. Ellie, this begins to pester me somethin' awful. I wonder is Beverly losin' her appeal, God fabbid? Is she prolly not innarrested in boys like she useta be? Fa heaven's sakes, what? I'm atchelly so worried, Ellie, comes nighttime I can't hardly even sleep, I'm so upset. Finey I decide bess thing is I should talk the whole thing over with Harry, discuss him the problem, which I do.

Guess what, Ellie! He laughs in my face! You hear? Here I am, a nervous wreck, and to him it's a great big joke. Some joke! So he says to me I should relax and take it easy—that Beverly's still a young kid with plenny good looks and all, and she can afford to take her time and pick and choose. "What's there to worry?" he says to me. "An ole maid she's not gonna be, that I personally guarantee you." Still 'n' all, I can't help wonderin' what'sa matter, where all the fellas disappeared to alluva sudden.



WELL, Ellie, comes a time when Harry hasta go to Philadelphia a few days, there's a sales convention there. With Harry away, Beverly comes to me and now she tells me what's been happenin' all along. Listen to this! It seems she's been seein' a certain young man on the side, and the two, they been goin' out on dates together, and it's beginnin' to look like he's seriously inclined, this Philip. . . . Yeah, Philip. Philip Misch, that's the fella's name. The reason she din bring him to the house, she's worried Harry might chase him



“Itchy-kitchy-koo.”

away, and she din wanna take no chances. But now, bein’ he’s away in Philadelphia, Harry, she wantsa invite Philip over to the house so’s we could get ourselves nice and acquainted, we two.

Ellie, he’s a lovely boy, Philip—a schoolteacher over there in Newick, New Jersey. So nice, so refined—evvey word comes from his mouth so intelligent, believe me, it’s a genuwine pleasure juss to sit and listen. Natchelly Beverly’s very happy the way I like him. Why not? But Papa—ah, he’s awready a horse from another color, and she worried somethin’ awful what he’s gonna say. “Beverly, honey,” I tells her, “stop worryin’ and don’t you say nothin’ to him. Papa’s my departmint. Leave him to me.”

So when Harry comes back from Philadelphia, I explain him all about Beverly’s new boy friend, and he’s comin’ to the house fa supper Friday night. “And listen, Harry,” I says to him, “I want you should behave yesself. You don’t ast no queshins, you don’t bother, you leave him strickly alone, else Beverly will get so mad she won’t bring him here no more. You muss promise you’ll be nice and quiet, you hear me?” “Fa heaven’s sakes,” he starts hollerin’ on me, “a person goes away a couple days and alluva sudden the whole place here is changed inside out! My own house and I dassent open my mouth yet! A fine hoddeya do!” “Never mine,” I says. “I don’t want no trouble.”. . . Wait, wait, and I’ll tell.

Comes Friday night and he’s there, Philip. And, Ellie, evveybody’s so nervous, you got no idear. All doong the supper Harry sits and he’s not sayin’ a word. I dunno if he don’t approve the fella or he don’t wanna make no trouble, or what. Afterwards, when we go to the parlor, again Harry’s not talkin’, and Beverly’s gettin’ so embarrassed it looks like she’s gonna go to the bedroom and start in cryin’ all over again. Then it happens Philip notices in the breakfront—you remember our breakfront, Ellie? . . . Well, they’s a chess set there. “Oh,” Philip says, “a chess set! Tell me,” he says, “who’s the chess player aroun’ here?” So Harry tells him he useta play a little chess with Mr. Zusman on the second floor, but since they moved away, the Zusmans . . . Oh, lass September, I think it was. Their daughter Flossie, she got married to a fella, a cotton-goods converter, so the folks decided they should move to a smaller place. Since then Harry don’t play chess like the way he useta.

Anyways, before you know it, Harry and Philip, there they are, enjoyin’ a nice game chess. Finey it gets late. It’s happass twelve, and Philip, he hasta go back there to Newick, New Jersey. “But the game’s not finished yet,” Harry tells him, so Philip says, “Maybe you’ll lemme come back another time and we’ll finish it?” “Certinny!” says Harry. “Why not?” And they go ahead and they make a date. Well, Ellie, now Beverly’s happy, I’m happy—even Harry’s happy how nice evveything wounded up.

From then on, Philip, he’s at the apartmint lease two-three times a week. Doong supper the two men, they talk politics, they talk business, they talk this, that, the other, without Beverly gettin’ one word in edgewise. Honessly, it’s a pleasure juss to listen. Then after the meal they go to the parlor and they play their game chess.

Finey, one day, Beverly comes to me, she’s got a complaint. What’sa matter? Maybe she should make outside dates with Philip again. Why? “Who sees him?” she says. “Who talks to him? The minute he gets here, Papa brings out the chessboard and that’s the end of my date. Goodbye Philip!” “Beverly, honey,” I says to her, “be patient. Once you two get married, he’ll be your husbin’ and you’ll have him to yesself alla time. Meanwhile,” I says, “let Papa enjoy his company a little.”

The trouble is Harry monopilized him a little too much. After all, what’s a girl supposed to do—sit aroun’ and twill her thumbs while they constinny keep playin’ alla time? Natchelly she’s gotta amuse herself, too. So one night Beverly, she turns on the television. Well, Ellie, that’s when the trouble commences. “Fa heaven’s sakes, will you turn that damn thing off!” Harry hollers on her. “How can a person think with all that racket goin’ on?” “Look, this happens to be my home, too,” Beverly answers him, “and if you both are havin’ fun, seemsa me I’m likewise entitled to some pleasure, too.” Well, Ellie, that’s when Philip made his mistake—he hadda go and stick up fa Harry. “Your father’s positively right,” he says to Beverly. “It’s very hard to concettrate on the game when you got that television set goin’ full blass.” Well, you shoulda seen the look Beverly goes and gizz him! Next thing you know, she’s in the bedroom and she’s cryin’ like a regella baby.

THAT was awmost two weeks ago that happened. Now lemme tell you about lass night. Lass night, there they are, Harry and Philip, they playin’ the usual game chess. Aroun’ about nine o’clock—I dunno, maybe a little earlier—out comes Beverly from her room, and she’s all dressed up: mascara, costoom jewlerry, her stole, and all, and she says good night. Philip, he’s got his mine so set on the game he don’t

IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE

Accidents will happen—still, in time,
The rigors of mortality may chill
The racing channels of the blood, and spin
Around the brain a cold and opaque skin.
Then, one might not remember pain so well;
One could sit back, and life, if not sublime,
Would be a sleep to dream pleasantly in,
Embellishing the heroics of one's prime.

But this is wishful thinking; generally,
The hardening of the arteries portends
A loosening of control, weakness of will,
And a wrecked body, frail, susceptible
To every shock. There is no second wind
Or childhood, but an alien infancy,
And life is a strangling thing, and pitiful,
And inches on, feeling that it must be.

But worse than the sphincter's failure or wry tricks
Of the steadfast heart, the worms of time embed
Their jaws most ravenously into the fork
Where the warm blood of man and woman works
The power of human love to a pale thread,
And sever the fine filament, all that protects
Against the lonely, labyrinthine dark.
What does age trade the body for its sex?

A pity, but longevity is cruel.
When he was eighty, impotent Sophocles said,
"This well-loved instrument is finally out of tune.
Well, I am old, and have my work." And soon
Wrote the "Colonus;" but when he went to bed,
He wept bitterly, being neither stoic nor fool;
His genitals were withered as a prune.
"It's better," he said, "to have never been born at all."

Consider dying young: think of the day
Greece wept for hard Leonidas and his boys,
Who butchered at the pass and weren't unnerved
By whispering arrows or whatever served
A Spartan soldier in keeping a soldierly poise
And stiff, prone posture. For us, the apogee
Of youthful martial and sexual prowess lives
On the tiny slope where that silent battalion lay.

I think of Stanley Ketchel, whose cool love
And subsequent early death preserved his youth
And left his classic body middleweight slim;
Graceful and powerful we remember him,
His battering fists telling the brutal truth.
But there are countless tales. It is enough
To guess the fate of vigorous life and limb
And lose them young in grandiose roughstuff.

Ah, if only Aurora had thought to ask
For something more, for supple muscles, say,
And a tireless heart to keep the flesh and blood
Rosy as well as living for the good
Of her fair-haired boy, who hated the endless day.
But she did not. He waited for the dusk,
Who left him a narrow shadow in his bed
And deathless eyes bright in his bitten mask.

The image of an old man's ugly phiz
Drifts in the gloom, wearing a dreadful smile.
Regard this absurd ghost, as he goes by:
Was he not thoughtless once as you and I
Of what must happen in a little while,
Who now despairs that he is come to this?
Let him go. We choose our time to die.
Come, Love, come close, and murder me with a kiss.

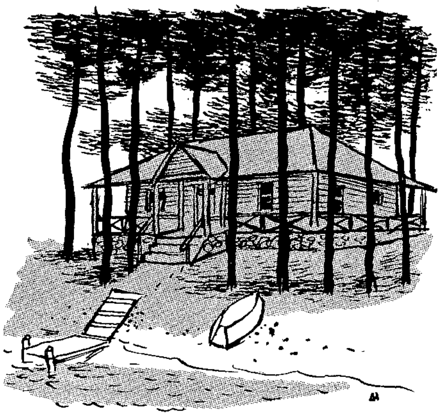
—ROBERT MEZEY

• •

hardly even hear her, much less know she's goin' out. Pays strickly no attention whatsoever.

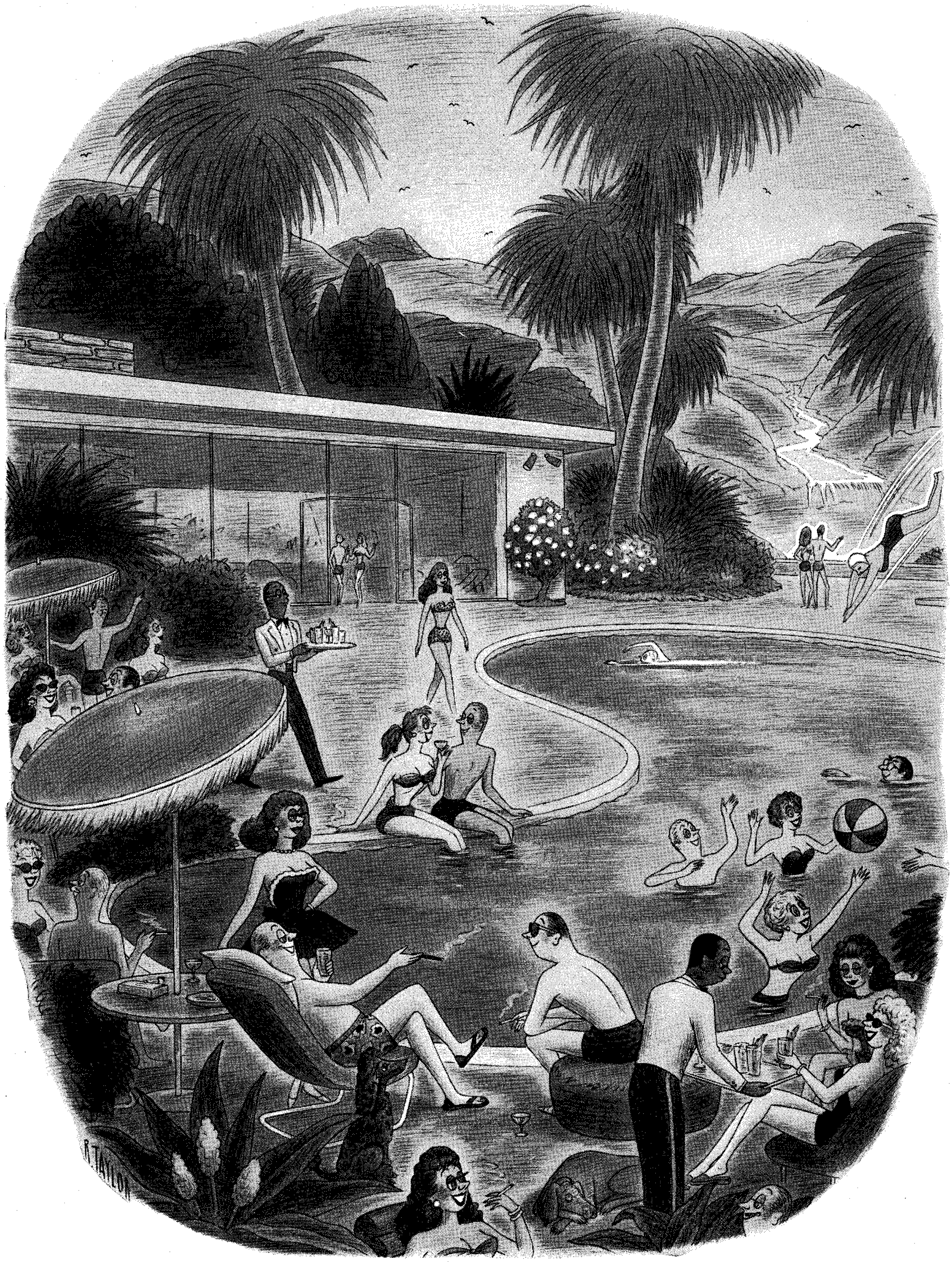
So I folly Beverly out to the hall and I say to her, "Beverly, honey, where you goin', you're so dressed up? Out on a date?" "Could be," she says. "Who with—a fella?" I ast her. "Could be," again she says. "Waddeya mean, could be, could be?" I don't like how she's answerin' me and by this time I'm gettin' kinda mad. "Well," she says, "I got a date with Bertha Gordon from my awfice, and she's gonna try to get her boy friend to dig us up somebody so's we could make it a foursome and go out dancin'." Ellie, when I hear this, right away I get anshiss. I mean, after all. So I says to her, "Look, Beverly, you can't do this. You're supposed to be keepin' steady company with Philip." "Yeah," she says, "that's what I thought till I found out Papa, he's the one Philip is goin' steady with, not me. Well, I hope the two them will be very happy. Meanwhile, I gotta rush, I don't wanna keep Bertha waitin'. And lemme tell you somethin'," she says. "If Bertha's boy friend goes and digs me up somebody, and if it happens I like him and we go and make a date, and if somethin' develops between this here new boy and I, I'll tell you one thing I'm not gonna do. I'm not gonna bring him to the house, like the way I did with Philip. Uh-uh! Believe me," she says, "I certinny learned my lesson. And *how* I learned my lesson!"

Y'know, Ellie, I blame it all on Harry. It's strickly his fault—him and his lousy chess games! A boy comes to the house to see your daughter, so treat him like if he's gonna be your intendit son-in-law. Oh, no—not Harry! He hasta go and turn him into another Zusman—somebody he could play his chess games with! That's not right, Ellie. That's not fair. Seemsa me a father would go and show a little more consideration. After all, you wait years and years your daughter should grow up. Finey she meets a nice, refined boy—a schoolteacher. She likes him, you like him, and you think now, thank God, you're gonna enjoy a little pleasure—your own chile's happiness. But not Harry! So long he's got somebody he could—



Escuse me, Ellie—my doorbell is ringin'. Look, you're gonna be stayin' at your mother's house. Right? . . . So lemme call you back. I'm so anshiss to see you and get your advice what I should do. After all, a nice boy like Philip you don't fine growin' on no— That doorbell's goin' like crazy! Look, I'll call you back and we'll make a date. . . . Right! 'Bye now.

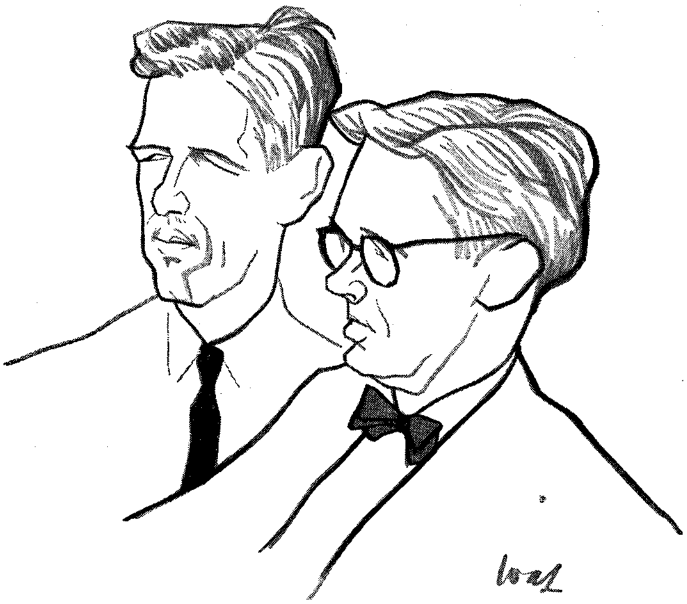
—ARTHUR KOBER



"I roamed the world trying to find myself, and then I came home and discovered happiness right here in my own back yard."

PROFILES

UP FROM CORKER—II



Roderick and Olin Stephens

OVER highballs in the Larchmont Yacht Club one Saturday night a month or so ago, a veteran of nearly twenty-five summers on Long Island Sound remarked to a group of companions that he'd never seen anything quite like the Stephens brothers. Nobody at the table had to be told that he was talking about Olin J. Stephens II and Roderick Stephens, Jr., an incomparable team in the field of designing, outfitting, and sailing deep-water yachts; in fact, very few people who own a sailboat bigger than a dinghy have to be told who the Stephens brothers are. "The thing about those boys is that when you see them handling a big boat—Olin at the helm and Rod swarming all over the deck and up the rigging—you'd think they were identical twins," the yachtsman went on. "Talk about teamwork! But that's the only time you'd think they were twins. Olin's a year older than Rod, and they don't look a bit alike, and when it comes to character, they're about as different as an Eskimo and a Frenchman." No dissenting opinion was heard from his companions at the table. The remarkably disparate tastes and temperaments of the two men have long mystified people in the yachting world. Roderick, they feel, is the more understandable of the two. He is miserable away from boats and salt water, and when he is deeply involved in what is his avocation as well as his vocation, he takes his sailing both seriously and lightly. On the one hand, he sails his own forty-five-foot sloop, Mustang, with driving determination in as many racing classics as he can find time to enter; on the other, he is an enthusiastic member of a group of convivial Westchester and Fairfield County yachtsmen who call themselves the Cruising, Boozing, and Snoozing Club, and has won three of the eleven one-man-to-a-boat races, known as the Singlehanded Creepstakes, that the club has run off to date. His favorite work of art, moreover, is an oil painting of Mustang, faithfully copied from a photograph. Altogether, the clubhouse analysts agree, Roderick is the very model of a proper yachtsman. But how, they ask, does one explain Olin—a man whom many people consider the best boat designer in the country but who by preference spends his weekends on a landlocked New England farm, who owns no boat, who numbers few yachtsmen among his close friends, and who has been tutored in modern painting by Yasuo Kuniyoshi, among other artists, at the New School for Social Research? Even the forthright world of yachting, it seems, has its enigmas.

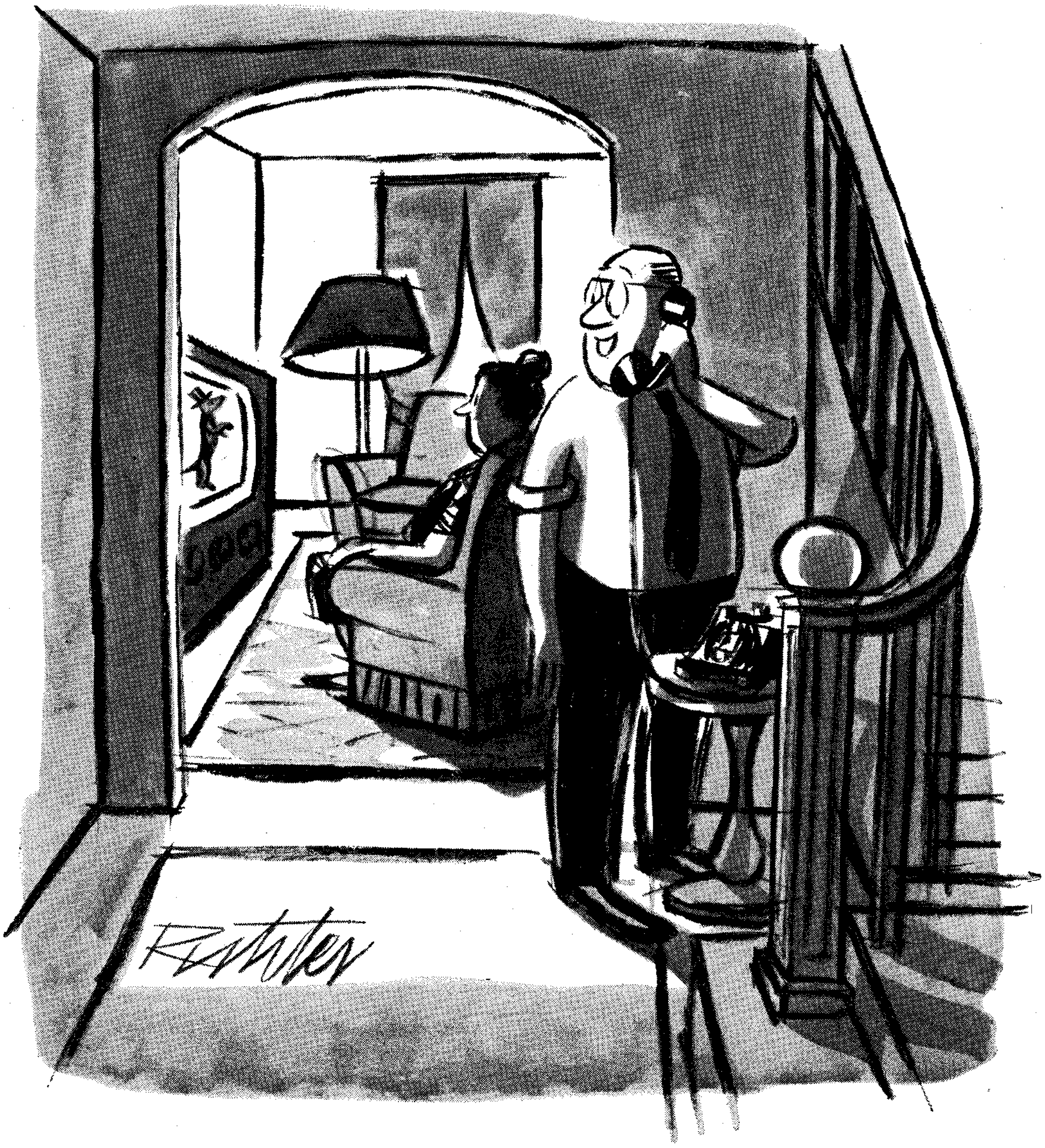
For the past twenty-eight years, this particular enigma has been an extremely valuable asset to Sparkman & Stephens, a Manhattan firm of naval architects, yacht brokers, and marine-insurance specialists that is currently doing a gross business of around a million dollars a year. Olin is vice-president of the firm and its chief designer, and Roderick is its field engineer, seeing to it that the boatbuilders follow his brother's specifications to the letter and making his own recommendations about the installation of the vessel's rigging. (Drake Sparkman, the president of the firm, has all he can do in taking care of the business side.) Together, the brothers have been responsible for planning and turning over to their clients in tip-top condition sailboats ranging in size from bathtub-size knockabouts that sell for a few hundred dollars to ocean cruisers that cost over a quarter of a million. Two of the most popular classes of small racing boats—the Lightning and the Blue Jay—originated in their offices, and nearly a thousand one-of-a-kind larger racing boats, sailing yachts, and power boats have originated there, too, as well as a variety of tugs, minesweepers, coastal tankers and freighters, and other plodding but useful craft. Both brothers believe that a considerable part of their success can be attributed to the very differences between them that perplex most of the people who know them well, whether professionally or socially.

AT forty-nine, Olin is a man of middling build who wears tortoise-shell glasses and has an abstracted manner, which he accentuates by running his fingers through his hair when he is thinking hard. In 1930, when he was a fledgling naval architect in Sparkman's office, he designed Dorade, a fifty-two-foot yawl that—with capital provided by his father, Roderick Stephens, Sr.—was built under Roderick, Jr.'s, supervision. Dorade caused a good deal of headshaking in yachting circles when she came down the ways, for in concept she was totally unlike the standard deep-water yachts of the day, but then, in July, 1931, Olin and Roderick and their father sailed her in a transatlantic race to England and won it with shattering ease. She was sold five years later, and since then Olin has never owned another boat. He participates in a few races each year as a member of the crew on other men's boats, but he approaches these events with a detachment that has convinced at least one yachtsman that sailing is not a matter of sport with him. "All he wants to do is study the boat in action, so as to learn how to make the next boat he designs sail a little faster," this critic complained a couple of years ago, after trailing a Sparkman & Stephens yacht that Olin was helping sail in a race. "It's just a matter of business with him." While it is certainly debatable whether Olin puts a dollars-and-cents value on his racing, there can be no doubt that ever since the summer of 1920, when he, together with his brother and father, first stepped into a sailboat—a hand-me-down sixteen-foot sloop called Corker—his interest in sailing has been more thoughtful than emotional.

Even in times of emergency aboard ship, Olin remains dispassionate and serene, approaching every problem as if it were an exercise in pure logic. The only time his father or his brother can remember seeing him even momentarily ruffled was twenty-six years ago, when, after winning the race to England with Dorade, all three Stephenses stayed on to compete in the Fastnet Race, a six-hundred-mile British yachting classic. Just before going off watch one evening during the Fastnet, Olin—who, by agreement, has been the skipper in the family ever since his teens—issued strict orders not to shorten sail, and then disappeared below to get some sleep. Presently, the wind began to pick up, and soon it had turned into something of a gale. As the yawl rushed on through the mounting seas, straining and creaking under her generous spread of canvas, both Rodericks became increasingly worried, and finally one of them went below to wake the skipper and urge him to change his orders. Olin went on deck to have a look for himself and, after studying the wind and the waves and thinking over his drafting-board calculations, announced laconically, "We'll carry on as we are." A moment later, a particularly vicious gust hit the boat. Olin lost his footing, and would have skidded overboard if he had not grabbed a lifeline just in time. "Oh, all right," he said as he hauled himself to his feet. "You can take off the spinnaker." Then he went below again. His concession was vindicated, however; even with reduced sail, Dorade won the Fastnet.

Neither Olin nor his wife—the former Florence Reynolds, of Scarsdale, whom he married when he was twenty-two—nor their two sons (one of them is in the Signal Corps just now, and the other is in high school) care especially for sailing. To be sure, Olin belongs to two yacht clubs, but both, though they have great prestige, are of the sort that maintains neither docks nor moorings—the New York Yacht Club, which has quarters on West Forty-fourth Street, and the Cruising Club of America, which has nothing but a mailing address. The farm where he and his family spend their weekends consists of a hundred and thirty acres near Sheffield, Massachusetts, eighty miles from salt water. Most of the year, he lives in a pleasant Colonial-style house in Scarsdale, where he and his wife entertain infrequently, asking only a few friends in at a time. Among those who are likely to be invited are an architect, the director of an art gallery, and several painters, but no yachtsmen. Indeed, the subject of boats rarely comes up at these gatherings. John Heliker, a Greenwich Village artist who was Olin's first painting instructor and has known him well for ten years, paid him a visit last summer and chanced to start leafing through a scrapbook he had seen lying on a shelf in the living room; he was amazed to come upon some newspaper accounts of the voyage his host had made in Dorade a quarter of a century earlier. "Olin, this is marvellous!" he said. "You were quite a lad, weren't you?" Olin smiled diffidently but said nothing, and the conversation moved on to other matters.

About thirty years ago, Olin picked up a copy of a yachting magazine one night after dinner in his parents' home in Scarsdale, where both he and his brother were brought up and went to school, and, after scrutinizing a water-color painting of a sailboat on its cover, announced to his family that he could paint a better picture than that with no training at all. The next day, he bought a box of water colors and confidently set about painting his own picture of a sailboat. To his chagrin, it wasn't anywhere near as good as the picture on the magazine cover; in fact, it was hardly recognizable as a sailboat. Over the next



"It's kind of hard to say. At the moment, I'm watching Allen, but I just switched over from Sullivan, and I may switch back to him any minute."

velvet Foam
Charles of the Ritz

. . . a new face wash that supplants soap-and-water washing. Velvet Foam gives your face an exhilarating feeling of scrubbed cleanliness, yet leaves it silken soft. Non-alkaline, non-drying, its luxurious lather cleans gently and thoroughly without washing away the natural oils that keep your skin looking young. $1.50 plus tax. At favoured department stores.

Charles of the Ritz

your arrival
makes
history!
Mayflower
fabrics

BRANELL conceives a slender dress for entrances in town or country. The lines wonderfully flattering, nicely relaxed...the fabric the perfect choice . . . Mayflower's worsted flannel shadow plaid. Grey or brown. Sizes 10 to 18. About $110. Gunther-Jaeckel, New York.

C. C. ELLIS CO., 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

HAT BY SALLY VICTOR

two decades, Olin diligently, if intermittently, tried to teach himself to paint, striving to produce pictures of the old-barn-and-fishing-wharf genre, but he never succeeded in coming up with results that any school would care to claim.

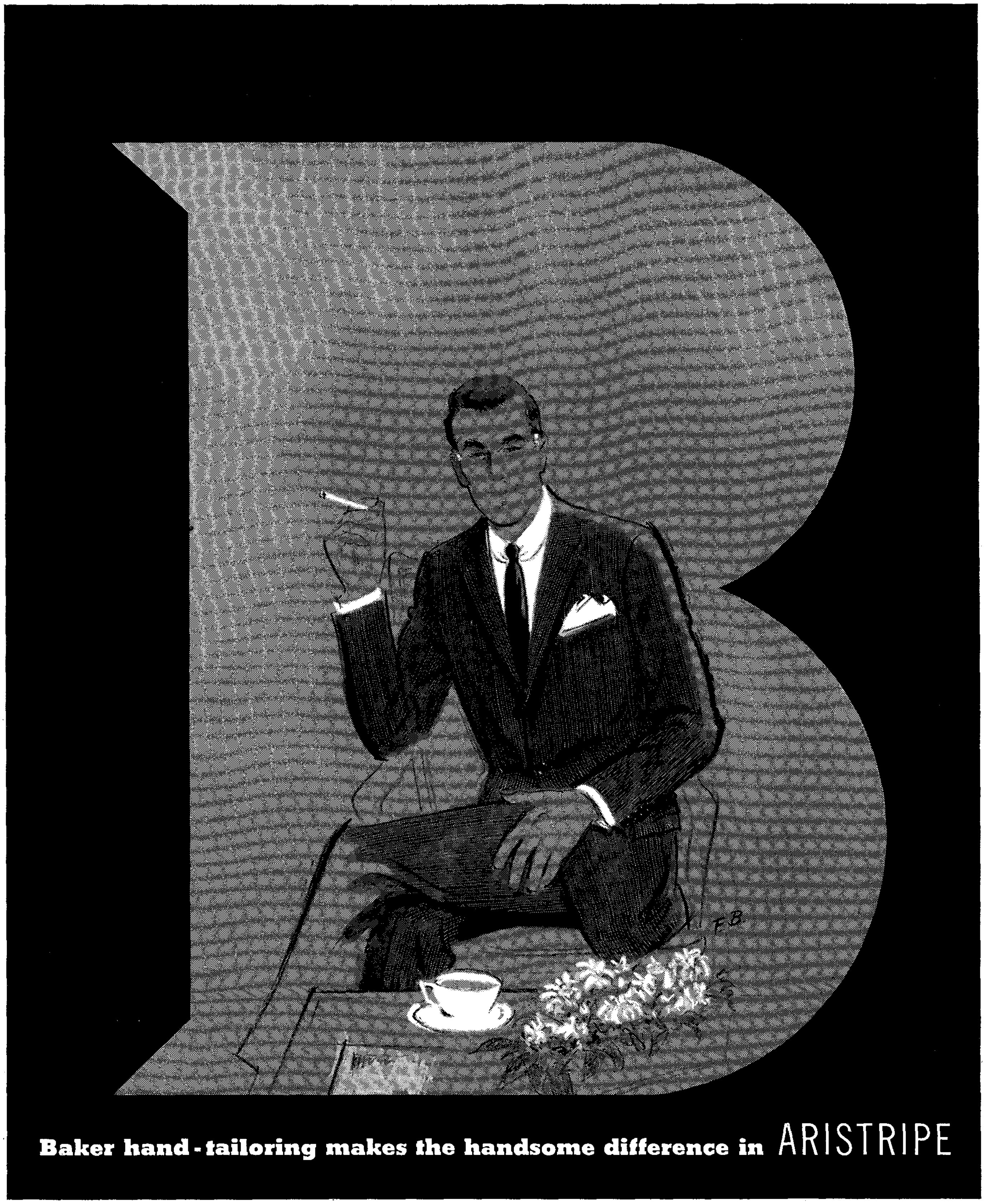
In 1943, annoyed by his failure to show improvement, he resolved to seek instruction, and, without saying much about it to Roderick, began attending a one-night-a-week painting class that Heliker, an Abstract Impressionist, was conducting in a fourth-floor cold-water flat in the Village. It was at Heliker's suggestion that he took some lessons from Kuniyoshi at the New School, and he is currently studying under Easton Pribble, a painter who lives on the second floor of Heliker's building. Under the influence of these preceptors, Olin has abandoned barns and fishing wharves and is working comfortably in the Impressionist, Abstract Impressionist, and Neo-Cubist styles. He recently did a seascape of a rocky point near the mouth of the Kennebec River, in Maine, that is a familiar landmark to yachtsmen accustomed to cruising those waters, but it is doubtful whether any of them would recognize Olin's version of it. There is little chance that they will be put to the test, however, for he doesn't mention this side of his life to sailing men, and even if he did, they would probably go right on thinking that the world's most beautiful work of art is a fresh new copy of a Coast and Geodetic Survey chart.

Olin is not only a painter but a collector of paintings. He has been buying modern art off and on since 1939, and now has about twenty pictures, including a Maurice Prendergast, a Marsden Hartley, and a John Marin. His other aesthetic preferences reflect the same general outlook, and so do his intellectual interests—Bach and Bartók, Maritain and Kafka, and lectures on philosophy and cultural history by Heinrich Blucher, also at the New School. Not surprisingly in a man of such tastes, he favors automobiles of foreign make, his stable at the moment consisting of two Mercedes-Benzes and a Volkswagen.

RODERICK, the other half of the team, is a keen-eyed, gregarious, and alarmingly athletic man, who plays the accordion and loves parties of the sort at which accordions are welcome. He is one of the very few living men who have crossed the Atlantic five times in a small sailboat. In 1933, two summers after Dorade's triumphant first voyage, he sailed her to England and back, winning another Fastnet Race while he was over there. During this trip, he ran into some spells of nasty weather, which made it just that much more enjoyable from his point of view. At the height of a heavy blow one night, for instance, a strut known as an upper mainmast spreader broke. While most yachtsmen would have been content to wait the storm out for repairs, Roderick thought this was the ideal time for action. With a bag of tools strapped to his belt, he had himself hoisted some forty feet up into the howling darkness, lashed himself to the mast, and spent an hour fixing the damaged spreader. When he got home, the Cruising Club of America awarded him its Blue Water Medal, for "an outstanding offshore voyage, well-conceived and well-executed"—a medal that most ocean-going yachtsmen regard as the highest honor there is.

Roderick is duly appreciative of his medal, but he cherishes with equal pride three cheap deck mops testifying to his victories in the Singlehanded Creepstakes. (He has finished first seven times, but boats with bigger handicaps than Mustang's have reduced his victories to three.) The Creepstakes is an invitation affair open to sailboats of all kinds—big and little, fast and slow—the only stipulation being that each entry must be sailed by a crew of one. Mustang, which Olin designed in 1936, ordinarily requires the services of six or seven robust yachtsmen to handle her in a race, but this drastic shorthandedness simply makes the Creepstakes even more entertaining to Roderick; he delights in first straining mightily to hoist her sails and winch them in and then leaping about the empty deck like a waterbug as she sails. More often than not, the other contestants—even those in considerably smaller boats—approach the finish line spavined, haggard, and numb. By the time they have crossed it, Roderick is usually already back at his mooring, full of song and bounce, and preparing to plunge into the water for what he calls "a brisk turn to tone up the old physique."

Toning up the old physique means a lot to Roderick. Like his brother, he is of medium height, but he has always been leaner and more rugged. For years, he played amateur ice hockey with the Jamaica Hawks at Madison Square Garden, and he is still adept at figure skating. An early riser, he is careful about what and how much he eats, and in general he takes the same alert



Baker hand-tailoring makes the handsome difference in ARISTRIPE

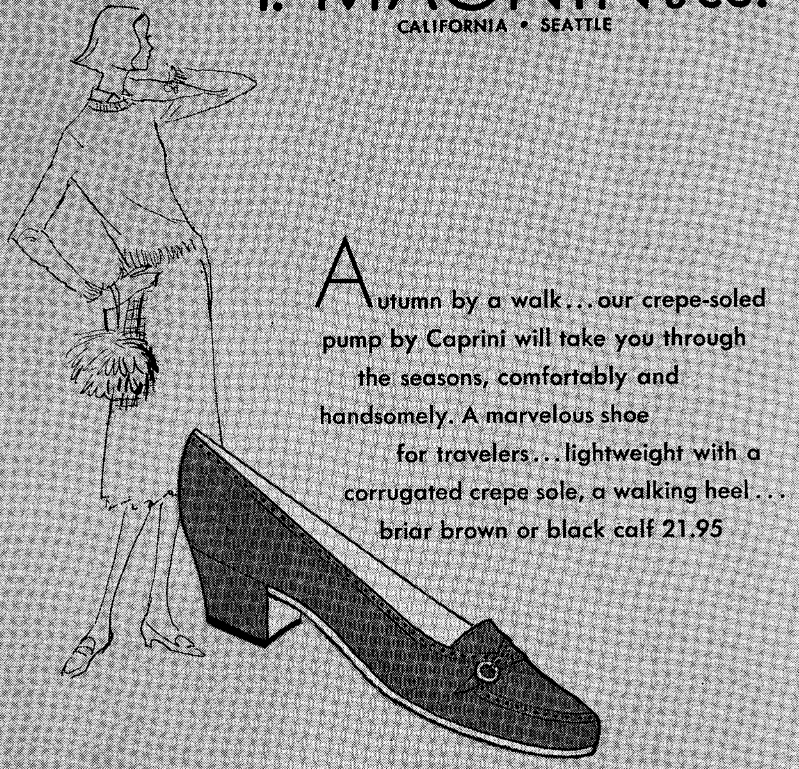
Countless hand details were lavished on this luxuriously soft, imported worsted. Loomed in the famed British mill of **Josiah France,** the fabric has the feel and finesse of flannel, minus the bulk and weight. And the new thin striped pattern is tastefully subdued, distinguished in appearance. Wear it wonderfully ten months of the year.

Baker

ARISTRIPE suits are available in handsome new shades and patterns . . at the finest stores. BAKER CLOTHES 200 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

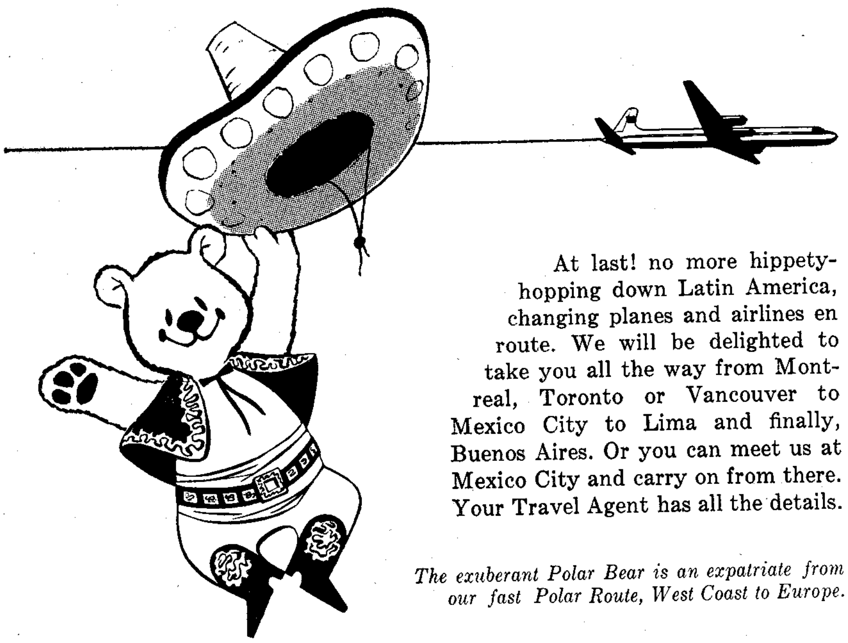
I. MAGNIN & co.
CALIFORNIA • SEATTLE



Autumn by a walk ... our crepe-soled pump by Caprini will take you through the seasons, comfortably and handsomely. A marvelous shoe for travelers ... lightweight with a corrugated crepe sole, a walking heel ... briar brown or black calf 21.95

mail orders (please add 35¢ for shipping) to 3240 Wilshire, Los Angeles or telephone your nearest I. Magnin store

Olé for our way!



At last! no more hippety-hopping down Latin America, changing planes and airlines en route. We will be delighted to take you all the way from Montreal, Toronto or Vancouver to Mexico City to Lima and finally, Buenos Aires. Or you can meet us at Mexico City and carry on from there. Your Travel Agent has all the details.

The exuberant Polar Bear is an expatriate from our fast Polar Route, West Coast to Europe.

Canadian Pacific AIRLINES
Offices in major U.S. cities
to: Europe, Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand, Mexico, South America, The Orient
WINGS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

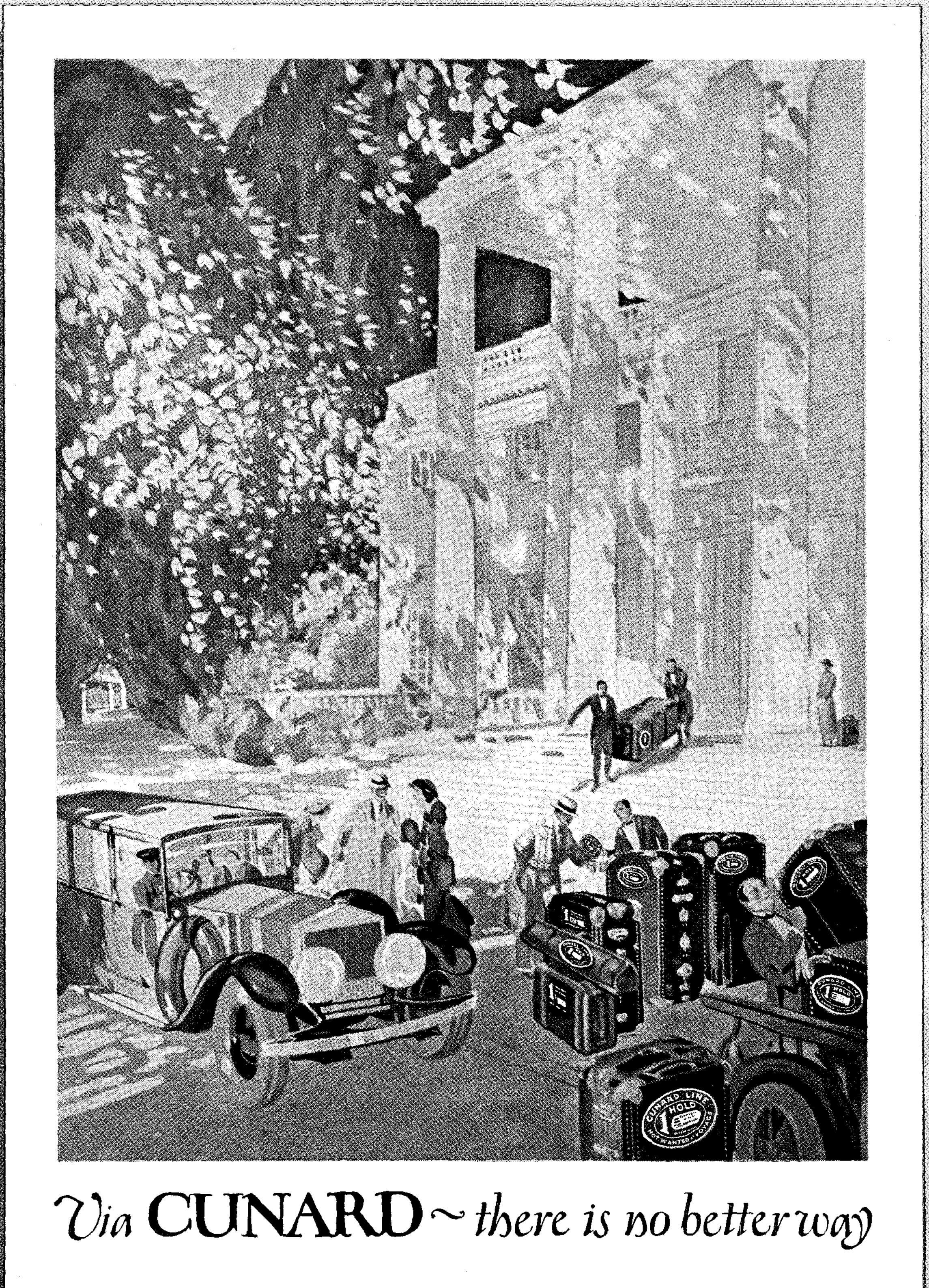
interest in his physical condition that he does in the well-being of his yachts. He does not smoke, nor—what is quite remarkable, in view of the traditions of the sport to which he has dedicated himself—does he drink. (Olin doesn't drink, either, but abstinence seems more in keeping with his rather astringent disposition.) The Cruising Club of America, which, even if it has no home it can call its own, is possibly the most exclusive sailing association in the United States, advises its members to ask themselves several questions about candidates for admission, among them "Would you enjoy the company of the candidate, glass in hand, in the cabin of a small yacht?" The members have been enjoying Roderick's company in such surroundings since 1936, despite the fact that the glass in his hand is invariably filled with milk. He is by nature the sort who requires no alcohol to fit into a whiskey-and-soda crowd; indeed, in the cabin of a small yacht his company is likely to be considered more enjoyable than that of anyone else present as, his accordion slung over his neck, and a camp-councillor smile on his clean-cut, handsome face, he asks "What'll it be next?"

"How about 'When I Wore a Tulip'?" someone may shout.

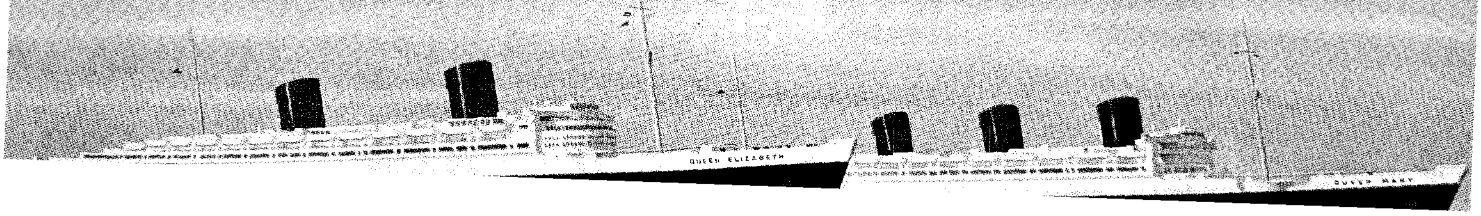
"I don't know all the chords for it, but let's give it a try," Roderick will probably reply, tossing off his hooker of milk. "Here we go!"

Roderick is a member of six yacht clubs—the American Yacht Club, the Cruising Club of America (former commodore), the New York Yacht Club, the Off Sounding Club (former commodore), the Storm Trysail Club, and the North American Station of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club. He is recognized as an authority by the editors of periodicals specializing in his field (the magazine *Yachting* has published a number of long articles of his bearing such no-nonsense titles as "Pointers on Handling Light Sails," "Suggestions on Spinnakers," and "Further Thoughts on Nylon Sails"), and his advice is constantly being sought by equally enthusiastic but less gifted sailors. One Saturday morning a couple of summers ago, the telephone rang in his home—he lives in Scarsdale, too—and on answering it he found himself talking to a client aboard a yacht some hundreds of miles off Cape Hatteras, who was calling ship-to-shore to say that he was having trouble in a race and what should he do next? Roderick can no longer recall exactly what he told the man, but it may have been something like "Before you

Surraire . . . a silky supima
EVERFA
with EVERGLAZE® teste
resistance . . . for a perfectly
blouse by Ship'n Sh
COLORS G
&
EVERFAST


CUNARD LINE
HOLD
NOT WANTED ON VOYAGE
Via CUNARD ~ there is no better way

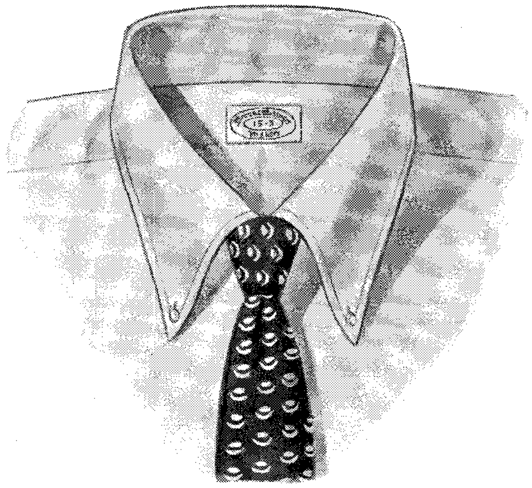
The advertisement
reproduced on this pag
which first appeared
33 years ago, carries
a message as true now
as it was then . . .
"Via CUNARD
there is no better way"


QUEEN ELIZABETH
QUEEN MARY

douse the spinnaker, overhaul the halyard, flaking it down starting with the bitter end." He talks like that.

Roderick remained a highly eligible bachelor until 1947, when, at the age of thirty-eight, he married Marjorie McClure, of Scarsdale, a girl whom he had known since his teens and who has become almost as fond of sailing as he is; their honeymoon gave her a good notion of what her married life would be, for it was a seven-hundred-mile cruise from Florida to North Carolina aboard a boat that Roderick was bringing north for a friend. They have a nine-year-old daughter, Betsy, who first boarded Mustang in a basket at the age of three weeks. After she became mobile, she did her sailing encased in a balsawood life preserver and roped to Mustang's lifelines; now she is beginning to take her place as a useful, if lightweight, member of the crew. At present, Roderick, when he is not racing, spends practically every weekend during the season cruising on Mustang with his wife and daughter. A few years ago, however, there was an eighteen-month interlude during which he partly forsook his favorite diversion to build—with the paid-for help of only a power shovel and a few hours' worth of carpentry and paperhanging—the house he and his family now live in. From long habit in supervising the construction of boats, he was so finicky about the quality of the materials he used that the local lumberyard owner finally exclaimed, "Look, Mr. Stephens, this building doesn't have to float!" The décor of the house emphasizes its owner's almost total absorption in sea and sail. Dinner is served on Wedgwood plates with sailboat motifs, a brass clock in the study tolls the time in bells, rather than hours, and most of the pictures on the walls are unmistakable representations of ships under canvas. To a guest who once remarked on the difference between this kind of art and the paintings that Olin treasures, Roderick said, "You have to ask to find out what his are. I like a picture to look like something."

ALTHOUGH Olin and Roderick live in the same town and are extremely fond of each other, their divergent interests preclude their getting together much after hours. Sailing, of course, has been a common denominator for both men ever since their first fumbling days aboard Corker, but while sailing occupies Roderick's working hours, his leisure hours, and, very possibly, his dreams, Olin regards it not as



for distinctiveness and long wear
OUR BUTTON-DOWN COLLAR SHIRT
made by us in our exclusive shirtings

These fine shirts are not only outstandingly distinctive, but the exclusively woven and carefully tested shirtings plus our own expert workmanship assure you lasting smartness and longer than average wear.

Long-staple Cotton Oxford. White, $8;
Yarn-dyed Blue, Yellow, Pink, Green, Stone, $8.50

Woven Striped Cotton Oxford.
Blue, Tan or Grey on White, $9

Domestic Cotton Oxford. White, $6.50; *Blue,* $7

Fine White Pima Broadcloth, $8.50

Lightweight Brooksweave Oxford. White,* $10.50

Brookscloth Broadcloth. White or Blue,* $10.50

All shirts in sizes 14-32 to 17½-36

*Our exclusive Dacron and long staple cotton blend that requires little or no pressing. Brooks Brothers reg. trade-mark.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

Address Mail Orders to 346 *Madison Avenue, New York* 17, *N.Y.*
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

a hobby or a sport but as an intellectual problem, to be dealt with, as much as possible, indoors. When he is not immersed in Kafka or his Mercedes-Benzes or his painting, his evenings may be devoted to pondering the basic difficulties peculiar to his profession. It both fascinates and nettles him to realize that designing sailboats is still—and perhaps will be for a long time—in the intuitive stage of development, comparable to that of automotive engineering when Henry Ford was a boy; the designer of a yacht, upon completing a set of plans, is even less certain about how the finished boat will perform than the designer of an auditorium is about what its acoustics will be like. Electronic computers are no help; to a large extent, the shape of a yacht's hull is simply a matter of hunch and instinct on the part of the individual designer. And yet, haphazard though the art of designing sailboats is, it is not quite as haphazard as it once was, and Olin feels a special pride in the fact that he can claim part of the credit for what improvement there has been along this line.

A century ago, the "cod's-head-and-mackerel-tail" formula was popular with many designers of sailboat hulls, who felt that the outlines it so graphically stipulated were the ones best adapted to cleave the water neatly. Then it gradually became fashionable among designers to advance more scientific-sounding formulas, based on the lines of yachts of proved ability. All too often, though, no matter how scrupulously a designer adhered to a formula, the boat turned out to be a dud. Around 1900, in the hope of avoiding such disasters, some designers began backstopping the formulas by building scale models of boats before they advanced beyond the drafting-board stage, and testing them in so-called towing tanks. But even this was little help, since no one had drawn up an accurate set of coefficients that would translate the news received from the towing tank into solid facts for the designer to work on.

Early in 1932, Professor Kenneth Davidson, a naval architect on the faculty of the Stevens Institute of Technology, in Hoboken, decided to try to work out a closer relationship between towing-tank promise and ultimate performance. His idea was simplicity itself: he would compare, in minute detail, the behavior of a certain vessel under actual sailing conditions with that of a model of the boat under exactly simulated conditions in the

English Onslow

London Hall Marked Sterling Silver Flatware

. . . the world's finest, hand wrought in London by Vander. Complete open stock is always available at the better stores throughout the United States.

Six-piece place setting 72.00 Federal tax included.

The Worcester Silver Company, INC.
LONDON NEW YORK
11 EAST 26TH STREET, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

high fashion in fragrance

robe d'un soir
carven
ma griffe
carven

robe d'un soir • ma griffe

carven-parfums
paris

Stevens towing tank. To help with his field work, Davidson needed an expert sailor who knew enough about sailboat design to make relevant observations and record them with hairsplitting accuracy, and, having read of Olin's success with Dorade, he called up the young man and asked him if he would like to help. Olin was delighted to, and during the fall of 1933 he spent many weekends—stopwatch in hand and pad and pencil by his side, and often accompanied by the Professor—sailing about in Gimcrack, a thirty-four-foot sloop of his own design, to collect the required information. When all the returns were in, Davidson worked out a set of factors that must be applied to the readings of towing-tank instruments in order to arrive at an accurate interpretation of the tests. Thanks to this study (Olin later received an honorary M.S. from Stevens for his contribution to it), tank testing is now regarded as a fairly reliable means of predicting the performance of the finished boat, and most yachtsmen, when ordering a boat of unusual design, throw in the precautionary fifteen hundred dollars or so that it costs to build a scale model and try it out in a towing tank. It is a further testimonial to the soundness of Davidson's corrections that they are taken seriously even though, with a superb ivory-tower disdain for public ridicule, he named them the Gimcrack Coefficients.

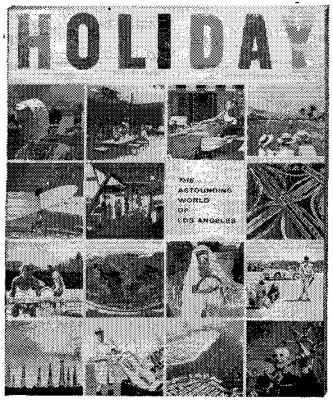
At first, a good many naval architects suspected that Davidson's name for his coefficients might be an apt one, because ever since the America's Cup Race in 1901, towing tanks had had a notorious record of inaccuracy. After that race—for which the British sent over their ninth unsuccessful challenger, in an effort to take home the cup that the schooner America had won in a race around the Isle of Wight in 1851—the designer of the British entry, who had relied on a towing tank in planning her, grumbled that he only wished the designer of her rival had had access to the same facilities. The opportunity to dispel the entrenched prejudice against towing tanks came in 1936, when Harold S. Vanderbilt commissioned Olin Stephens and W. Starling Burgess to collaborate on the design of Ranger, which, the following year, thwarted T. O. M. Sopwith's attempt to win the America's Cup for Britain with Endeavour II. Burgess and Olin each designed two hulls, and five-foot scale models of these were given a series of tryouts in the Stevens tank. The two designers, often joined by Vander-

The authentic, imported
MACINTOSH
—the standard by which all other weathercoats are judged.

Behold the two-Macintosh family! Both coats are London-tailored of the finest English poplin in the original Macintosh tan or new Dover Sand shade, gaily lined in plaid. *His,* in regulars, shorts or longs, $32.50. *Hers,* in regular or petite sizes, $32.95, including separate belt. Matching hat, $4.95.

At stores below or write Robert Appleby & Company, Inc., 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

NEW YORK......Abercrombie & Fitch
Albany.................W. E. Walsh & Sons
Amherst, Mass............House of Walsh
Ann Arbor, Mich...................Wagner's
Atlanta.......................John Jarrell, Inc.
Baltimore, Md.........Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Berkeley, Calif............George J. Good
Beverly, Mass.......Johnny Appleseed's
Binghamton, N. Y. ....McLean's
Birmingham, Ala...Henry Porter, Inc.
Boston ....Jordan Marsh
Boston...............Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo. ....Scot's Ltd.*
Boulder, Colo. ....Kinsley & Co.
Brockton, Mass. ....Tonis, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y. ....The Sample
Cambridge, Mass. ....J. August Co.
Carmel, Calif. ....Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Chapel Hill, N. C. ....Milton's
Chicago ....V. L. & A.
Cincinnati ......Vonder Brink & Baron
Cleveland, Ohio ..The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Ohio ....Pumphrey's
Concord, Mass. ......The Country Store
Denver, Colo. ....The Gano-Downs Co.
Detroit, Mich. ....Capper & Capper
Duluth, Minn. ....Harry Allenfall
East Lansing, Mich. ....Gards
Erie, Pa. ....The Halle Bros. Co.
Evanston, Ill. ....Williams
Fort Worth, Texas ....Washer Bros.
Grand Haven, Mich. ....Reichardt
Grand Rapids, Mich. ....M. B. M.
Greensboro, N. C. ....Younts De Boe
Grosse Pointe, Mich. ....Proper's
Hanover, N. H. ....James Campion
Hartford, Conn. ....G. Fox & Co.
Houston, Texas ....Norton-Ditto
Indianapolis, Ind. ....L. Strauss & Co.
Ithaca, N. Y. ..Browning, King & Co.
Kansas City, Mo. ....Farrar's*
Kansas City, Mo. ....Jack Henry
Lexington, Ky. ....Town & Country
Little Rock, Ark. ....Bauman's
Los Angeles, Calif. ......Phelps-Terkel
Los Angeles, Calif...Boshard-Doughty
Louisville, Ky. ....Rodes-Rapier
Madison, Wisc. ......MacNeil & Moore
Memphis, Tenn. ....Julius Lewis
Milwaukee, Wisc. ..MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis ....Nicolas, Inc.
Newark, N. J. ....Hahne & Company
New Haven, Conn. ....Gentree Ltd.
Newport, R. I. ....Thompson-Forbes
New York ....Abercrombie & Fitch
Norfolk, Va. ....Fishback & Lea, Ltd.
Oakland, Calif. ....La Vaque's
Omaha, Neb. ....Charles J. Assmann
Philadelphia, Pa. ....Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh, Pa. ....Surrey*
Pittsburgh, Pa. ....Larrimor's
Portland, Ore. ......M. & H. H. Sichel
Providence, R. I. ..Leopold Feldstein*
Providence, R. I. ......Elsbree-Valleau
Richmond, Va. ....Berry-Burk Co.
Rochester, N. Y. ....Projansky*
Rochester, N. Y. ....McFarlin's
St. Louis, Mo. ....Boyd's
San Diego, Calif. ....Marston Co.
San Francisco ....Robert Kirk, Ltd.
San Francisco ....Bullock & Jones
Scranton, Pa. ....Samter Bros.*
Seattle, Wash. ....Littler, Inc.
Spokane ....Davenport Sport Shop
Springfield, Mass...Albert Steiger Co.
Syracuse, N. Y. ....Flah & Co.*
Syracuse....Hotel Syracuse Men's Shop
Tacoma, Wash. ....Baker Bros.
Toledo ....Damschroder Berry, Inc.
Washington, D.C...Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Waterbury....Vermont Crossroads Store
Waterville, Me. ....Dunham's of Maine
Williamstown, Mass. ..House of Walsh
Worcester, Mass. ....Ulian's*
Worcester, Mass. ....Mark, Inc.
*Carries "Lady Macintosh" only

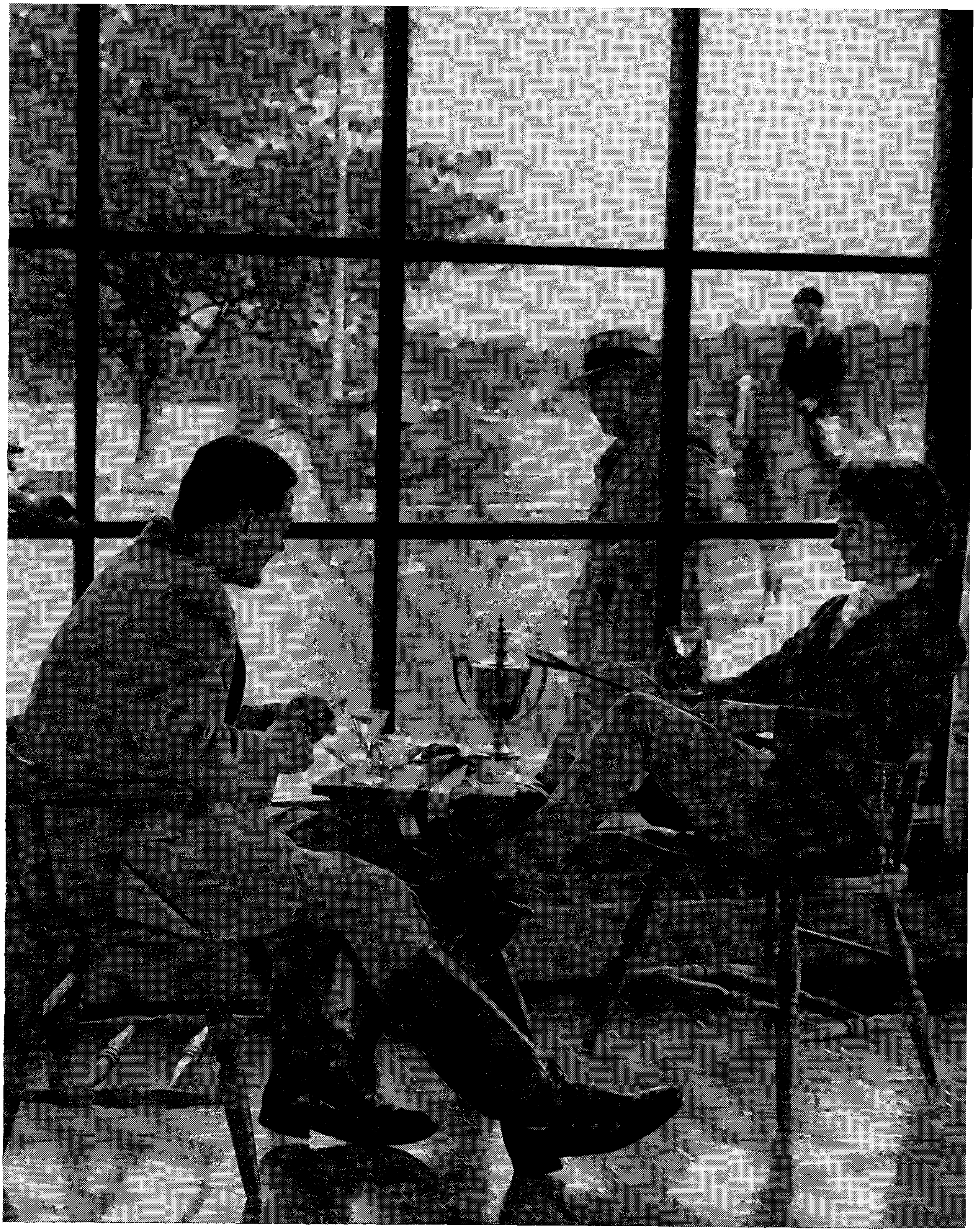


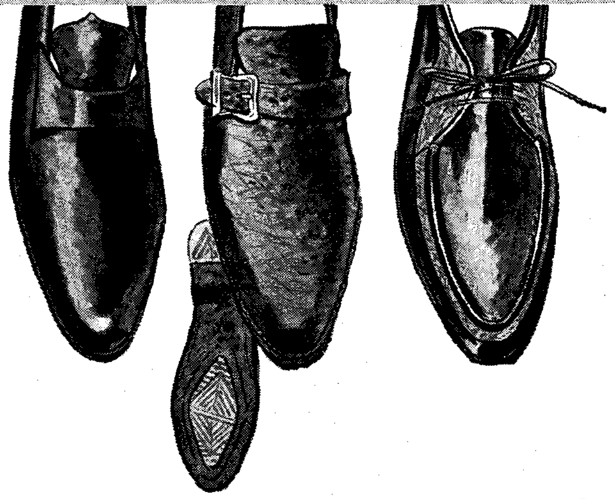
A CURTIS MAGAZINE

the new active leisure

is the most important new factor in the sale of products today. And the spirited leaders of this enjoyable, on-the-go way of life are Holiday's 875,000 reader families. With incomes nearly triple the national average, they go more, do more, buy more—and look to Holiday for sprightly new ideas. If your product gives people more leisure or pleasure, it belongs in Holiday.

HOLIDAY *readers are the leaders of the new active leisure!*





S. F. A's three black Italian calves. Our imported, exclusive newcomers: leather-lined, lightweight and hand-detailed. Left: Smooth Slip-on. Center: Wraparound (upper continues around sole with rubber core center); seal-grain calf. Right: Two-eyelet Oxford of smooth and seal-grain calf. 6 to 12 sizes, 25.00.

THE MEN'S SHOPS
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS • SPRINGFIELD, N. J. • DETROIT • CHICAGO • BEVERLY HILLS

AMERICAN POLOIST AND HIS BRITISH ALL-WEATHER COAT. Our poloist is a 10-goal man. His all-weather topcoat, the unchallenged Ascot by Baracuta. It moves as easily as he does from matches to mansions. Fabric: muted metallic cotton with a super-fine silken texture. Lines: clean-cut American. Tailoring: thoroughbred British. Iridescent Green, Grey, Bronze, Navy, adventurously lined. $49.50 at better stores in 52 countries of the world.

BARACUTA®
BRITAIN'S BEST

BARACUTA, INC., 350 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. • PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST COAST • PHOTOGRAPHED AT BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB

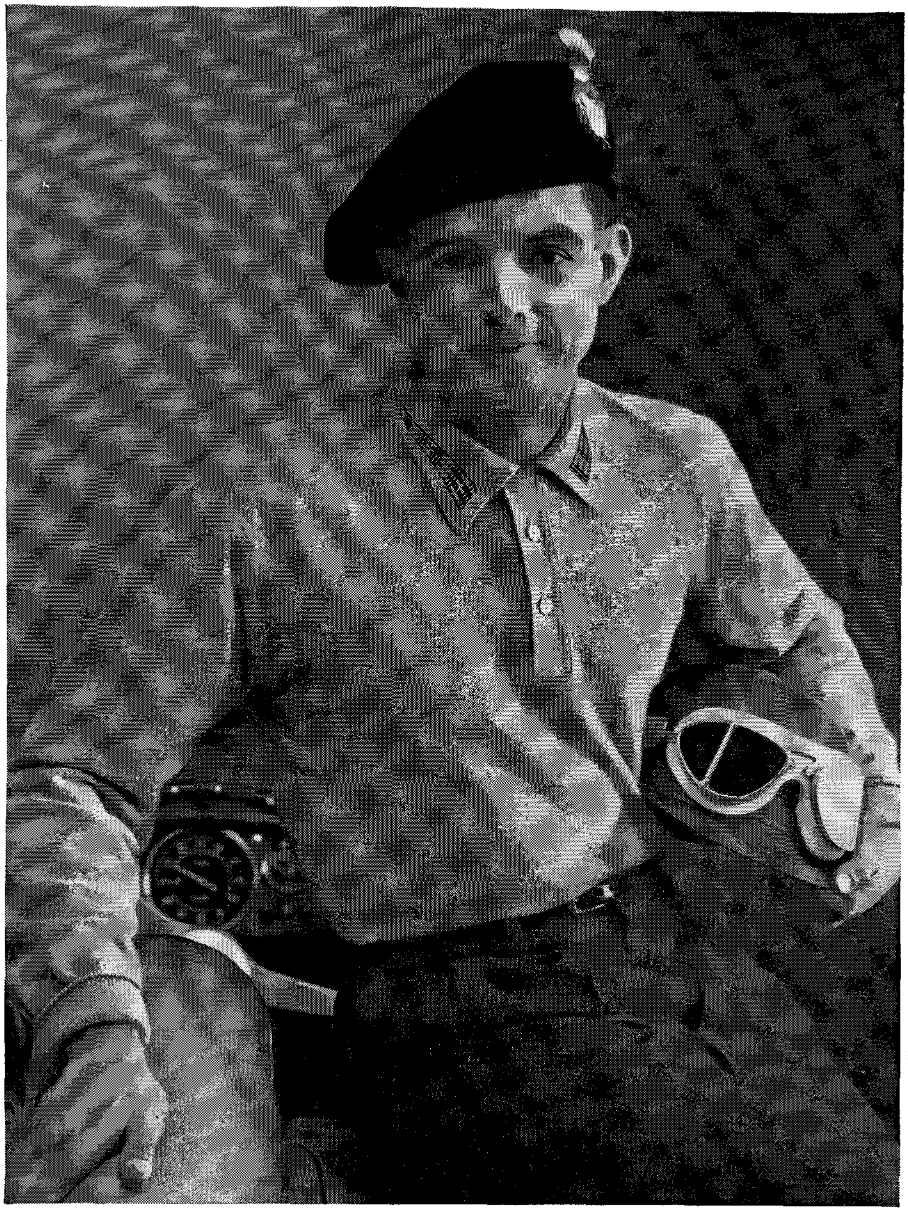
bilt, spent many long afternoons in Hoboken, loping along the sides of the tank as they tried to keep up with an overhead crane that was towing the models under various prearranged conditions of wind and heading. When Olin and Burgess had at last decided which of the four seemed to have the best prospects, they returned to their drafting boards and devoted their combined talents to working out engineering details, and the boat that emerged from this joint effort beat Endeavour II in four straight contests. Shortly after the final race, Sopwith graciously praised the designers of Ranger for having produced the finest yacht of her class that had ever been built, but a couple of weeks later his disappointment got the better of him, and he groused to a reporter that he had been beaten because Burgess and Olin had resorted to tank testing, and that sailboat design in the United States had become a matter of "cold-blooded science."

With this, even those who had been most skeptical of towing tanks developed respect for them. Some yachtsmen even swung to the other extreme, taking the position that the secret of boat design lay in the tanks themselves, and not in the abilities of the men who tried out their models in them. In recent years, Olin has heard this claim so often that he can barely bring himself to reply to it. "The tank can't design a boat," he told an acquaintance wearily the other day. "It can't draw a single line on the drafting board. It only answers questions, and the designer must know the right questions to ask. And there are a lot of questions it can't answer, too, such as what specifically is at fault in an unsatisfactory model. All it can tell in such cases is what the total result will be under given conditions. When I go over to Hoboken to watch a model being tested, and I see that there's something wrong with it, maybe I'll shave a sliver of wood off the bow, to fine it a little, or glue a splinter on amidships to add displacement. Then, if things go better, I'm glad, naturally, although I always wish there were some more scientific way of doing it. But the tank can't provide that. Sailboat designing started out as ninety per cent art and ten per cent science, and someday, let's hope, it will be just the other way around. We're only about halfway there now."

Probably in large part because of his identification with tank testing, Olin received more of the credit for Ranger's victory than might ordinarily have been expected, since Burgess was the older and by far the more experienced of the two designers. In any case, after the race Sparkman & Stephens moved rapidly forward to become one of the biggest firms of its kind in the nation. There was, however, another factor contributing to the public belief that Ranger was primarily Olin's creation. At the outset of their collaboration, he and Burgess had agreed not to reveal which of them was responsible for the hull they ultimately chose to go ahead with. Until recently, many yachtsmen felt certain that the hull was one of Olin's, on the ground that Ranger bore a much closer resemblance to racing boats he had previously done than it did to any of Burgess's earlier work. Both designers steadfastly refused to discuss the subject. Burgess died in 1947, but the mystery remained a mystery until about a year ago, shortly after it was reported in an article in *Sports Illustrated* that Vanderbilt, who had been in a better position to know the answer than anyone besides the designers themselves, believed Ranger's hull to have been based on one of Olin's two models. Olin then composed a letter to Vanderbilt that set the unofficial record straight. "Briefly, the model #77c, from which Ranger was built, was a Burgess model," he wrote. "To Starling's credit, he scrupulously carried out the agreement we made not to name the individual responsible for the lines of this model. Until now, I have felt justified in taking the same position. Possibly I should not have kept quiet for so long, as I have apparently misled you, and possibly others, although not intentionally."

As it happens, Olin may yet be able to claim that he has designed an America's Cup Race winner from start to finish. The first America's Cup Race in twenty-one years has been scheduled for next summer, and he has been commissioned by a syndicate of New York Yacht Club members to design a prospective defender all by himself.

YACHTSMEN willing to concede that it is the designer who designs sailboats, and not the testing tank, have spent many hours developing theories to account for Olin's success. One yachting writer asserted not long ago that it is the result of a study he made, at some unspecified time, of the swimming habits of fish, which inspired him to produce boats of such flexibility that they actually wriggle—or, in their fashion, swim—through the water. "I deny ever having studied fish," Olin said when this article was called



Phil Hill wears the new Jantzen sweater-shirt

Seeing Phil Hill, International Ferrari team champion, put his sportscar through nervy tests of speed and stamina gave Jantzen the idea for your new "Futura" sweater-shirt.

It's an international blend of fibers...Australian lambswool, long staple Egyptian cotton and American nylon... a fabric that fits in smooth, clean lines and feels just light enough, just warm enough for comfort *all the time.*

This "Futura" three-button sweater-shirt is hand-washable. Sizes s-m-l-xl. $13.95, wherever better sweaters are sold.

Jantzen Inc. • Portland 8, Oregon

Jantzen International Sports Club *salutes today's sports leaders and pledges itself to create sportswear designed for sportsmen . . . by sportsmen. Phil Hill is a Charter Member.*

SPORTSWEAR FOR SPORTSMEN

Jantzen®

LANVIN

presents

ARPEGE

in the new purse size

designed by

Cartier

4.00 plus tax

LANVIN

the best perfume Paris has to offer

to his attention. "Not that I have any objection to the way fish get around, but it simply wouldn't be helpful to me. Their problems are totally different from a sailboat's. For example, one thing that fish don't have to worry about and sailboats do is the bow wave that all surface craft create as they push through the water; this inevitably limits a boat's speed unless she has the enormous resources of the fastest powerboats. What happens is that at a certain speed—and the longer the boat, the higher that speed is—the boat finds herself travelling uphill all the time. Up the slope of her own bow wave, you see. For practical purposes, this is the top speed a sailboat can attain. Well, at least that's one thing we can figure out mathematically in advance. Another is how much of the hull is going to be underwater, and therefore subject to a high frictional resistance. Total displacement and total sail area are also matters we can get down in black and white, and so is something we call the prismatic coefficient—a complicated matter that no fish ever has to concern itself with."

A faint smile appeared on Olin's face, and then faded as he continued, "The hitch is that all these factors—and a few others like them—that we can really pin down don't get us anywhere near a scientific approach to sailboat design. There are still far too many variables and combinations of variables interacting in countless ways—so many that working out precise formulas for all of them seems practically hopeless. The shape of the bow, the shape of the bilge, the total displacement, and so on will, of course, affect the performance of any given boat, but just how much, and how they will affect each other, remains a matter of judgment—often not much more than guesswork, really—on the part of the designer. And just as we may think we've got that fairly well under control, everything is thrown completely off the instant the boat heels over—as sailboats do, naturally, if there is any breeze at all, and to a constantly shifting degree—because this alters the whole intricate system of interrelationships. And the velocity of the wind and the expanse of sail exposed at this angle and that introduce two more sets of variables. There simply isn't any scientific theory that covers all these considerations. And then they talk about fish!"

Considering the complexity of a boat designer's task, his tools are pitifully simple—consisting principally of some flat flexible-plastic strips, called splines, some small lead weights, called ducks, and pencil and paper. When Olin—who, with a staff of a hundred assistants, works in offices at 79 Madison Avenue—arrives at a crucial stage of a design, he plots a series of points on a piece of drawing paper to indicate the general shape of whatever section of the hull he is concerned with, and then gently bends a spline, holding it in position with an occasional duck, until it passes through all these points in a curve that he believes will offer the minimum of resistance to sea water flowing around it. Theoretically, an infinite number of slightly varying curves can be drawn to connect any one set of points; the intuitive selection of the most efficient curve is what makes one boat designer better than another. After Olin draws in the line of the curve he has chosen, he removes the spline and repeats the operation with another set of points, and eventually he comes up with a spidery network of outlines that a shipbuilder can translate into a three-dimensional hull.

Neither Olin's professional life nor that of any of his competitors is made easier by the perverse way yachtsmen have of incessantly pestering designers to provide them with faster boats and then tamely submitting to handicapping systems that neutralize the advantages of their new speed. In this country, the most widely used of these handicapping systems, which are devised, of course, to facilitate racing among yachts of various kinds, is the Cruising Club of America's so-called Measurement Rule, a formidable twenty-seven-page document that requires a yachtsman to delve into his boat's physical characteristics as though he were a doctor giving a medical checkup, and that is filled with impenetrable directives, of which the following are typical:

$$\text{Rating} = .95\,(\text{“L”} \pm \text{“Bm.”} \pm \text{“Dra.”} \pm \text{“Disp.”} \pm \text{“S”} \pm \text{“F”} - \text{“I”}) \times \text{“Bal. R”} \times \text{“Prop.”}$$

and

$P_2 = \sqrt{(l/.95)^2 - B_2{}^2}$ where l is length of luff or leach, whichever is greater.

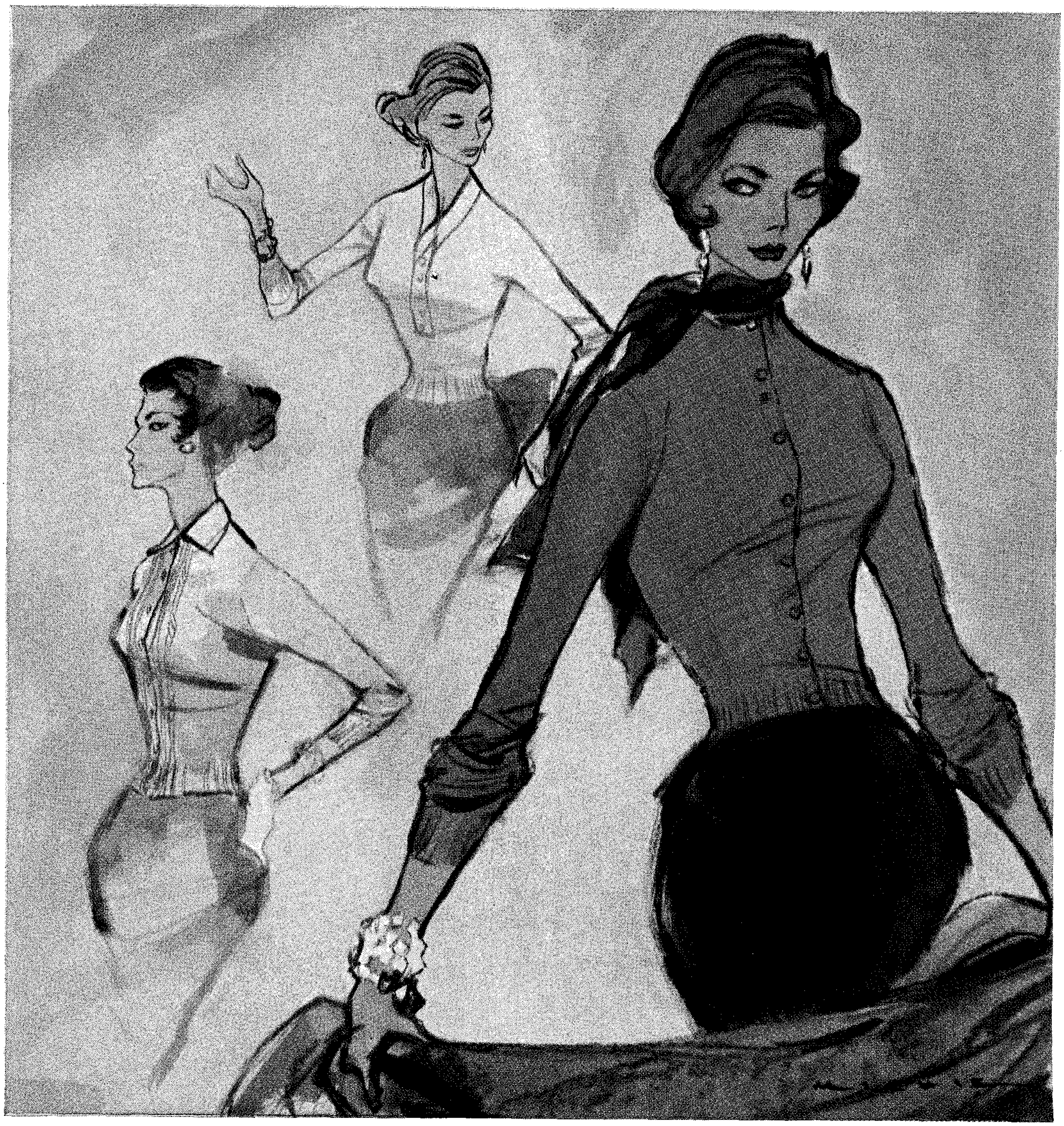
After half an hour spent trying to crack the code in which the Rule is written, a distinguished yachtsman once said, "Only the Measurement Rule Committee, a few naval architects, and God Almighty understand what it means." The Stephens brothers, neither of whom could be induced to remain in college beyond his freshman year, are members of this select group—Olin as one of the few naval architects referred to, and Roderick as an informal

now high-fashion colors for bathrooms

As gay as a party...as exciting, too! American-Standard high-fashion colors bring a wonderful new look to bathrooms. There is a warm radiance...cool smartness...lasting beauty in the full range of eight colors. And there is a newer, more modern look to each bath, each toilet, each lavatory. Be ready for compliments...you will get them...when you choose American-Standard for your bathroom.

Many new color schemes are shown in our new bathroom booklet. For your copy send 10¢ to cover mailing.
AMERICAN-STANDARD, PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION,
40 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

AMERICAN-STANDARD
PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION



These Braemars are different

Braemar cashmeres are without doubt the most beautiful classics in the world — but here are Braemars with a difference!

Choose your Braemar cropped as in the honey above (Heather Honey). Or with a subtly plaited neckline—or in the blissful extravagance of double-weight cashmere with the shirt look, cabled and collared! And there's always the casual distinction of the Braemar classic line, of course. Braemars are so perfectly made — see the new designs and colours at your favourite store tomorrow!

COLOURS TO FALL FOR. Subtle Heather Honey; St. Andrews Blue, a deep true blue; classic Castle Gray; and the melting orange-pink of Iona Flame — these are new this season. Also Moorland Mists, gentle pastels *hazed over with gray: only Braemar have them.*

BRAEMAR

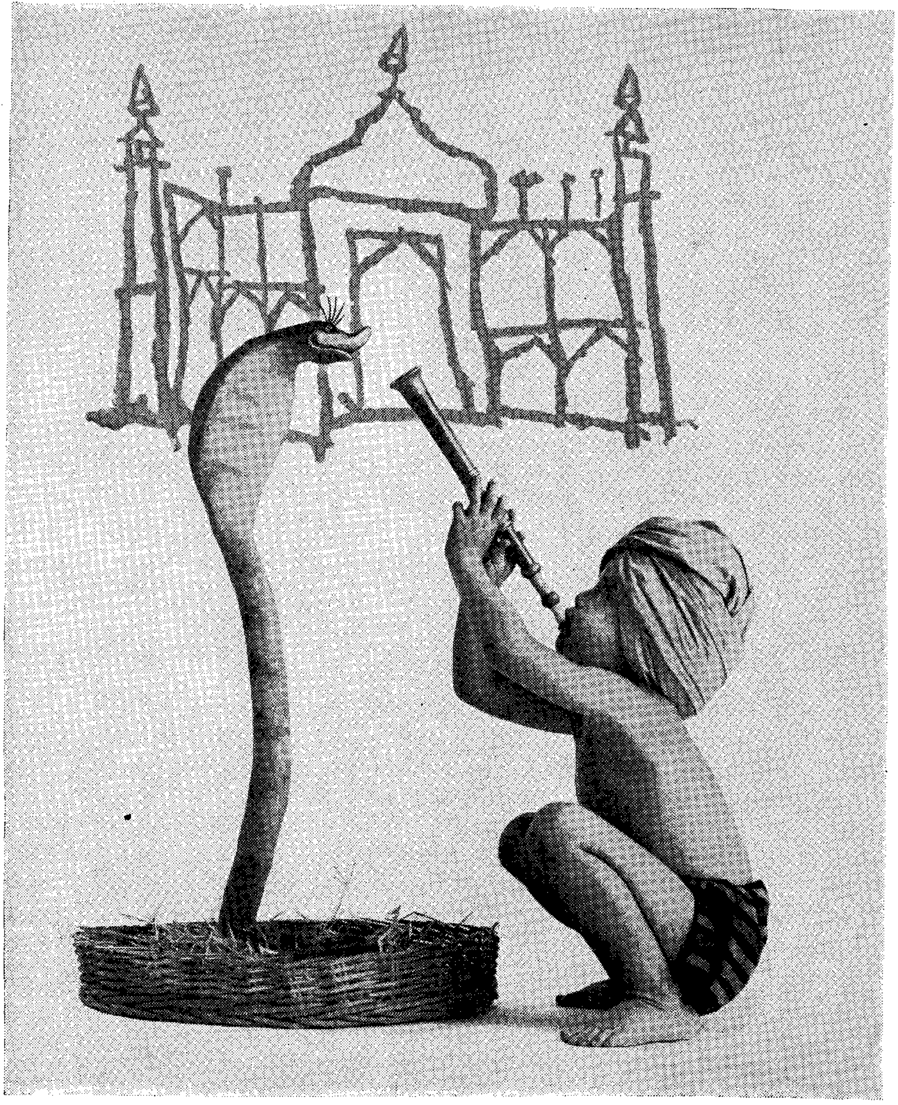
BRAEMAR KNITWEAR LIMITED · HAWICK · SCOTLAND

Representative in U.S.A.: Braemar Knitwear (U.S.A.) Ltd., 5 East 40th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

consultant to the Measurement Rule Committee—but Olin, at any rate, wouldn't mind a bit if there were no such group to belong to. His first great boat, Dorade—light and slender—was altogether revolutionary in a day when most designers of cruising yachts were playing it safe by turning out plans for only slightly refined versions of the old, beamy New England fishing vessels, and conservatives thought that it would be suicidal to take her out on the open ocean. After Dorade had proved herself, the Measurement Rule Committee began changing the Rule to give slower boats a better chance against her, and it continued to do so with such diligence that in the end almost everything about Dorade was penalized. In 1954, Olin designed Carleton Mitchell's yawl Finisterre, making her broad-beamed and shallow compared to Dorade, and giving her a retractable centerboard in place of the latter's deep fixed keel; instead of knifing through the waves, as her predecessor did, Finisterre rides over them. In her first two years of racing, she has won practically all the big ones, and already the Measurement Rule Committee has vigilantly altered its formulas to minimize her advantage.

"The Rule isn't always helpful to the designer," Olin remarked to a friend not long ago, marvellously understating the case. "It's intended to give any reasonably good boat a fair chance in a race, but it has discouraged the building of more boats like Dorade. Yet Dorade is as good a boat as she ever was—she can slice through a leftover slop of a sea, go to windward very well, and steer nicely under all conditions. But nobody would order a boat like her today. I'm proud of Finisterre, of course, but personally I prefer the way Dorade moved. She was a lovely boat to sail." His voice trailed away on a note of sentimental reminiscence.

ALTHOUGH much of Roderick's work for Sparkman & Stephens is of the comfortable kind in which there is definitely a right way and a wrong way of doing things, it has some phases in which, like his brother, he has to rely on the kinesthetic sense to the almost total exclusion of the intellect. Sails, for instance, are even less susceptible than hulls to orderly scientific analysis; on the rare occasions when some physicist has attempted to spruce up the untidy subject of sail aerodynamics with the help of vector diagrams, his efforts have been of little help to practical sailing men. These critics point out that sails are elastic contrivances, which shrink un-



Make fantasy real...
on a BOAC world tour

Wake up your childhood dreams of adventure...with a tour 'round the wide, wonderful world. Visit the South Sea islands and Australia; fabulous Africa; exotic Asia and historic England. BOAC's giant jet-prop Britannia—fastest aircraft in the skies—whisks you to far-away places. The new DC-7C—swiftest aircraft across the North Atlantic flies you between London and America. The genial manner of British service remains unforgettable...yet costs not a farthing extra.

World escorted cruises leaving from San Francisco October 3, and March 20, 1958. 77 days. All inclusive cost for two persons **$5690** plus U.S. Tax $15.20. Non-escorted world cruises, leaving every Saturday from San Francisco. All inclusive cost per person, as low as **$1860** for 23 days.

See your travel agent or nearest BOAC office. Get details on budget plan—10% down, balance in 20 months. Or mail coupon.

World Leader in Air Travel
B·O·A·C
takes good care of you

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
Dept. R-4, 530 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 36 • MU 7-8900
Please send literature. I am interested in:
☐ 'Round the world escorted air cruises
☐ 'Round the world non-escorted air cruises
Name__________
Address__________Phone__________
City__________Zone____State__________

BOAC Direct Service Cities: New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Miami, San Francisco. Other offices: Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Washington, Dallas.

YOU'LL TELL EVERYONE YOU MEET IT'S A
Custom Craft

STUDIED NONCHALANCE A' LA CHANEL IN THE "SHIRT OF THE YEAR" OF IMPORTED SILK BY **A. P.** THE SKIRT A FLATTERY OF PLEATS IN A FINE **CRESTWOOD** WOOLEN. SHIRT: ABOUT $15. SKIRT: ABOUT $27. BLOOMINGDALE'S, GARFINCKEL, NEUSTETER AND JOSEPH MAGNIN. OR WRITE TO: CUSTOM CRAFT CLOTHES, 498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18, NEW YORK.

Huki huki huki hukilau*

***** *A "hukilau" is a Polynesian folkway you enjoy in modern Hawaii—community fishing, where everybody goes down to help haul in the net and share in the catch. You also share radiant weather, golden beaches, superb scenery. Travel time is just a few hours by plane or a few days by ship from the Pacific Coast, plus a few minutes for your Travel Agent to arrange the details. Or write the*

Hawaii VISITORS BUREAU

2051 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.

der some conditions, stretch under other conditions, yield to wind pressure under all conditions, and probably never hold exactly the same shape for more than an instant during a whole day's sailing. Olin, like all other naval architects, is aware of the futility of attempting to reconcile all these variables with pencil and paper, and he prepares only a two-dimensional sketch, or "plan outline," of the sails for the boats he designs, leaving it up to the sailmaker to put in as much belly as he thinks proper. The sailmaker does some thinking and studying on his own and then turns out a full suit of sails, but by the time the boat is delivered to the customer, these are likely to have been carefully edited by Roderick, as a result of his trial sailing. Roderick also devotes a good deal of attention to contraptions like winches, cleats, fair-leads, halyard blocks, swivels, and snatch blocks, and while he, or anyone else familiar with such esoteric hardware, is able to tell at a glance whether they are sound or defective, there can often be a difference of opinion about how they should be installed. Part of his job is to design the rigging layouts for Sparkman & Stephens boats, and here, too, it is essential that engineering data be supplemented by the intuition of an old salt.

Sparkman & Stephens has its field representative supervise the building of every yacht it designs—a service included in the firm's fee of ten per cent of the yacht's cost—and this means that Roderick must do a considerable amount of travelling, not only to boatyards up and down the East Coast but to some abroad. He makes it his business to keep an eye on every step in the building of a boat, checking up on the quality of the wood used, satisfying himself that the bolts and screws are placed where they should be, and, as the hull takes shape, comparing its dimensions with his brother's design to make certain that this is being faithfully followed. He almost always personally adjusts the mast's stainless-steel shrouds and stays to a proper, balanced degree of tension. He also goes up to the masthead in a boatswain's chair—generally a forty-to-sixty-foot haul—to pass on the installation of turnbuckles, tangs, sheaves, spreaders, and all the rest of the paraphernalia aloft. "It's really part of my job," he recently told a client who had just witnessed this acrobatic performance and had expressed surprise that a man of his age could do it so easily—or, for that matter, should attempt to do it at all. "And besides I find it a good way of getting a

Mr. Montague Kavanagh at his home, "Dolland," in Clonsilla, County Dublin

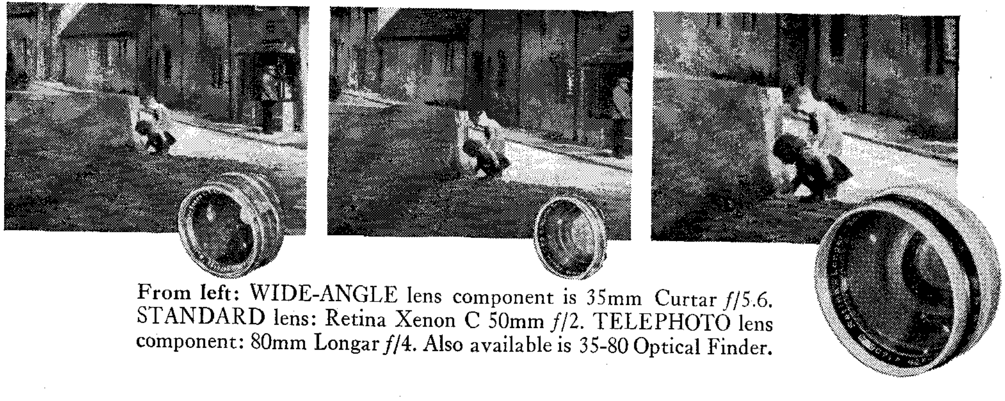
You'll never outgrow the Kodak Retina IIIc Camera

Today, your picture-taking interests may lie in sports or travel. In time they may take in science, nature or other fields. And your Retina can grow with them.

For the Kodak Retina IIIc Camera is the heart of one of the world's great *systems* of photography, ranging from the three renowned lenses below—to such auxiliary equipment as a microscope adapter for photomicrographs.

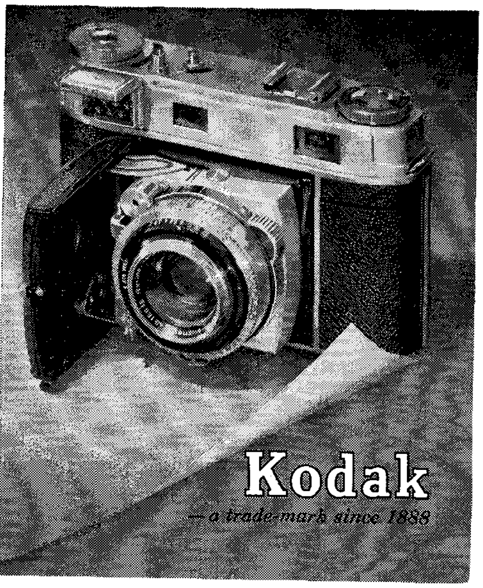
The Retina IIIc has a built-in photoelectric exposure meter, ultra-fast f/2.0 lens, rapid lever-action film wind, and flash-synchronized 1/500 shutter. And it's made by Kodak—so you know it's good! Ask your photo dealer for a demonstration.

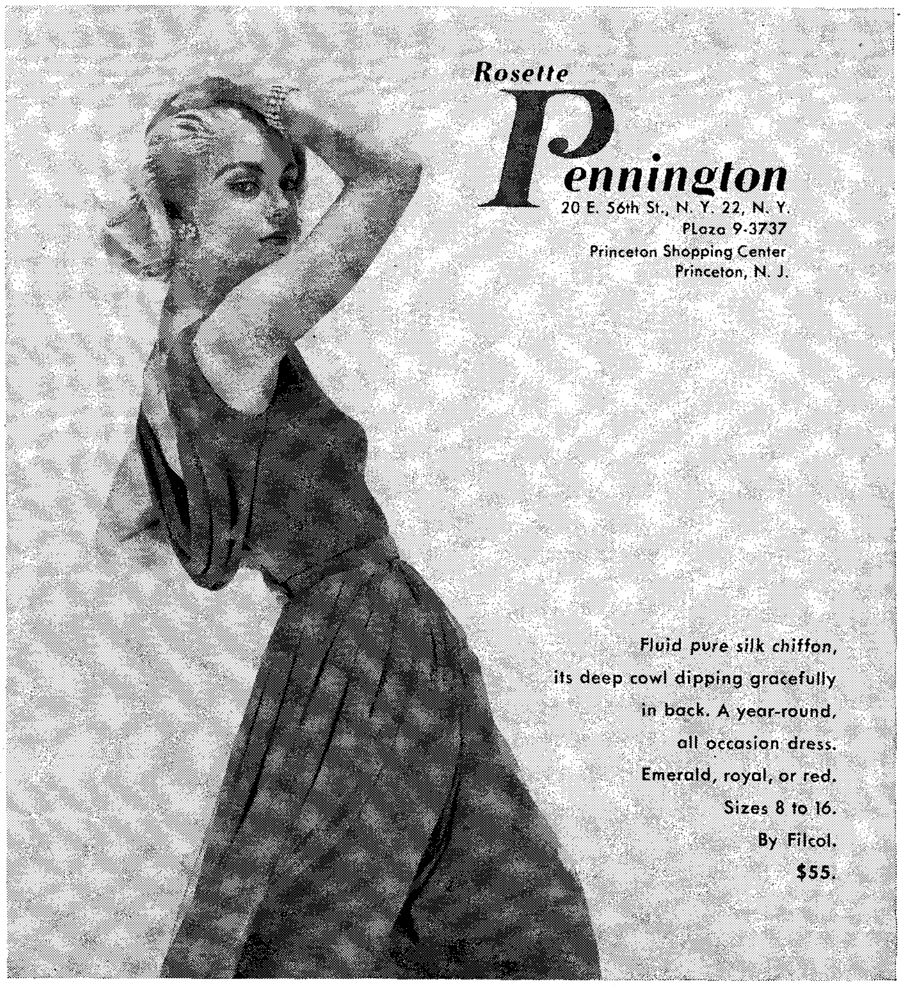
EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY . . . Rochester 4, N.Y.



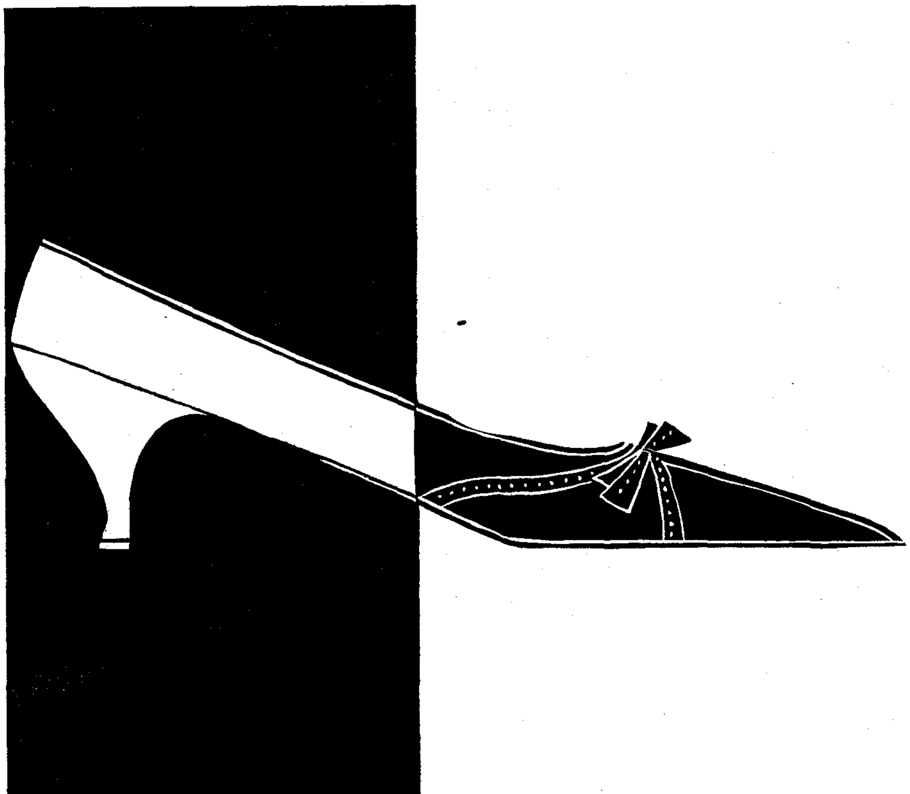
From left: WIDE-ANGLE lens component is 35mm Curtar f/5.6. STANDARD lens: Retina Xenon C 50mm f/2. TELEPHOTO lens component: 80mm Longar f/4. Also available is 35-80 Optical Finder.

Below: Retina IIIc with f/2.0 lens, $175, or as little as $17.50 down. Retina IIc f/2.8, $132, or $13.20 down. *List prices, include Federal Tax, are subject to change without notice.*




Rosette
Pennington
20 E. 56th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.
PLaza 9-3737
Princeton Shopping Center
Princeton, N. J.

Fluid pure silk chiffon, its deep cowl dipping gracefully in back. A year-round, all occasion dress. Emerald, royal, or red. Sizes 8 to 16. By Filcol. $55.


short-heels in and out of town: briarwood calfskin with black stitching; black with grey. 19.95
andrew geller gamins
new york chicago

little exercise now and then. Still, the years do pass, you know. Why, back in 1937, when Olin and I were in Ranger's crew for the America's Cup Race, I used to go up the rigging hand over hand, without using my feet, let alone a boatswain's chair. I couldn't do that today. But I was only twenty-eight then, and I guess I was showing off."

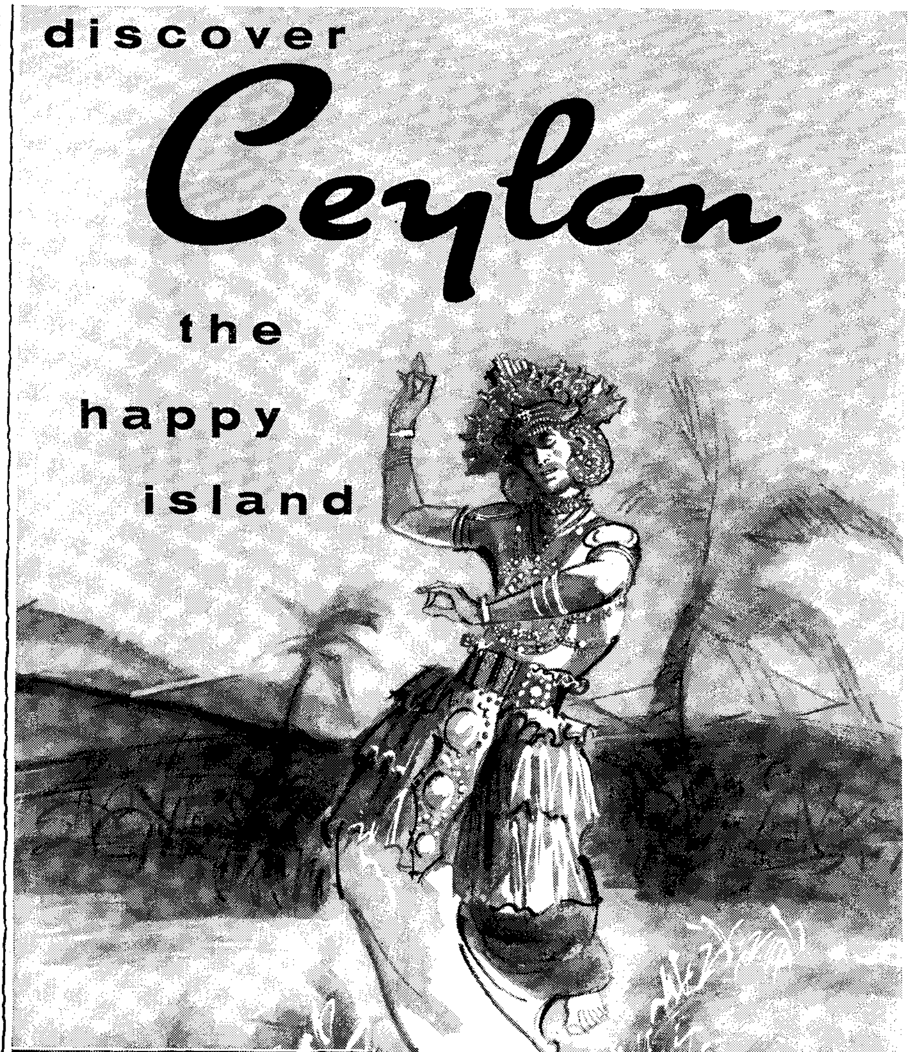
When Roderick is at sea, he likes to do for himself what less energetic men are perfectly willing to let machinery or a paid crew do for them. "Automatic devices and labor-savers just aren't right," he told a client this spring. "They cost too much, they make noise, they complicate essential maintenance, and they delude you into a false sense of confidence. What's sailing for, anyhow? I much prefer to do things by hand. I *enjoy* pumping out the bilge. It's good for me." He refuses to install in his own boat anything like an automatic steering device, a radio-telephone, or an electric water-pressure system. His dislike of such things was greatly reinforced a few years ago, on a rare occasion when he put his faith in one of them. Coming into Sand Hole, a tiny cove on Lloyd Neck, Long Island, he was using a fathometer—an electronic depth indicator—and ran firmly aground during an outgoing tide. As his boat, hour by hour, slowly rolled over on her side in the mud, some passing blackguard snapped a picture of her and mailed it to *Yachting*, where it was published. It was as though Frank Merriwell had been arrested in a vice raid.

For all his dislike of gadgets, Roderick, as a good sailor, believes in making himself as comfortable as possible on board a boat, and he realizes that keeping everything shipshape and in good working order is the best means of accomplishing this. "You can be absolutely miserable if the little things go wrong," he says. "Say it's a rough day and people have tracked a lot of water down into the cabin. A man does his trick at the helm and then comes below—cold and wet and hardly able to wait to get into some nice dry clothes. Just then the boat rolls heavily, the

latch on a locker doesn't hold as it should, and all his dry clothes fall out into the wet. He's likely to hate sailing from then on." To make sure that people do not hate sailing in Sparkman & Stephens boats, Roderick examines the latches on their lockers as attentively as if they were part of the rigging, and is just as insistent that they be in perfect working order before he pronounces a boat acceptable. He has also, over the years, made some contributions of his own in the way of equipment intended to keep people fond of sailing, including a ventilator arrangement that carries air—without the usual complement of water—below decks, a fitted canvas hatch cover that keeps bunks dry even in the roughest seas, and a semi-retracting bunk that allows greater cabin space by day. He tries out most of his ideas on Mustang and then, if they come up to his expectations, describes them to Olin, who has made several of them standard fixtures in Sparkman & Stephens boats.

Before a boat is delivered to a client, Roderick takes her out for a trial. After sailing her long enough to feel confident that she handles nicely, he turns the helm over to someone else, in order to make an intensive study of her sails in action. Roaming the deck restlessly, he squints along the edges of each sail, from time to time whacking the canvas with the flat of his hand, and perhaps he will scramble part way up the rigging to view things from a different angle. On returning to the dock after one such inspection a few months ago, he went to see the sailmaker and told him, "The spinnaker's a dandy. Looks just fine. So do the Genoa and the mizzen. But the working jib is too drafty. I'd like to see you flatten it a bit, near the head. While you're at it, why not reshape the luff to allow for a slight sag in the headstay? The main looks pretty good, but it could use a bit of easing along the lower leach, and then we'll really be in fine shape."

Coming from Roderick, observations of this kind are listened to with the greatest respect by sailmakers, for more than one authority has called him "just about the best sail trimmer alive"—meaning that he is a master of the art of continually readjusting sails, in response to every fluctuation of the wind. This requires a ceaseless series of rapid-fire calculations, involving the capacity of a particular boat to cope with an environment of sea and air that is never the same from one minute to the next—calculations that have little to do with the brain but are, for the most part, the



Elephants are an everyday sight in Ceylon, used for doing a variety of chores.

Fish is plentiful in the waters around Ceylon. Fishermen hardly ever return empty-handed.

Ancient Ceylon abounds in historic buildings and art treasures. Statue below guards the entrance of famous Circular Shrine at Polonnaruwa.

A favorite of Marco Polo who discovered it six centuries ago, Ceylon today is a favorite holiday ground of sophisticated travelers.

Come, discover this happy island where golden beaches offer the joys of summer . . . where verdant hills and imposing mountains are cool with soft spring-like breezes . . . where lush tropical scenery is dotted with big game and the magnificent plumage of rare birds.

You will love the easy-going tempo of Ceylon life, the quick, ready smile of her people, the friendly, hospitable atmosphere in this land of ancient civilization.

Fast giant planes bring you to Ceylon in luxurious comfort, and many ships call at the fascinating cruise port of Colombo. Come soon!

Ask your travel agent or write to:

Ceylon GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

Dept. B, P.O. Box 1974, Grand Central Station, New York
or Colombo 1, Ceylon

Peck and Peck

"Blackie" time...

The days grow crisp... and the season calls for the handsome look of black-and-white separates. The answer, here, an easy tweed skirt, topped by a bowed jersey blouse. Both, sizes 10 to 16. The skirt, 22.95. The blouse, **10.95.**

New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Baltimore • Detroit • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Washington, D. C.
Minneapolis • Hartford • Buffalo • Kansas City

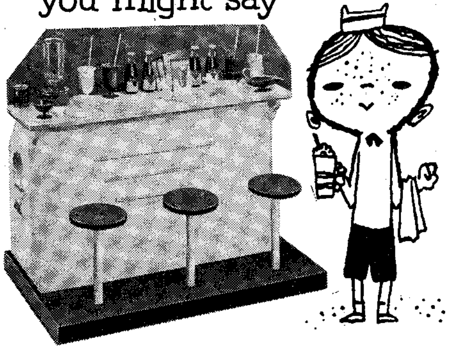
conditioned reflexes of a delicately attuned nervous system. "After a good sailor has trimmed sail, a sailor in Rod's class can retrim and pick up a fifth of a knot," a connoisseur of the art once remarked. "He always becomes aware of the need for retrimming well ahead of anyone else. I honestly believe that if Rod was off watch and taking a snooze on a boat that was only medium-well trimmed, he'd wake right up and be on deck in a minute."

Notwithstanding his intimate knowledge of the structure of sailboats, Roderick never tries to design one; for a while during his boyhood he sketched a few, but he soon saw that Olin was much better at it, and quit. The only vessel he has ever had a hand in designing proved to be such an extraordinary object that some people might doubt whether it could be called a boat at all. This is the two-and-a-half-ton amphibious military truck, officially labelled the DUKW and better known as the Duck, which he helped design during the Second World War, and which General Eisenhower called "invaluable" in assault landings, because of its ability to chug toward shore on the surface of the water and, on reaching the beach, to change from a floating, propeller-driven conveyance to a terrestrial, wheel-driven one and keep right on going.

The beginnings of the Duck date back to the latter part of 1941, when the National Defense Research Council asked Sparkman & Stephens to join in a collaborative effort to design and develop an amphibious truck. The vehicle ultimately materialized, and Roderick was one of the men principally responsible for the design of its all-important watertight hull; in addition, he served as a consultant on the drafting of plans for the various parts, such as the propeller and rudder, that the vehicles needed for the watery phase of their existence. Impatient with the niceties of formal drafting technique, he made freehand sketches of the hull as he visualized it, and turned them over to engineers for General Motors, which had also been asked to help out on the project. When the engineers said they couldn't work from such elementary designs, Roderick supervised the construction of some cardboard-and-plywood mockups of the hull. The engineers continued to grumble at the unorthodox procedure, but they got the idea and set to work building several pilot models.

Roderick did most of the test driving of these models. Once, piqued by some high-ranking Army officers who had

Fountain of Youth, you might say



Young America (including your family part of it) will have a lot of fun, soda jerking, with this workable, miniature Ice Cream Fountain. It's unique. It's a Schwarz exclusive.

Fountain has wood counter three feet long, red-white and smart chrome trim—3 stools to spin and loll on—deep 41-inch storage shelf. Complete equipment (implements, dishes, glasses, straws, holders, flavoring, syrup, battery-complete power mixer) for serving every popular concoction a hot kid on a hot day can think up.

Where can you find more sundae-go-to-eating pleasure for everybody, for $39.75? Order A 60-3.

Send for free Toy Catalogue S-1

F.A.O. SCHWARZ
World's Greatest Toy Store
745 Fifth Ave., at 58th St., New York
Telephone MUrray Hill 8-2200
Boston, Mass. • Ardmore, Pa.

urban-suburban

our well-mannered Merry Mites...as ready for rough 'n tumble as they are socially at ease. Tailored to perfection and with add-a-size tucking; the corduroy overalls in red, charcoal, antelope, hunter green, brown, 3-5, $6. Imported gingham shirt in Dress Stewart plaid (red/green/white), or Hamilton plaid (navy/red/white). 3-6, $5.

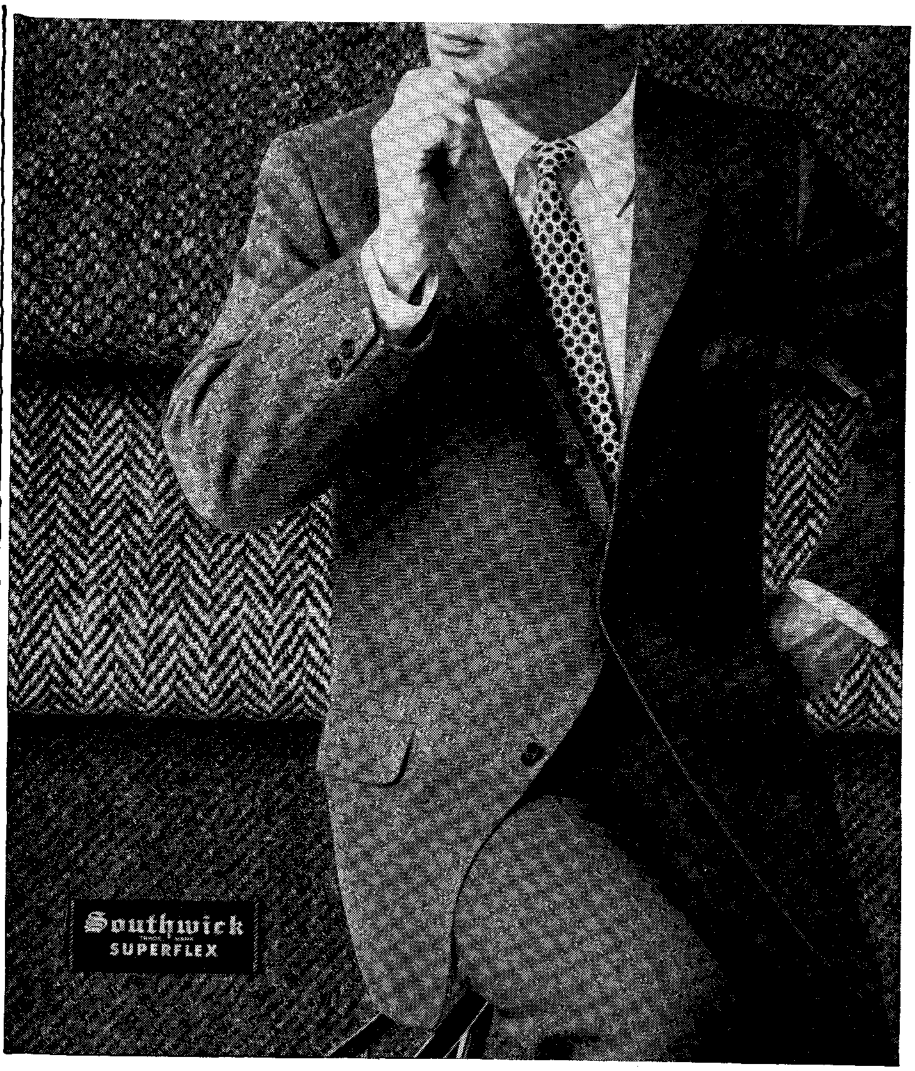
Please add 25¢ for shipping

dorothy Kay
WAYLAND SQUARE, PROVIDENCE 6, R. I.
Our catalog of young fashions
for fall and winter on request

ridiculed the Duck as impractical and unseaworthy, he drove one of the machines down the beach near Cape Hatteras at the height of a storm and, in full view of his critics, plunged into the Atlantic and headed out to sea, giddily cavorting over seven-foot waves. Before long, unhappily, the spray somehow reached the ignition, stalling the engine. His hull, however, was so seaworthy that, carried along by the waves, it bore him safely back to shore, where he dried off the ignition and tried again—with the same results. The observers still didn't have a very high opinion of the Duck's potentialities, but the mere fact that Roderick had survived these voyages at all impressed them with the merits of its hull. Later, a better means of shielding the engine from moisture was developed, and Roderick put out to sea in one of the improved models—this time during an equally wild storm on Cape Cod. Far from stalling, he went to the rescue of seven Coast Guardsmen in a patrol boat that was aground on a sandbar a quarter of a mile off Highland Light. The Army changed its mind after this feat, and the manufacture of Ducks on a mass-production basis was begun. The Duck played an important part in the Allied landings on the beaches of Sicily and Normandy, as well as in several assaults in the Pacific Theatre, and Roderick was awarded the armed forces' Medal of Freedom for his contributions to the vehicle's development.

WHILE the third nautical Stephens—Roderick, Sr.—no longer sails much in the literal sense, he sails a great deal in a perhaps even more enjoyable fashion, covering greater distances with greater enthusiasm than either of his sons, for the races he participated in aboard Dorade are still vivid in his memory, and hardly a day goes by that he does not relive at least some moments of them. In 1929, he sold the firm of Olin J. Stephens, Inc., a coal company in the Bronx of which he was the prosperous president (it put him in a position to finance the building of the twenty-eight-thousand-dollar Dorade at a time when the stock-market crash was making that kind of money very scarce), but he continued to occupy himself with various business ventures until about a year ago, when he was overjoyed to receive an offer from his sons to join them in Sparkman & Stephens. Since then he has been employed by the firm as its administrative assistant.

White-haired now, and over seventy, Mr. Stephens is dignified and gentle in manner, and bears a strong resem-



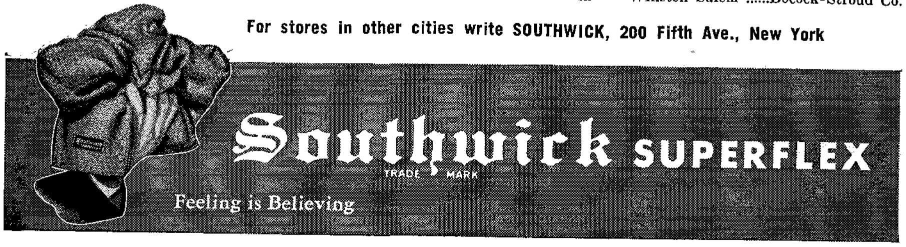
Cheviots at their finest

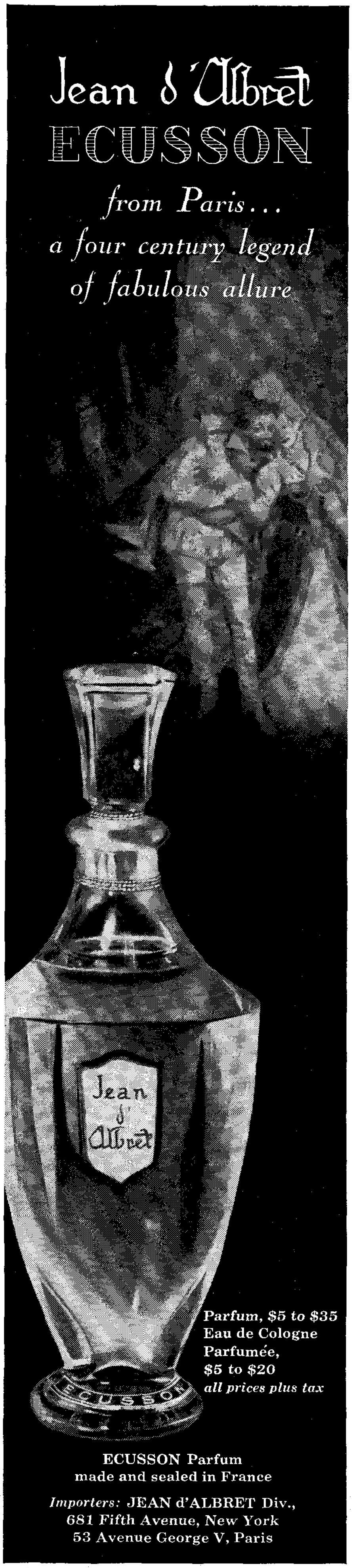
Loomed for Southwick from a distinctive strain of native wool, these are tightly spun yet lofty yarns, insuring maximum wear. In herringbones, diagonals, and pebble weaves featuring a new olive-heather mixture; also greys, browns and navy, from $75.

Look for the Southwick label on suits, jackets and slacks at the stores listed below:

NEW YORK	Paul Stuart
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Boston	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Buffalo	Peller & Mure
Burlington, Vt.	Miles & Riley
Chapel Hill, N. C.	Stevens-Shepherd, Inc.
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Columbus, Ohio	The Union
Dayton, Ohio	The Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Reed-Vollhaber
East Orange, N. J.	Donald Bunce
Fresh Meadows, L. I.	Bloomingdale's
Grand Rapids	Mackenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-Deboe Co.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Hanover, N. H.	James Campion, Inc.
Harrisburg	C. J. Crego & Son
Indianapolis	L. Strauss and Co.
Knoxville	Rich's
La Jolla	Tweeds and Weeds
Lancaster	Groff & Wolf Co.
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Los Angeles	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Lynchburg, Va.	Wills-Camp, Inc.
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Memphis	Alfred's
Milwaukee	Silverstone's
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Nashville	Mallernee's
New Orleans	Terry & Juden Co., Ltd.
New Rochelle, N. Y.	Bloomingdale's
New York, N. Y.	Paul Stuart
Norfolk, Va.	Fishback & Lea, Ltd.
Omaha	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Pasadena	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard Heller
Philadelphia	John Wanamaker Univ. Shop
Philadelphia	Morville
Pittsburgh	Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsfield, Mass.	Rosenfeld's
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Stevens-Shepherd, Inc.
Rochester, N. Y.	Ryan, Ltd.
St. Louis	Boyd's
San Diego	The Oxford Shop
San Francisco	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Barbara	Tweeds and Weeds
Santa Fe	Moore's
Savannah	Men's Quality Shop
Seattle	Albert, Ltd.
Spokane	Pierone's Ivy Shop
Springfield, Ill.	Arch Wilson, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
Syracuse	Hotel Syracuse Men's Shop
Tucson	Andy Anderson Ltd.
Tulsa, Okla.	McDonnell & Co.
University of Virginia	Stevens-Shepherd, Inc.
Washington, D. C.	Arthur A. Adler
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington	Mansure & Prettyman
Winston-Salem	Bocock-Stroud Co.

For stores in other cities write SOUTHWICK, 200 Fifth Ave., New York





Parfum, $5 to $35
Eau de Cologne
Parfumée,
$5 to $20
all prices plus tax

ECUSSON Parfum
made and sealed in France

Importers: JEAN d'ALBRET Div.,
681 Fifth Avenue, New York
53 Avenue George V, Paris

blance to Alfred E. Smith in his later years. He lives with his second wife (he and the first Mrs. Stephens were divorced in 1933) in an apartment in Peter Cooper Village, where his dearest treasure is six hundred feet of 16-mm. motion-picture film taken, mostly by him, aboard Dorade during her great race across the Atlantic in 1931—an event considered so important at the time that her victorious crew, upon returning to New York, was accorded a ticker-tape parade up Broadway to City Hall. Friends who drop in at Mr. Stephens' usually find that he can be persuaded without much urging to run off this record of the voyage for their benefit, and as the picture unfolds, he heightens its drama by identifying the persons and objects in each scene and describing the circumstances under which the scene was photographed, speaking in a voice that increasingly conveys a feeling of the excitement of that long-ago adventure. (While Mrs. Stephens is tolerant of her husband's undiminished passion for boats, she has had her fill of Dorade's exploits, and as a rule she retreats to a television set in the bedroom when the film starts to unwind.)

As Mr. Stephens throws the projector switch, he leans eagerly forward in anticipation of the first image to be flashed on the screen, and his face becomes taut with much of its former vigor and zest, as if he were actually back aboard Dorade, waiting for the starting signal on that summer morning more than a quarter of a century ago. "Here we are at the Ida Lewis Yacht Club, in Brenton's Cove, Newport," he says. "It's the Fourth of July—the day of the start. Now we're being towed out to the start by a little auxiliary sloop owned by a friend. That's because we had no motor in Dorade, you understand. That cutter in the background is Highland Light, and the big ketch is Landfall. They both worried us. They'd been built specially for this race, and they were a lot bigger and faster than we were. Now we're nearing the starting area. There's George Roosevelt's Mistress—and Water Gypsy, and Ilex—and that's Skål, designed by Phil Rhodes. The rest of those boats are spectators, coming along to see us get off. It was a really fine spectator fleet, and we're all trying to look just as smart and lively as we can.

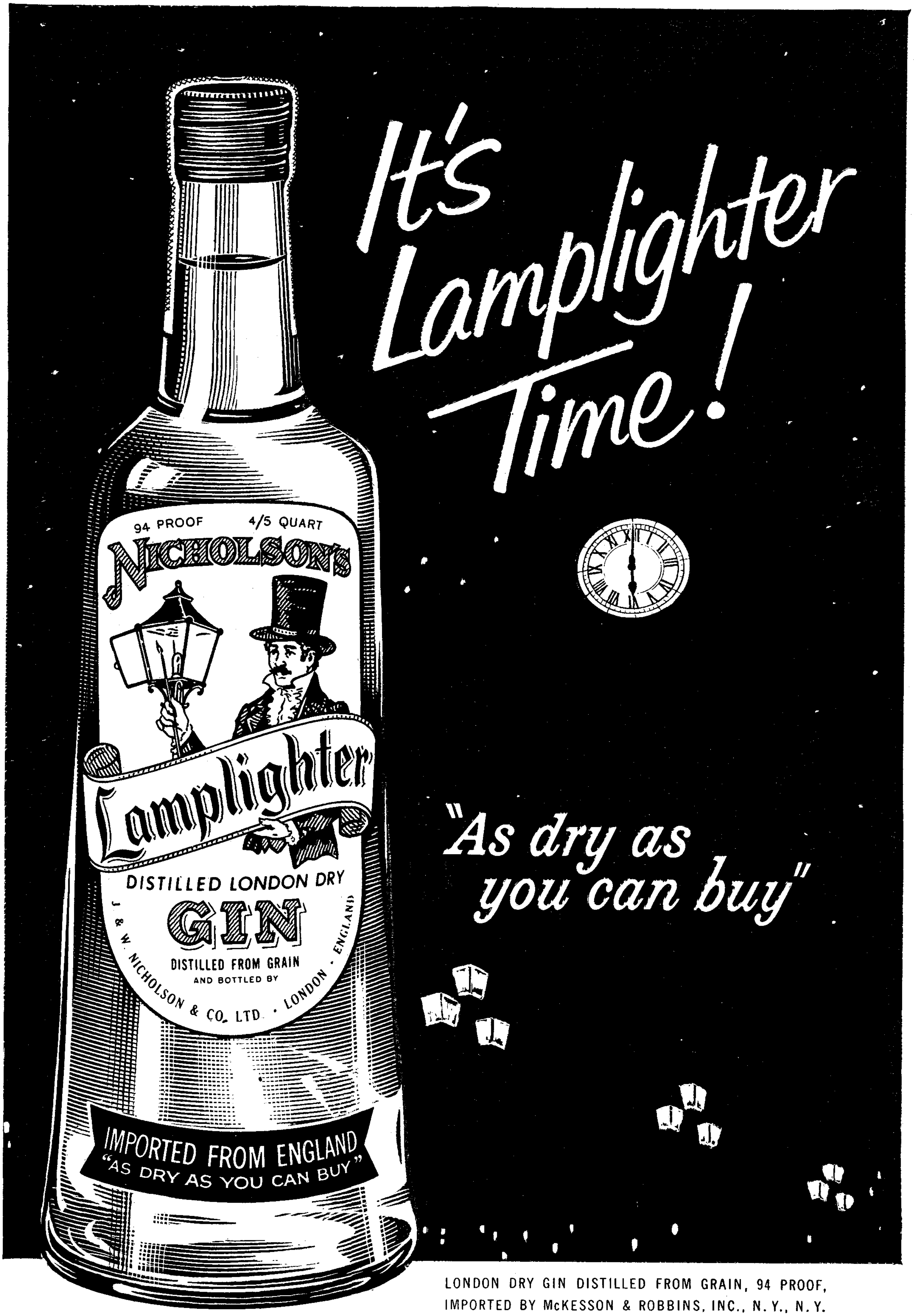
"There's Brenton Reef Lightship, marking one end of the starting line. These shots show how we're all cruising around under sail now, jockeying for position. It's a muggy day, hazy and warm. Rather a shame—I like a crisp, clear day for the start of a race. Now it's just a few minutes before noon and we're all coming around onto the port tack to head for the starting line. Very tense business—you daren't cross ahead of the gun, but it seems terribly important to hit the line just on the button and get off half a minute ahead of the other fellow. Of course, with three thousand miles to go, it doesn't make much difference, but it seems to while we're waiting. Now we're coming up on the line, and—now—*there* we go! Off to a good start—second across, right after Mistress.

"This is a while later. There go the other boats in the distance. We won't see them again until we meet in England. They're all pinching off southeasterly to make for the Gulf Stream, hoping it will give them a boost on their way. We're the only ones who are going to risk the ice and fog and rough weather on a true Great Circle course, past Newfoundland. Olin and Rod and I decided on that months ago, but we kept it top secret. We didn't even tell the other members of our crew—four young friends of Rod's and Olin's—until we were over the starting line.

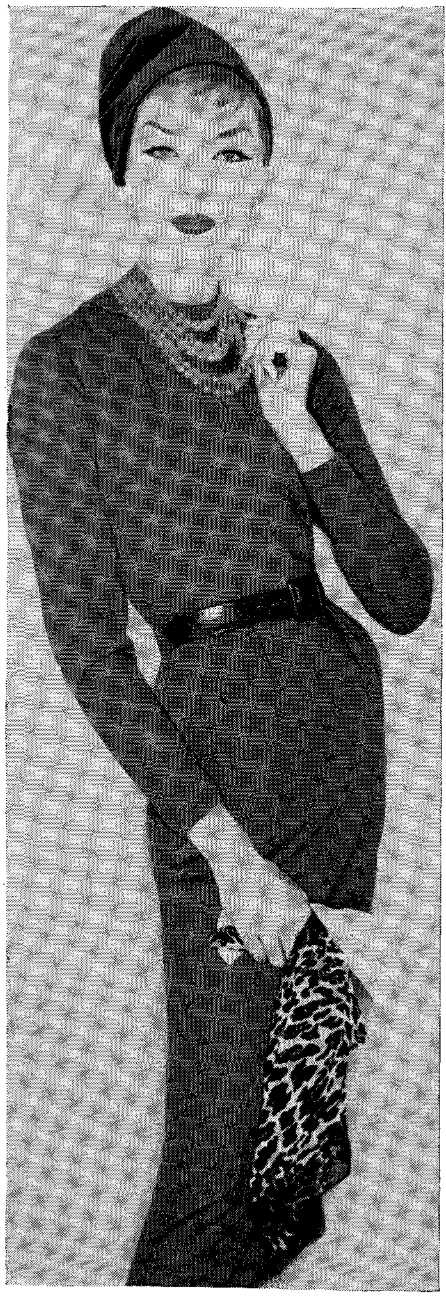
"That's Rod, throwing the first of his many milk bottles overboard. He had to do without fresh milk after the fifth day out, and he considered that the worst hardship of the trip. Now we're having lunch on deck—our first meal on board. That bald-headed young fellow is Eddy Koster, our cook—and a mighty good one, too. We ate ninety-four of his flapjacks one morning. Here I am, making baggy-wrinkle—unravelling old rope ends to use as chafing gear. I do look odd in that gray felt hat, don't I? Not very nautical, I'm afraid. The boys called me Commodore, and I had a proper skipper's cap aboard, but the felt one was more comfortable.

"This is either the second or third day. You can see the whiskers beginning to sprout on the boys. It's a good day; the breeze has just freshened and we're moving along nicely. This one, now, shows everybody peeling potatoes—except me. There I am reading aloud to amuse the others. Can't remember what the book is. Probably something about cruising technique; we all have one-track minds at this point.

"Now we're just off Cape Race, Newfoundland, in medium-bad fog. It's our sixth day out. See that thing looming up in the fog? We've just heard a foghorn and I've grabbed the camera to get a shot of whatever it is. Now it's coming quite close—much too close, really—and you can see it's a tramp


It's Lamplighter Time!
94 PROOF
4/5 QUART
NICHOLSON'S
Lamplighter
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
GIN
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
AND BOTTLED BY
J. & W. NICHOLSON & CO. LTD. · LONDON · ENGLAND
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
"AS DRY AS YOU CAN BUY"
"As dry as you can buy"

LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN, 94 PROOF,
IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y., N. Y.



24-hour-jersey, $25
Parade's sleekly lined accessory dress that you slip into early A.M. and spice with sparkles in the P.M. Tuck sheer leopard scarf under leather belt.
Basic red, royal or black wool. 10-16. Mail, phone, add 45¢ beyond delivery area.

Gunther Jaeckel
10 East 57th
NEW YORK

steamer. Last boat we'll see for over a week. Good thing the fog wasn't any thicker. Now, this view is a beauty, isn't it? It's looking down from the upper spreader of the mainmast. I didn't take it—Rod did, after scrambling aloft with the camera. It gives you an idea of how small our boat was for an Atlantic crossing—how narrow. And then this shot from alongside looks as if it must have been taken from another boat. But it wasn't. Rod climbed out over the water on the spinnaker boom, hanging down by his hands and feet, like an ape, to take it. These are dolphins. They sported all around the boat for hours on end. A wonderful thing to watch. And look at this sunrise. You don't see anything like that on land. A man really feels alive at a time like this.

"We're just *bowling* along now. We're in a heavy Atlantic swell, and the boat is rolling. Both booms—mainsail boom and spinnaker boom—are dipping into the water. Did you see that? Watch, now—first one boom and then the other. In weather like that, getting my rest wasn't easy—my bones ached from being tossed around in the bunk. I fixed that with Rod's accordion—stuffed it in between me and the side wall. It made some odd moans when I squeezed against it, but I kind of got to like them. When a boat rolls and wallows that way, it puts a terrible strain on the rigging. One night, it got so bad that the spinnaker halyard let go. Whole sail fell in the water. It was all hands on deck, pulling and hauling to save the sail—and we did, too. Too bad I couldn't get any shots of that, but, of course, it was pitch black.

"Here the boys are lowering away the spinnaker by day, because there's a chafed spot in it. They're doing a very clumsy job. Anything but good racing technique. All right, that's better now. This is Rod, sewing up the chafed spot. Mighty good man with sails, that Rod.

"How's this for really rolling along? Isn't that something? We've got a rail breeze—one that puts your rail right down to the water. The off-duty watch had to sleep in the leeward bunks; in the windward ones they kept falling out onto the floor. Look how Johnny Fox is fighting the tiller. You don't see much of me at the tiller or anywhere else, because I took most of the pictures. But I worked right along with the rest of them, even though I was an old man of forty-six. We hit eleven knots sliding down some of those long rollers, and logged plenty of miles per day. When you push like that, you're apt to catch a good bit of spray. That's why we all

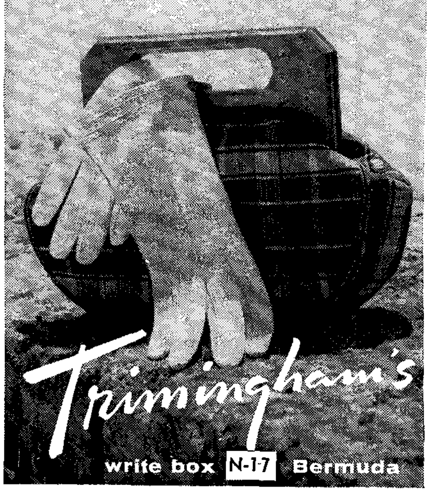
what
every
woman
knows...

herbert levine fine shoes

Feather-weight doeskin gloves for women, made in England. These wash like fabric. Shortie length, full piqué finger stitching and gusset. White only. $4.00 the pair including postage.

Handbags in authentic tartans: Pouch as shown with 8" Bermuda cedar handles. Dress Stewart, Royal Stewart, RCAF, Anderson, Dress Gordon, Erracht Cameron, etc. $6.80 including postage.

Send for illustrated catalogue and Bermuda folder



Trimingham's
write box N-17 Bermuda

Interns John Mark, Bill Bernard, Sally Glass, Bill Lindenschmidt, Jim Herbert, Bob McGinnis, Harvey Bailey, Lew FitzGerald.

Heir conditioning

These eight bright young people are advertising heirs—members of a unique program of advertising internship at Campbell-Ewald worked out in cooperation with the University of Michigan.

They're learning the anatomy of a good advertisement. They're learning the symptoms of ailing copy. They're learning to diagnose design in terms of how effectively it communicates an idea. And, best of all, they're learning by *doing*.

For these "interns"—the pioneer group in our college student training program—are now seniors at Michigan who spent two months during the summer working with us. Four are Journalism majors who were assigned to the Campbell-Ewald copy department. The other four are from the University's School of Architecture and Design, and were eagerly taken in tow by our art directors.

We're out to see that budding admen (and adwomen) like these get their feet good and wet—and get off on the *right* foot in this steadily growing and increasingly complex business. They attend our meetings, work on real problems, write copy, make layouts. In fact, one of the interns, Harvey Bailey, supplied the headline for this very ad.

We don't know of any other advertising agency with a training program like this one. But we do know that helping to develop fresh, new creative talent will help keep Campbell-Ewald fresh and new and creative. And that's bound to mean better advertising for our clients.

CAMPBELL-EWALD *Advertising* Detroit • New York • Chicago • Los Angeles • Hollywood • San Francisco
Washington • Denver • Atlanta • Dallas • Kansas City • Cincinnati

MEET MR. MORT®

ABOUT $45.00 LORD & TAYLOR

EMME HAT

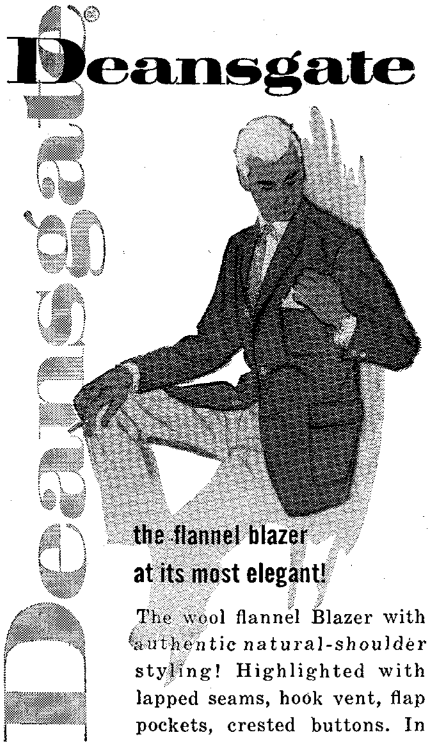
have our oilies on. But the boat stayed dry as a bone below decks. She's light and buoyant. No solid water is coming over her decks—just spray.

"Wind's shifted now, and we're on the starboard tack. It's the fourteenth day, and nobody's sighted us since that tramp steamer—eight days ago. We don't know where the other boats are, but the way we're skimming along makes us pretty happy. We do look like a pretty cheerful bunch, despite the cold wind and the spray, don't we? There I am at the tiller at last—Rod took the shot. You can see I'm still wearing the gray felt hat.

"Now we're approaching the steamer track as we get close to England. In a moment, you're going to get a thrill, just as we did. Look sharp! There! *There* she is—the steamer George Washington, Captain George Fried commanding. She's the first ship we've seen in eight days. What a moment! They're running up code flags to tell us our position, and it turns out that Olin's navigation has been perfect; we're three-quarters of the way across. They get their flags up and down so fast the boys can hardly find what they mean in the code book before they're gone again. Now we're running up our own signals to answer. There she goes now—off to America. As a parting shot, Rod is sending up the flags that say, 'We wish you a pleasant voyage.' I think that's rather a good touch, don't you?

"This is July 19th, and we're hustling right along. The distances we're making! A hundred and ninety-three miles one day, a hundred and ninety-eight the next, then two hundred and ten, then two hundred and three. We all feel marvellous. And here's Jim Merrill taking down the mizzen staysail for the noon reading of the sun. There—Olin and Jim are shooting the sun. We had two sextants aboard. That's me again, jotting down the chronometer readings as they call 'Mark.' I look moth-eaten—it's the gray streaks in my beard. There's the fellow with the prize beard, by the way—Johnny Fox, and appropriately enough his beard was red and bushy.

"We're getting very close to England now. It's warmer, and there are fishermen around. Everyone is very tense, waiting for the landfall—all except Olin. Here it is 6 P.M. on July 20th—our sixteenth day out. Olin has calculated our position from the noon readings and told us we'll see land—the Scilly Islands, off Land's End—by 6:30 P.M. Then he went be-



Deansgate®

the flannel blazer
at its most elegant!

The wool flannel Blazer with authentic natural-shoulder styling! Highlighted with lapped seams, hook vent, flap pockets, crested buttons. In navy or Cambridge Grey.

ABOUT $39.50

At fine men's shops and department stores. For store nearest you, please write

FAMOUS-STERNBERG, INC.
950 Poeyfarre St., New Orleans 5, La.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

S. F. A's
exclusive
Tyrolian hat

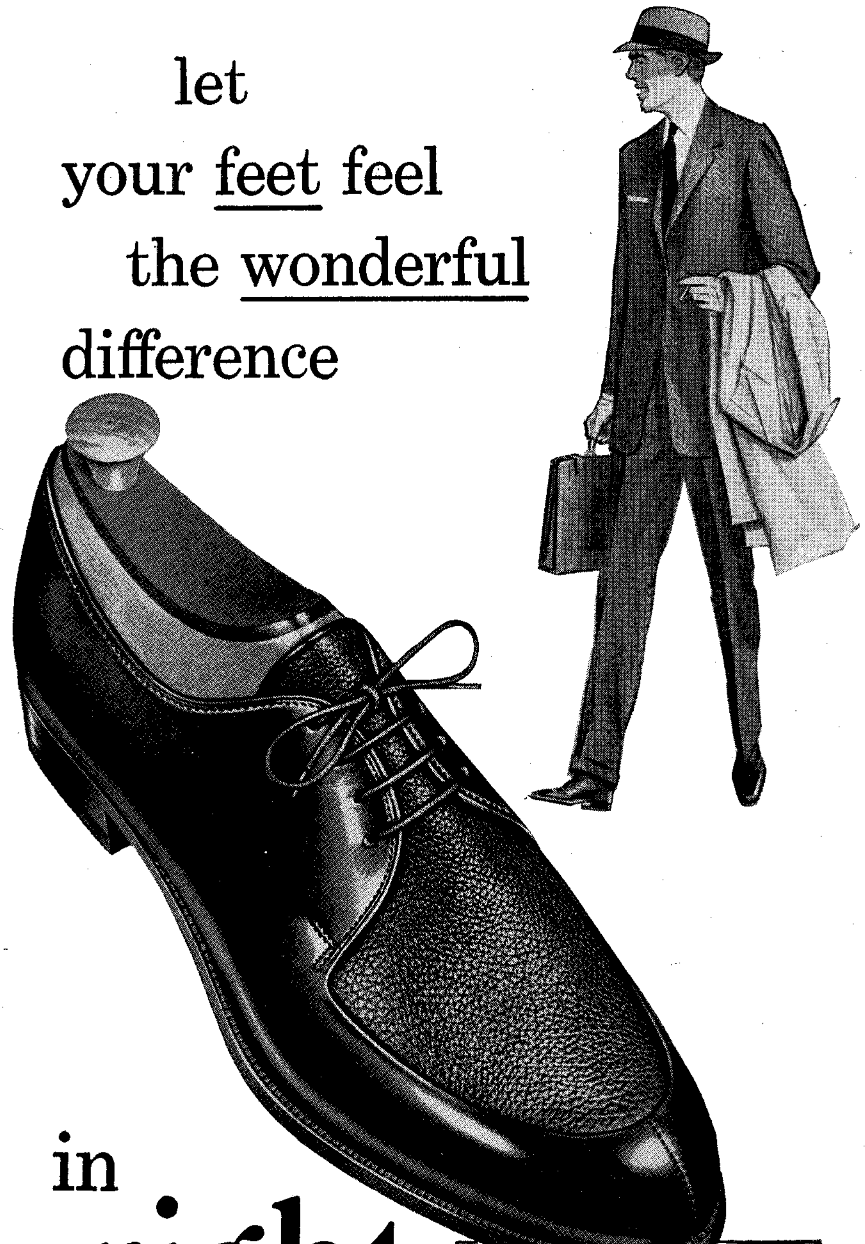
Mountain greenery—made expressly for us in Switzerland of finest quality wool felt. It's waterproof, jaunty, and a vital adjunct to a country wardrobe. 6¾ to 7⅝ sizes, 15.00. Street Floor. Mail, phone. Also in Chicago, Detroit and Beverly Hills.

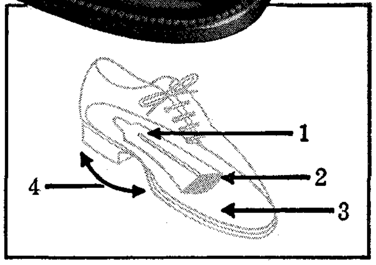
low and simply fell asleep. That boy! Cool as a cucumber. The rest of us are staring eastward until our eyes are about to fall out." At this point, even now, the narrator's eyes strain toward the screen as he raptly awaits once again the great moment. And then the flickering picture shifts, and he continues tensely, "Now watch. Here it's nearly six-thirty, and Olin has just come up from his nap and ordered Rod to climb the mast and have a look. There goes Rod up the wire cables with his bare hands. Now he's on the spreaders. Now he's clear to the top. Watch him! Watch him! . . . Ah! He's shouting, 'Land ho! Two points off the starboard bow!' What yelling, what cheering! We were a happy crew, I can tell you.

"Here we are the next day, getting ourselves cleaned up and squared away to look trim when we enter Plymouth Sound. This is just after we've passed Lloyd's Signal Station and run up flags asking them where we stand in the race. They whipped up a set of flags, and Rod thumbed through the code book and then screamed out the message: 'You are first!' Lord, the bedlam! We shouted and danced, we fired off a clip of bullets from a .45, and then we rushed below and ate a huge bowl of fig pudding with hard sauce. Too bad I didn't get any of our celebration on film, but I was too excited to think of taking pictures. The shot I really should have taken was one of Olin. While the rest of us were leaping around like idiots, he was just quietly standing there, smiling like the Cheshire Cat.

"And now here we are at last, passing Plymouth Breakwater. The lighthouse over there—at the right of the picture—is one end of the finish line. None of the other boats are in sight—Lloyd's must have been right. Matter of fact, as it turned out, the nearest boats are two days behind us—and with our handicap, because we're so small, we've won by almost a four-day margin. It's history-making. In fact, we're so ahead of schedule that nobody is around to greet us. Afterward, I had to laugh when I read what the New York *Times* said about our arrival. It said, 'British yachtsmen aboard the Britannia and other boats raised a great cheer for the American yacht.' You see anybody cheering? Nobody was anywhere around except that grizzled old boy there passing by in his beat-up fishing boat.

"Now—finally—here comes Jolie Brise, the official welcoming cutter of the Royal Western Yacht Club, to tell us that from reports they've received





let
your feet feel
the wonderful
difference
in
wright
arch preserver shoes

When you treat your feet to the "active comfort" of Wright Arch Preserver shoes, you'll discover the wonderful difference! The 4 Exclusive Wright features give fit and comfort that help make each step lighter. Men on the go — stay on the go . . . in Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.

1 Famous Wright Arch Preserver Shank
2 Metatarsal raise — for weight distribution
3 Flat forepart — permits foot exercise
4 Heel-to-ball fitting — shoe fits to foot action

Illustrated — Style 197.
A distinctive combination
of smooth and Marina grain
calfskin. In Black.

For nearest dealer consult Classified Directory or write:
E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC. ROCKLAND, MASS.

Franklin Simon

JERSEY COLUMN

OUR #2
BRAMLEY®
FOR '57

Our own Bramley® fashion, translated from the Italian in the beautiful language of wool. Subtly side-draped, lined for shape retention and brilliantly buttoned. Black or navy, sizes 10 to 18. **45.00**

MISSES' DRESSES, FOURTH FLOOR

WISCONSIN 7-9600
414 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
and all Franklin Simon stores

we're far and away the winners and to guide us to our mooring. And this last shot, taken two days later, shows Landfall and Highland Light arriving, thinking themselves winner and runner-up. Then they see us cruising about just inside the finish line. Some surprise! They were quite unhappy, as you might imagine. Well, that's it. End of film. Want to see my pictures of the Fastnet Race we won that same summer?"

—Morton M. Hunt

(*This is the second of two articles on the Stephens brothers.*)

•

VOTE FOR CARLOS FALLIS
NEXT TUESDAY

To the Voters:

I think that my experience in court procedure, both as County Judge Pro-tem under the late Hon. L. Boone Hamilton and in Magistrates' Traffic, which I presided over for four years, together with the study of law for 12 years, not only qualifies me, but that my knowledge of the Fiscal and Civic offices of our County, together with my Legislative work, make me outstanding for the office of County Judge.

I shall work unceaseingly to stop these exhorbitant raises in gas, water and electric rates, that seem to have gotten out of control—it is quite obvious the men most responsible are the members of the Public Service Commission, who are kept busy revising these rates, rather than fighting them down. Why nearly every time one reads the papers, you find where the gas company is seeking another raise.

Behind my ambitions to be successful in life, and to be of great service to mankind, because I love people, is an inspiring little old Lady, one who encourages me on when things look dismal and dark and when dispair seems so apparent; a little old Lady who thinks I'm just about the grandest fellow who ever lived and who prays that God will open up a way, somehow for us, who stands in the background, with her encouraging smile and her gray head and bent figure, beckoning us on. That wonderful little old Lady is my mother.

If elected, you would make the two of us just about the happies people alive. I would like to not only serve you efficiently and capably, but would like to offer my mother a little more comfort and security in life while I yet have her.

Carlos Fallis

—*Adv. in the Frankfort* (*Ky.*) *State Journal.*

But how can we read the ballot through these tears?

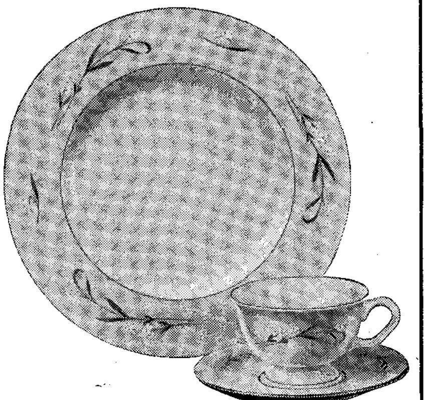
•

Neither opinion bothers nor flatters Bill Murphy. He is the boss of the Copy Desk of the New York News. As such, he cannot expect love or adoration from either the staff or his own copyreaders.—*From a News adv. in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

Or, apparently, his own grammarians.

THE ONLY MARK ON PERFECT CHINA

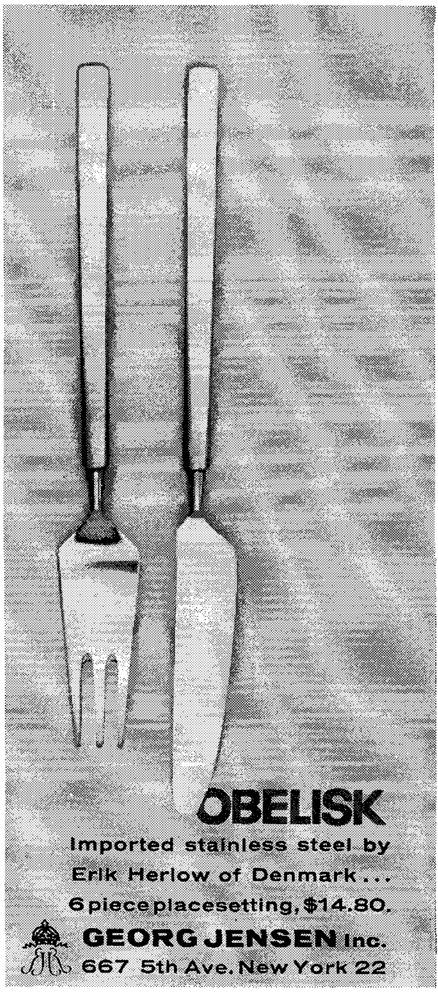
PICKARD CHINA
MADE IN U.S.A.



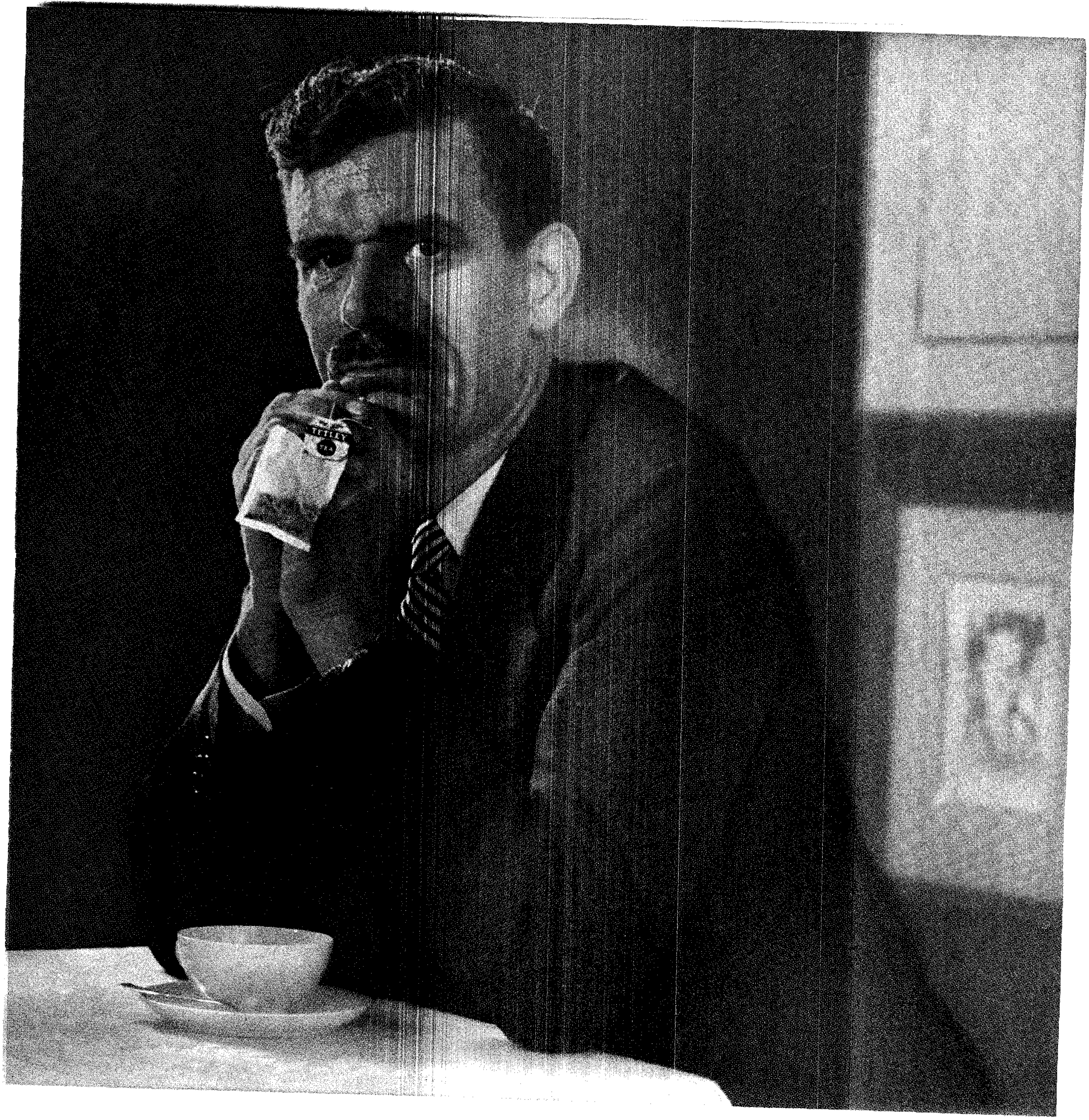
SNOWBERRY...

Sprigs of white berries with graceful bluish green leaves, enriched with delicate black stems and accents. Traditional ivory rim shape, sparkling platinum bands. Five-piece place setting . . . $18.50. Write for the name of your nearest store and beautiful color illustrations of other exclusive Pickard China patterns.

PICKARD, INC.
Antioch, Illinois



OBELISK
Imported stainless steel by
Erik Herlow of Denmark . . .
6 piece place setting, $14.80.
GEORG JENSEN Inc.
667 5th Ave. New York 22



What the idle rich don't know about tea bags

by "Mr. Tea"—The Tetley Tea Taster

THE American upper crust nurtures a peculiar prejudice against the *tea bag*. Sheer ignorance. They do not know what every tea taster knows. Simply this.

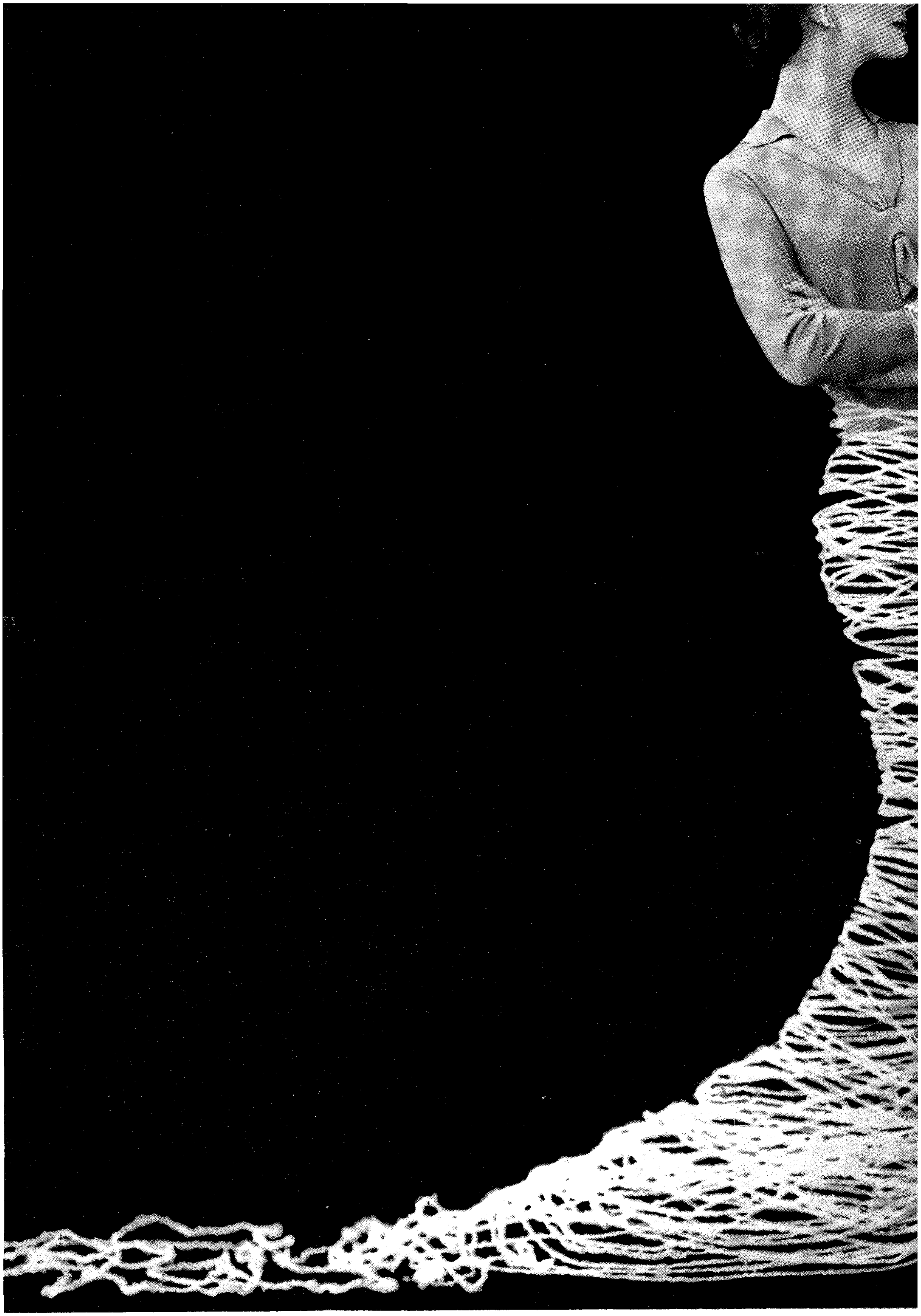
The tiny tea leaves that make the best tea can be used only in bags.

These exquisite little leaves grow only at the top of the tea plant and are very rare. Finding the finest of these has become an obsession at Tetley. We search the world for them.

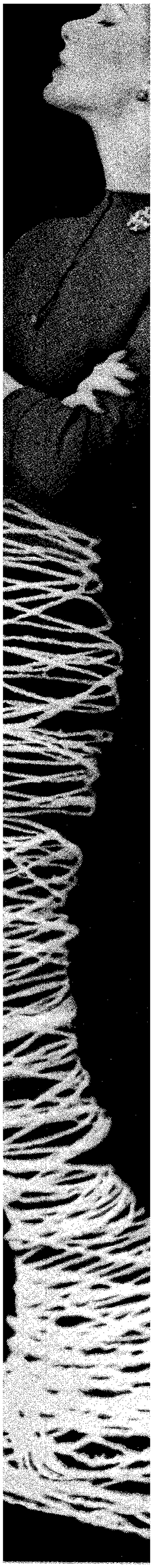
As a matter of fact, a single bag of Tetley Tea contains teas from twenty-two different plantations. Usually more. And every leaf is one of those little beauties from the top of the plant.

If you have been guilty of the Tea Bag Prejudice, we invite you to brew one comforting cup of tea with a Tetley *bag*. All we ask is an open mind.

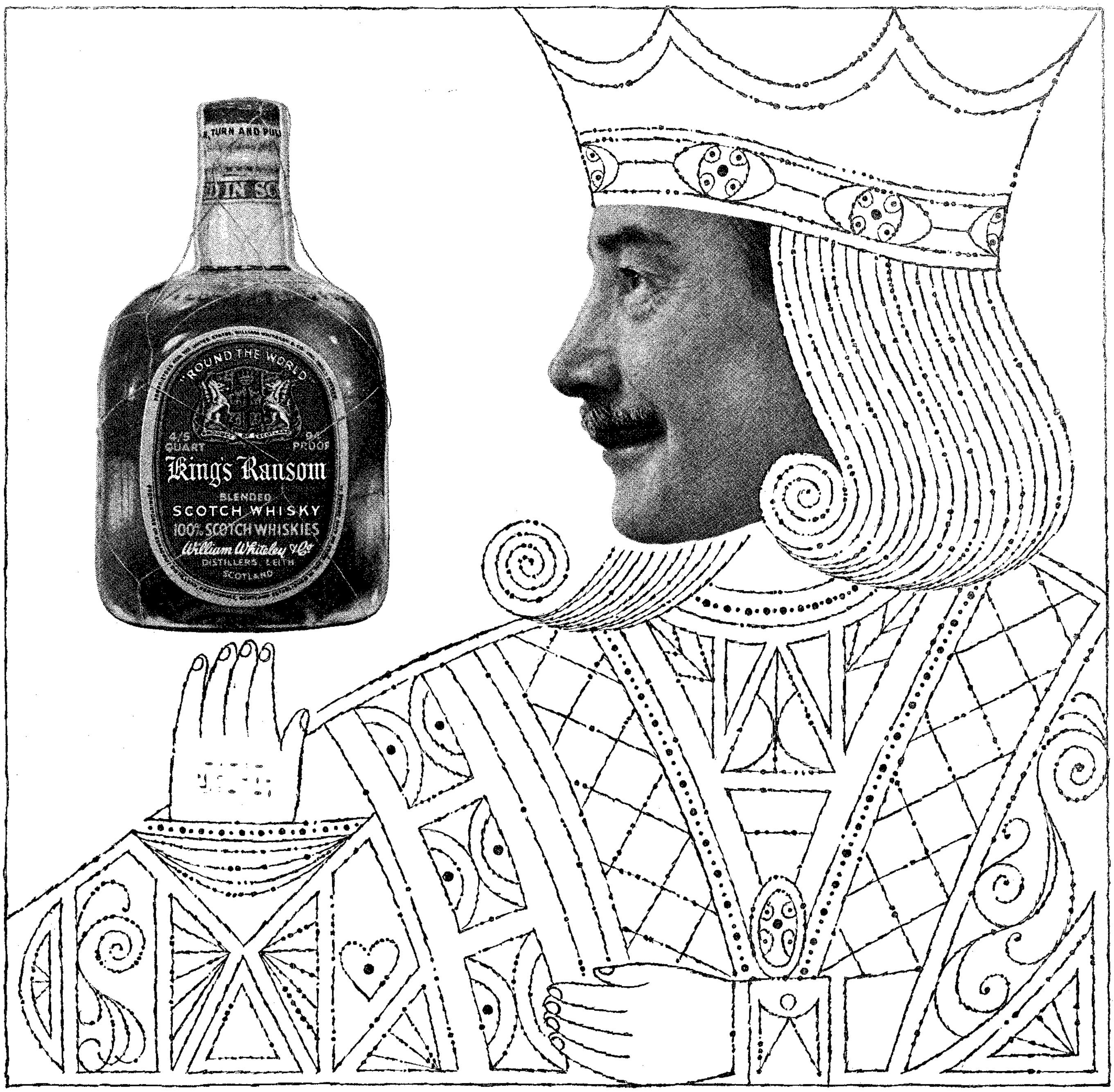
TETLEY TEA
TETLEY
TEA BAGS



Chemstrand makes only the yarn; America's finest mil



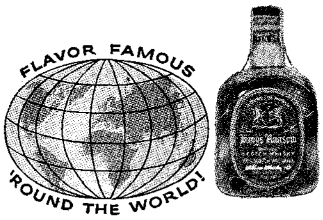
ɔRPORATION, 350 Fif


TURN AND PULL
IN SC
'ROUND THE WORLD
4/5 QUART
94 PROOF
King's Ransom
BLENDED
SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
William Whiteley & Co
DISTILLERS, LEITH
SCOTLAND

King's Ransom

the Scotch with the flavor of success

Thirty-six rare old vattings smoothed into one—
expressly for those successful enough to afford this finest
of Scotch whiskies. The subtlest flavor Scotland produces comes
from blending together—in sherry-soaked casks—
more Highland malt whiskies than any other premium Scotch.


FLAVOR FAMOUS
'ROUND THE WORLD!

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 94 PROOF. IMPORTED SOLELY BY GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bum Steer

"TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY," a movie that ballooned out of a short story by Irwin Shaw, gets off to a slow start, wobbles along uncertainly for a while, and then winds up on a fairly familiar melodramatic course. As adapted by Charles Lederer, Mr. Shaw's tale of a former American Army pilot, living in postwar Paris, who is tempted to join a smuggling ring working between Cairo and Europe has been changed around considerably, and none of the changes can hide the fact that Mr. Lederer's inventive abilities aren't quite up to padding out a brief narrative into a full-length film. In the screen version, Robert Taylor is supposed to be an ex-aviator turned playboy, who has gone broke frivolling away his time in Madrid. But while our hero may seem to be an all-out roisterer, he is really, deep down under, as broody a fellow as you have ever met. What is eating him, chiefly, is his realization that he is afraid to fly airplanes any longer—a circumstance that he somehow equates with loss of manliness. Glooming heavily about this, he has split up with his wife (Dorothy Malone), but just when he thinks she is out of his life for good, she shows up in Madrid, and you may be sure that they have some long-winded exchanges about his psyche, her psyche, and the true meaning of love. By way of complicating matters, Miss Malone suspects Mr. Taylor of having a case on Gia Scala, who is cast as the wife of a simple-minded chum of his, portrayed by Jack Lord. Presently, the marital hemming and hawing is interrupted by the villain of the piece (Martin Gabel), who offers to pay Mr. Taylor a substantial sum to fly to Cairo and pick up a cargo of ill-gotten cash for an Egyptian currently *persona non grata* on his home grounds. Mr. Taylor tries to avoid the necessity of accepting the assignment by betting his last few pesetas on a horse that Mr. Gabel recommends, but the beast falls down and kills his jockey, and that leads Mr. Taylor to decide he will have nothing further to do with the evil man. However, when his pal Mr. Lord takes over the job and makes a dry run between Cairo and Madrid with a good deal of difficulty, Mr. Taylor realizes that he would be a cad if he permitted such an incompetent fellow to risk another flight. So, screwing his courage to the sticking-place, he resumes flying, and is pursued all around the Mediterranean littoral by aerial patrols of various governments. While the chase at the end has a few moments of excitement, they really don't compensate for all the tedious stuff that has gone before.

"FOUR BAGS FULL," a French film, presents Jean Gabin and Bourvil as a couple of strange characters who become involved in black-market machinations during the Occupation of France. The job they have on their hands during most of the film is the transportation of the carcass of an illicit pig from one side of Paris to the other. M. Gabin, as a famous painter, is interested in the project because he wants to see what black-marketeers are like; M. Bourvil just needs the money. While there are some dramatic and some humorous aspects to the two men's struggles to get their pig to a buyer, it is impossible to determine what the makers of "Four Bags Full" are trying to establish, since they don't maintain any sort of consistency in handling their slight story. Nevertheless, M. Bourvil is a delightful comic, and M. Gabin makes a sturdy companion for him.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

PUERTO RICO SONG

Well, God is
love,
so love me.

God
is love, so
love me. God

is
love, so love
me well.

Love, the sun
comes
up in

the morning,
and
in

the evening—
zippe, zappe!—
it goes.

—WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Super-royal

Fluid make-up

made with Royal Jelly

Germaine Monteil has created this truly extraordinary make-up to bring your skin the day-long benefit of Royal Jelly.

Use it with Superglow face powder.

7.50, 12.00, PLUS TAX

Germaine Monteil

663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

BERNATH, NEW YORK
NEEDLECRAFT, ATLANTIC CITY
MAISON MENDESSOLLE, SAN FRANCISCO

Fashioned in Paris—a cocktail masterpiece

TRICOSA
PARIS

Distinguished Tricosa simplicity in this two piece silky knit . . . dips to a striking back V . . . permanently pleated skirt retains shape perfectly. Very new . . . very French!
black . . . about $69

Exclusively imported in U.S.A. by **FEDER FASHIONS,** 1410 B'way, N.Y.

THE RACE TRACK

Good Girl

BY all odds the most interesting race I've seen in the past couple of weeks was the Washington Park Handicap at Chicago on Labor Day. It was won by Mrs. Ada Rice's filly Pucker Up, who did a beautiful bit of running. She took the lead at the first step out of the starting gate, and was never headed, coming in at the end of the mile three lengths in front of Find. The time was 1:34⅘, which is first-rate. Jim Conway, who trains Pucker Up, has turned out a good many winners of the more important fixtures, and it goes without saying that he had her in faultless condition. There is no better test of a filly than to pit her against seasoned members of the so-called stronger sex, and Pucker Up bested a nice collection of them; besides Find, who was fresh from his successes at Hollywood Park this summer, there was Swoon's Son, who is something of a champion in the Middle West (he finished third), and also-rans like Terrang, who has been quite a runner on the California tracks, and Portersville, the winner of the Carter and the Brooklyn Handicaps at Belmont not so long ago. What makes Pucker Up a standout in the present set of fillies and mares is her speed and her determination. She ran a mile in 1:34⅗ at Hollywood Park last June, and a few weeks later came East and lost the rich mile-and-a-quarter Delaware Handicap to Princess Turia by only half a length, after leading almost to the end. In two seasons, she has been first eleven times in nineteen starts, has been unplaced only once, and has earned $211,300 in prize money. Her next appearance will be in the Beldame Handicap at Belmont next weekend. I think she'll go well.

THE American Derby was run off over the turf course at Washington Park the Saturday before the Handicap, and interest in that one was so bound up with the performances of Round Table and Iron Liege that I doubt whether the half-dozen other runners got a second thought from anyone except their owners and the undiscriminating searchers for long shots. Indeed, from beginning to end of the mile and three-sixteenths it was a two-horse affair, with Round Table leading Iron Liege by lengths. Round Table has grown and filled out since he finished third to Iron Liege and Gallant Man in the Kentucky Derby, and although he isn't what you'd call a big colt, he has more size and substance than Gallant Man. Aidan Roark, who used to play polo at Meadow Brook and is now one of the stewards at Washington Park, says that Round Table looks a lot like Battleship, the winner of the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase in 1938, and so he does. Well, you can see him in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City on Saturday. This race, in which he is to meet a number of the better older horses, will also be at a mile and three-sixteenths on the grass, and it should be a good show. Gallant Man was asked to run, too—entries are by invitation only—but he won't. Johnny Nerud, his trainer, doesn't think much of racing on the grass. Besides, he is pointing the colt for the Woodward Stakes at Belmont a fortnight later. Round Table is entered in the Woodward, too, but whether he will run for it or go back to California hasn't been decided. Anyhow, here's something to puzzle over: If Gallant Man and Round Table do meet, Shoemaker, who has been the principal rider for both in recent months, will be in a pretty fix. He has carefully avoided making comparisons, so it's anybody's guess which one he'll pick.

To get back to the American Derby, I may be saying the wrong thing, but it seems to me that the race would be more in the tradition, and more of a definitive test, if it were at a mile and a quarter over a dirt track, as it was for many years. Although a good horse is supposed to run well in any kind of going, there are topnotchers who do not gallop as freely or as willingly on grass as they do on the racecourse footing they are used to. And there are a number of trainers who are as fussy as their charges. Jimmy Jones, of Calumet, who trains Iron Liege, insists that his horses never have anything but bad luck on the grass. The way I saw it, though, the only bad luck Iron Liege had in the American Derby was Round Table.

AS this gadabout department may not have reported before, Arlington and Washington Park have things that most other racing associations don't have. For one, they have a woman executive—Mrs. Marjorie L. Everett, who is the daughter of Ben Lindheimer, the man who runs the show at both places. She is listed as vice-president, and has been her father's right-hand girl since 1940, when he became director of the tracks. (She left Northwestern University that year to go to work for him.) In 1952, Mr. Lindheimer was ill, and she ran off the season's meetings without a hitch. She is tall and slender, and has a soft voice, a wide smile, blue eyes, and blond hair. Horsemen call her Marge. She works hard, keeping longer hours and getting round more than almost anyone else in the organization, and in the off season she visits other racecourses, to keep in touch with owners and trainers. The fact that Arlington and Washington Park have been getting so many of the good horses—especially those from California—is due in no small measure to her efforts. She is expert at telephoning, too. Some weeks ago, she rang up George Odom at Belmont, reminded him that his Poly Hi was eligible for the Arlington Lassie Stakes, and suggested that he send her to Chicago. He did, and, as you may remember, Poly Hi won. Mrs. Everett's husband, Webb, was racing secretary at Santa Anita for many years, and is now vice-president and general manager of Golden Gate Fields. They were married last January.

IT was impossible to work up much enthusiasm about the Hopeful Stakes, which rang the curtain down at Saratoga, because it brought out the poorest lot of two-year-olds in the annals of the fixture. Rose Trellis, the winner, had one minor race to his credit, and those behind him were not much more impressive. I suppose it's just one of those years.

Returning to Belmont was pleasant, as it always is. They were off and running on Labor Day before a crowd of more than fifty thousand. I fancy that Tick Tock, who was fifth to Itobe in the Fall Highweight Handicap that day, had just the right sort of gallop to wind him up for the Sysonby on Saturday. At any rate, he beat Reneged, Ricci Tavi, and Riley in a neck-and-neck finish. —AUDAX MINOR

•

2 Superman
4 President Eisenhower
"Night of Terror"
—*TV listing in the Salt Lake City (Utah) Tribune.*

That budget again, probably.

What's really new in music?

these exciting classics

these songs & sounds

these listening albums

THE ORCHESTRA
STOKOWSKI

Stokowski conducts 8 works featuring the *sections* of the orchestra, alone and in combination. Superb hi-fi sound.* **No. 8385**

this is Nat "King" Cole

A wonderful collection of recent Nat "King" Cole favorites... arranged and conducted by Nelson Riddle. **No. 870**

JACKIE GLEASON presents VELVET BRASS

Jackie's romantic, danceable album featuring trumpets, trombones, French horns, solo sax: rich, subdued *brass!* **No. 859**

IMPRESSÕES DO BRASIL
Laurindo Almeida / guitar Ray Turner / piano

The infinitely listenable Spanish guitar! Brazilian-born Almeida plays exotic music of Brazil by Villa-Lobos, others. **No. 8381**

The man I love
Peggy Lee
with orchestra conducted by
Frank Sinatra

Peggy Lee sings, Frank Sinatra conducts, arrangements by Nelson Riddle. Star-packed hi-fi album of love ballads. **No. 864**

IT CAN'T BE WRONG
RON GOODWIN

The stylings of one of Europe's top arrangers, recorded in England. Romantic, ultra-smooth, *very* continental. **No. 10078**

OVERTURE!
THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
CONDUCTED BY FELIX SLATKIN

The Hollywood Bowl Orchestra: Tchaikovsky's *1812*, Rossini's *William Tell*, Suppé's *Light Cavalry, Poet and Peasant.* **No. 8380**

FRED WARING AND THE PENNSYLVANIANS IN HI-FI

Dry Bones, I Hear Music, Sleep, over a dozen more! All-time Waring hits newly recorded in brilliant hi-fi!* **No. 845**

THE GEORGE SHEARING QUINTET AND ORCHESTRA
Black Satin

The satin-smooth Shearing sound sets the mood for any love affair. The Quintet with rich orchestral backing.* **No. 858**

New high-fidelity albums by Capitol RECORDS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**Also available on Capitol Stereo Tape*

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

BEHIND THE GLASS PANEL

THE Arab village of Beit Safafa, in Palestine, lies, like Jerusalem itself, partly within the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan and partly within the State of Israel. This circumstance hermetically seals off one side of the village from the other, because there is a panel of fear between the two countries that is like the glass panel of a tank in a public aquarium. Whichever side you stand on, your companions, palpably human, say, "Regard the savage morays on the other side of the glass." And each side describes the morays' implacable and unprovoked ferocity.

While I was in the Israeli port of Tel Aviv in March, I became a habitual customer of a taxi-driver named Sammy, and when I presently moved on to Jerusalem, Israel, I engaged him to take me there. On the way, he said, "I look on the globus and I don't find Israel, it is so small, and I say to myself, 'How can be so much trouble by so a small country?' All we are begging is a small piece bed to lie our head, and even this the Arabs are grudging us." He was a third-generation Palestinian Jew, and his English, learned in the British Royal Army Service Corps during the Second World War, was more fluent than that of the young soldiers, of both sexes, whom we picked up along the road and carried to their various destinations. Though the youngsters had been exposed to English in school, they had about the same confidence and vocabulary in it that an American high-school student has in French. The good linguists in Israel are those still speaking their original European languages, plus a couple of other languages they learned before immigrating.

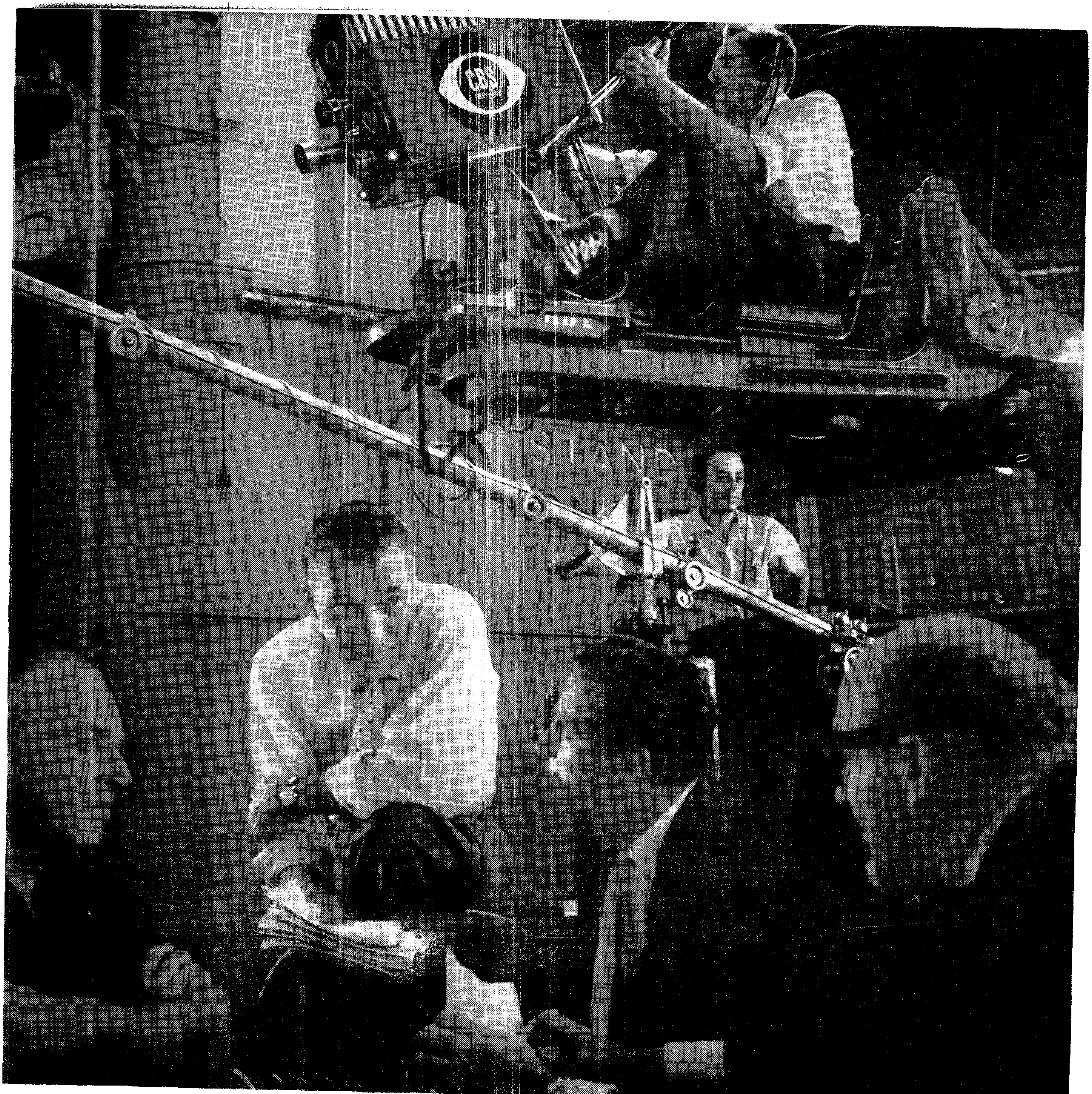
Sammy never failed to call to my attention the burned-out chassis of Israeli vehicles shot up by the Arabs during the Arab-Israeli war of 1948 and left by the side of the highway to inspire patriotic reflections. But I had to ask him the names of the deserted Arab villages we passed, with their eyeless cubical stone cabins on crumbling terraces ranged on the hillsides. He was a very decent man; it had just never occurred to him that anybody could be interested in misfortunes that weren't Jewish misfortunes.

In the Israeli half of Jerusalem the next morning, I acquired a driver named Joseph, also a native Palestinian with a Royal Army Service Corps hitch behind him, who took cognizance of at least one unhappy event antedating 1948. Driving me to the top of one hill, he pointed to another and said, "Over there is the Tzenaculum, where Christ got it the Last Supper before he was Crossifiedet." Then he drove me to Ramat Rahel, a *kibbutz* on the edge of the Israeli part of the city, which he said had been taken seven times—first by one side and then by the other—during the fight for Jerusalem. The ritual number is seven in that kind of military anecdote. In this case, though, if Ramat Rahel had changed hands just seven times, it would have remained in the hands of the Arabs—the original attackers—as it obviously had not. Joseph must have meant it had been taken and *re*taken seven times—fourteen changes in all.

From Ramat Rahel we had a splendid view of Bethlehem, behind the glass panel to the southeast, and saw a number of what Joseph plainly considered sinister General Motors products, piloted by enemy morays, as they glided along their inhuman road between the Jordanian part of Jerusalem and the Church of the Nativity. Joseph next drove me to a spot where, the previous autumn, an international congress of archeologists had been machine-gunned from the Jordanian side of the line, with several resultant fatalities. He did not judge it necessary to tell me that the Israelis had refused to credit Jordan's explanation that the shooting was done by one psychotic soldier, and that they had retaliated by conducting an Army raid into another part of Jordan, in which they killed twenty-five Jordanians and blew up a school, and that the Jordanians had then ambushed two cars in Israel and killed five Israelis, and

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
TASTE 25

"Now, you're sure this is very nice? We have an educated palate coming for dinner."



Ed Sullivan as photographed by Arnold Newman on the set of his CBS television show

Ed Sullivan produces TV's biggest show with telegrams

When Ed Sullivan and his staff sit down to map out production details for Sunday evening's ED SULLIVAN SHOW, the telegram is very much in evidence. Says Mr. Sullivan: "From clearing last-minute production changes with the whole CBS network to signing a guest star at the other end of the country, we get it *in writing—fast—* with the telegram. As a matter of fact, the telegram often serves as a contract." Yes, in show business—in *any* business—it's always smart to put it *in writing*—with telegrams.

More than a million times a day, business finds it wise to wire. Telegrams quote prices, confirm orders, route shipments. Speed plus the written record make the telegram essential to American business.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

ON ANY OCCASION ...

IT'S WISE TO WIRE!

that all these incidents had been followed by an accelerating alternation of violences until, just when it seemed that Israel and the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan must go to war, Israel attacked Egypt instead. Perhaps he thought I knew already, just as Kentuckians fifty years ago assumed that properly educated visitors kept track of the Hatfields and the McCoys.

Joseph was a big, happy man, and while he was carting me between points of patriotic interest he made me feel good by his unfaked exuberance. His high spirits probably had a glandular origin, but they had been additionally stimulated by the Israeli blitz in the Sinai Peninsula. He had taken part in it, as a sergeant commanding a group of Bren-gun carriers, which are small, semi-armored vehicles, each mounting a machine gun. It had been a romp of the sort that makes any army feel invincible, the way the German Army felt after the breakthrough in the Ardennes in 1940, or the way ours felt in Normandy in 1944, when the troops bowled along with hardly time to direct voluntary prisoners of war to the cages in the rear. Describing how he had accepted the surrender of an Egyptian major who had begged to be received as a prisoner, Joseph told me, "He said, 'I have no water! Don't let me die of thirst in the desert!' They had no water bottles, no knives—could you imagine?"

This helped me more than anything I had heard up to then to picture those *nouveau-riche* Egyptian armed forces, who had their Czech tank transporters and Russian jet planes, bought by mortgaging next year's cotton, but had no canteens or jackknives, because the Russians had forgotten to tell them that those, too, were necessary. It made me think of a fellow who hires a standard Ascot outfit of topper, morning coat, and striped trousers but hasn't sense enough to put a handkerchief in his pocket on his own.

"I hollered, 'Jump in!' " Joseph said. (Being a native Palestinian, he had been able to speak to his prisoner in Arabic.) "I took him back to my lieutenant. The lieutenant hollered, 'What are you bringing me? Another donkey? Didn't I told you not to bring me more prisoners? How will they be fooded? Ben-Gurion will have to make a *schnur* in the United States to food them!' " "*Schnur*" is a Yiddish, not a Hebrew, word for a begging quest, but that is the word Joseph used. "Of course, a few of our boys got killed, that got losted," he continued. "But the most casualties we had was from some of these French planes that was supposed to be helping us. They shot up one of our columns." He detonated a great charge of laughter. "If Egypt took us four days, how long do you think would last Jordan?" he said. "They been so quiet since. The Israeli soldier is the best soldier in the Middle East."

BEIT SAFAFA lies at the foot of the ridge on which Ramat Rahel stands, and from its Jordanian side the view is reversed. The new buildings of expanding Jerusalem, Israel, seem to march down the hill toward the village, like urban New York closing in on the last farmers of the environs. The Arabs of Beit Safafa find it hard to believe that when the city reaches the demarcation line established by the armistice of 1949, the encroachment will stop. Meanwhile, it dismays them to watch the new housing eat up the olive groves and scrubby fields on the Israeli side that used to belong to them—and that they still hope to recover, even though the big buildings would appear to stand as symbols that the loss is irrevocable. When the buildings reach the boundary, there will remain not even hope among the Jordanian Beit Safafans that in some future, improbable, friendlier time they will regain the right to cross the line daily into Israel and cultivate their former farm lands. These are now being held in custody for the proprietors by the Israeli Ministry of Development, but the owners of the land, being in an enemy country, get no rent money, and when they are in realistic mood, they doubt they ever will.

This reversed view is the sort of thing that a man with more faith in his imagination might have figured out for himself, without going around to see, but I made a detour of about two thousand miles to have a first-hand look. From Israel, I journeyed to Athens, as the most convenient place to get a visa to Lebanon, in whose capital, Beirut, I hoped to be able to get a visa for Jordan. From Athens, in May, I took a Greek ship, the Agamemnon, which touched at Alexandria and Port Said before landing me at Beirut, where, after undergoing luxurious vicissitudes, I finally got my visa for Jordan and took a plane for Amman, the kingdom's capital. In the twilight of June 4th, two months after checking out of the King David Hotel in Jerusalem, Israel, I stood on the Jordanian side of the second-widest lane in Beit Safafa, northwest of Bethlehem, looking across some railroad tracks at the section of Jerusa-

Elizabeth Arden's

New Fashion . . .

the lipstick dress

You love the Elizabeth Arden way of looking . . . fresh, young and natural . . . so you'll understand this soft stroke of wool chiffon flannel: slim as a lipstick, fully lined, perfectly simple and perfectly beautiful. In colors perfect with Elizabeth Arden's lipstick "New Fashion" (rouge and nail lacquer too) . . . smoke grey, red or blue-deep. An Elizabeth Arden exclusive in sizes 10 to 18 at 90.00

Elizabeth Arden Salon

691 fifth avenue • plaza 9-2940
boston • philadelphia • washington
chicago • san francisco • hollywood
surfside miami • miami beach

SHERRY HAS A MIND OF ITS OWN

PHOTO: HANS NAMUTH

o one ever knows how a batch of sherry will rn out. It may be good or bad, sweet or dry, ale or gold. But one thing HARVEY'S *does* now. There is never much of the unique *loroso,* known the world over as HARVEY'S RISTOL CREAM. This is why we have never en able to ship quite as much as America ants. Curiously however, in England, where e drink much more sherry, HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK, famous in history and literature for over 300 years, far outsells the Cream. We urge you to try it. Altogether there are three HARVEY'S BRISTOL SHERRIES and no others can touch them. By world-wide judgment, each is "best of breed." One of the handsomest gestures a host can make is to offer his guests the choice of all three. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS, U.S.A.

HARVEY'S BRISTOL CREAM®
World's supreme luxury Sherry. Very fine, rich *Oloroso.* Limited supply.

HARVEY'S BRISTOL MILK®
Superlative golden *Oloroso.* Sweet and full bodied.

HARVEY'S BRISTOL DRY®
Incomparable *Fino*—dry and delicious. The perfect *aperitif.*

by appointment Wine Merchants
to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

HARVEY'S®

imported BRISTOL SHERRIES since 1796

R. H. STEARNS
and
DAVIDOW
ensemble
a
new tweed

John Barr
tweed, subtly
plaided . . . at
ease on two
continents.
Suit, $135
Coat, $155

R. H. Stearns
BOSTON • CHESTNUT HILL

lem that was now on the other side of the aquarium panel. The tracks, which lie in Israel, are part of a line that winds down to Tel Aviv from Jerusalem. The ride is said to be fun, but it consumes three hours, while the *sherut* taxis, which take on passengers as buses do, cover the distance between the two cities in an hour and a half. Consequently, most of the rail traffic is freight.

Palestine is not a region of wide thoroughfares, and the lane I was standing on in Beit Safafa is no exception, but at least it is a two-lane lane. A wriggle of barbed wire down its middle marks the line of schism. The obstacle cannot be called, even by the use of hyperbole worthy of an Egyptian journalist, anything so glorious as a fence. It is less than a yard high at the infrequent points where it gets into the air at all, but it has authority. Nobody steps across the wire by day, because it is watched from police posts in houses on both sides of the border. I was told that nobody crosses at night, either, because both sides are heavily patrolled, but there must be some smuggling. Foodstuffs are much cheaper on the Hashemite side than in Israel, a situation that offers an almost irresistible temptation to an unemployed or underemployed Arab to turn a princely profit, even at mortal risk, and in most villages like Beit Safafa, Jordan, the unemployed and the underemployed form the totality of the population. The best of the fields are lost, and so are the chances for daily work in the Israeli section of the city.

I was not alone as I stumbled down the stony slope from the outskirts of Jordanian Beit Safafa to the lane divided by the boundary wire. As civilian company I had two Palestine refugees—a Mr. Kadash, who was an assistant press officer in Jordan of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees, and an Armenian named Jack, wearing a khaki garrison cap bearing the bronze letters "UN," who was a driver for the agency and had brought us there from Amman in an UNRWA station wagon. Mr. Kadash, a Nazarene by birth, had owned a shop in Haifa, on the coast north of Tel Aviv, before the Arab-Israeli war, and Jack, the Armenian, was a short-distance refugee from the portion of Jerusalem now in Israel. Serving as my armed escort were two Jordanian policemen, wearing spiked helmets of the old Potsdam model but sheathed in khaki, so the spikes wouldn't reflect the sun. They had joined the three of us in the station wagon when we checked in at the Beit Safafa guard post, where I presented a

MARK, FORE & STRIKE

AUTUMNAL AUTOCRACY . . .
Elegant coordinates of our finest imported shetland in lush heather tones of lavender, blue, green or brown. Sizes 10 to 20. Bermuda shorts 18.95; Slim skirt, 21.50; Cardigan 16.50, Pullover 14.95. White challis shirt, embroidered to match shetland 21.50. Add 25c postage per item.

Write for FREE CATALOG
CHATHAM 9, MASS.
BRANCHES AT:
EASTHAMPTON • LONG ISLAND — DELRAY BEACH AND NAPLES • FLORIDA

HANSON
Dot
Weighs Accurately
On Any Surface

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT—
Exclusive new Hanson weighing mechanism. Will weigh accurately on carpet or uneven tile floor. Use it in your carpeted bedroom or bathroom or on any floor.

WHITE AND COLORS
$7.95

Has handle and stow-a-way wall hanging bracket.

HANSON SCALE CO. *(Est. 1888)* Northbrook, Ill.

military *laissez-passer* that I had obtained in Amman and that was signed by a second lieutenant of the Arab Legion—Jordan's regular army. I was also accompanied, unofficially, by an eager secondary-school student, who had struck up an acquaintance with me when I entered the village, and by almost a score of other boys, up to sixteen years old, who had joined the party before we reached the lane. Many of the houses still standing in Beit Safafa, Jordan—like those in Ramat Rahel, Israel—bear traces of war damage, and the eager student, whose name was Mohammed Eli Hassan, told me that the place had been taken and retaken several times during the war. "But the people here were strong," he said, in English. "The Jordanian soldier is the best soldier in the Middle East." He himself could not have been more than eight at the time of the fighting.

Our path down the slope ran between stone houses and their adjacent garden plots, laid out on terraces. Terracing in eastern, or Jordanian, Palestine is a hard kind of farming but the only kind left to the villagers since they lost the fields. Not only do the terraces hold patches of earth in place but their walls provide a repository for the stones that the plow encounters everywhere. "Judea is one accumulation of stones," Herman Melville wrote a hundred years ago, in his "Journal of a Visit to Europe and the Levant." "In many places laborious attempt has been made, to clear the surface of these stones. . . . But in vain; the removal of one stone only serves to reveal there stones still larger, below it. . . . The toes of every one shoes are all stubbed to pieces with the stones. They are seldom a round kind of an stone; but sharp, flinty & scratchy." Melville's lithophobia was exacerbated by his acquaintance with rural New England, from which he was soon to take refuge on the island of Manhattan; he drew from the stony nature of the Judean country mystic inferences about its eternal cursedness. But his observation was perfect.

As we stood in the lane, women in embroidered dresses were winnowing lentils on the terrace just above us, repeatedly throwing the chopped-up plants into the wind to separate the seeds from the lighter bits of stalk and leaf. When, at last, they had most of the lentils free of chaff, they winnowed the chaff for the few odd seeds that might be left in it.

As we stood in the lane looking over toward Israel, the senior policeman, with Mr. Kadash acting as interpreter,

STYLE 242
STYLE 209

The Taylor-Made Shoe

Taylor's swagger touch in

BURNT IVORY

Taylor's hand-burnished Burnt Ivory leather conveys an unmistakable impression of custom character. This magnificent tannage adds immeasurably to the appeal of the new Saddle Hitch slip-on and Chukka Stivale . . . Taylor-Made masterpieces for the man who enjoys a touch of swagger. Burnt Ivory styles sell for $17. to $20.

taylor made

AT YOUR LOCAL TAYLOR MERCHANT OR WRITE E. E. TAYLOR CORP., DEPT. AN, FREEPORT, MAINE

BONWIT TELLER
Manhasset

Jr. Tweed Changeling... our versatile wool suit by Briarbrook. Two-timer belt switches from smooth calf to twist of tweed. Interfaced jacket keeps perfect shape over slim skirt. Sizes 7 to 15, gray or brown, 55.00. Mail or phone orders filled. Junior Suits

New York Manhasset White Plains
Chicago Cleveland Boston

began to explain the anomalies of the situation to me. The man who lived in the house with the lentil terrace, he said, was a son of a man who lived ten yards away, in Israel. They could not meet, and there were similar intrafamilial separations throughout the village. The mosque, new in 1947, was on the Israeli side of the line and had been secularized. A tuberculosis hospital was traversed by the demarcation line so that thirty per cent of it was in Israel and seventy per cent in Jordan. The hospital had been abandoned. The student, Mohammed Eli, struck in to tell me that on one side of the line was a fig tree whose fruit fell on the other.

I said, by way of consolation, "It is a good thing that the families can at least talk to each other," but my remark, when it was translated, brought a roar of laughter from my Beit Safafa companions. The policeman replied, and Mr. Kadash told me, "He says it is strictly forbidden to speak between them. If a person on this side speaks, the police here arrest him, even if the person is a woman or a child, and if a person over there talks, the Israeli police arrest him. That is communication with the enemy."

I remembered that, a week before my arrival in Amman, the Royal Government of Jordan had hanged four Jordanians convicted of giving military information to the Israelis. Beirut newspapers had carried pictures of one of the men being hanged outside Amman's leading hotel, the Philadelphia. During my stay on the other side, I had frequently read stories in the Jerusalem *Post* of the prosecution of Arabs in Israel on like charges. It was a stiff risk to run for the sake of yelling "How's Mama?"

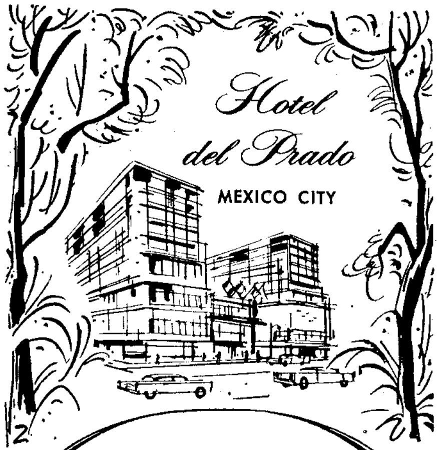
We walked slowly along the boundary line—the sharp, flinty & scratchy stones raising blisters through the soles of my shoes to the greater glory of Melville as a reporter. A first lieutenant and a sergeant of the Arab Legion, apprised of my exotic presence, came down to the lane to inspect us. The lieutenant, a graceful giant as big as the champions that the Saracens used to send out in the *chansons de geste* to oppose Ogier or Guillaume in single combat, wore British battle dress—with a British pistol attached to his belt by a lanyard—exactly like that of an Israeli or an Egyptian, but he topped it with the Legion *kuffiya*, a headdress that resembles a red-and-white checked tablecloth. The policemen, authoritative until then, seemed to contract in the presence of the Legionnaires. The

Yellow sapphire 14 kt gold ring
$175*

Sapphire cluster 14 kt gold ring
$155*

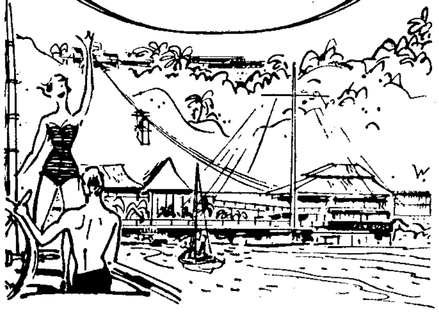
Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York 22, N. Y.

*Federal Excise Tax Included


Hotel del Prado
MEXICO CITY

In Mexico City and in Acapulco
Mexico's Distinguished Hotels offer
you their superior facilities and service

Prado Americas
ACAPULCO



For the man who is
never quite satisfied
with less than the best
Edgeworth
Executive Mixture

INTRODUCING

Edgeworth *Executive Mixture*

NATURAL TOBACCO AROMA . . . DELIGHTFULLY MILD

Truly worth the extra cost . . . Now with this new, wonderfully mild luxury pipe tobacco you can enjoy the rich taste of natural tobaccos blended without aromatics. Enjoy this skillful blend of the finest White Burleys, Golden Flake and rare red Virginia cut Cavendish. So delightfully mild—even cigarette smokers enjoy the change to this new experience in pipe smoking. Executive Mixture is on sale at fine tobacconists.

LARUS & BROTHER CO., INC., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA *"The Makers of Edgeworth"*

In Exclusive
"Mylar" pouch
Edgeworth
Executive Mixture
A LUXURY BLEND OF THE FINEST WHITE BURLEYS, GOLDEN
FLAKE AND RARE RED VIRGINIA TOBACCOS—CUT CAVENDISH

nothing
makes a woman
more
feminine
to a
man
L'AIMANT
PARFUM BY
COTY
3.50 to 100.00 plus tax
Compounded and copyrighted by Coty, Inc., in U.S.A.

Legion has been the solid power in Jordan since King Hussein's self-assertion last April. The lieutenant inspected my *laissez-passer*, and was plainly unimpressed by the second lieutenant's signature. But he allowed us to continue, and he and the sergeant tailed us.

During the pause while the lieutenant was examining my pass, we had been joined—with the proximity of one horse to another in a photo finish—by an Israeli reconnaissance party. It was a boy of ten or twelve, who stood on the other side of the barbed wire—at that point merely a rusty heap on the ground. He was right at my elbow—much nearer the lieutenant and me than his contemporaries in Jordan were, since they were in the outer ring of our group. Nobody spoke to him, and he spoke to none of us.

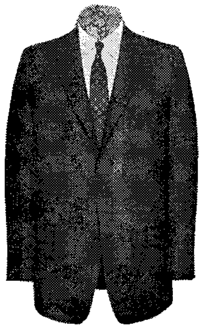
He was a handsome, well-fed boy, carefully dressed—like a kid on the upper West Side of Manhattan on a Sunday afternoon—in clean shorts and a purple-and-pink plaid gingham sports shirt. He looked well scrubbed, too. The boys on our side were neat enough, in their long pants—some had on slacks and some had on jeans—but they were a bit dusty, as if they had been chasing one another about on the way home from school, and perhaps doing a spot of wrestling. They might well have put the swell in his place if they had been all in the same country together.

We began walking again—my platoon on the Jordanian side of the lane and the boy on the other. He now pretended not to notice us, and we pretended not to notice him. He probably knew every one of the Jordanian boys by sight—and he certainly knew the cops and the soldiers—but he must have been curious about the three strangers. He couldn't ask about us, though. So he simply paralleled our course. He gave the impression that he was thinking of himself as a brave, solitary scout sticking to the flank of a raiding Indian band. They have Westerns in the moving-picture theatres on both sides of the line.

The boys on our side could not talk to him, although he was bound to know Arabic, and it was a safe bet that he knew English as well. But they could at least chatter among themselves, telling one another what they thought of him. "He's a Jewish boy," my secondary student remarked. "He speaks Jewish. He learns it in school."

Mr. Kadash suggested later that this was susceptible of another interpretation than the one I gave it. He said he

J. PRESS
ALL-PURPOSE ENGLISH
WOOLLEN SUITS



We have long sought to include within J. PRESS standards, Ready to Wear assortments of desirable clothing, in a price class at once attractive to undergraduates and to those whose needs for business wear are principally utilitarian. A new series of J. PRESS suits is now developed combining excellent British woollens with worthy tailoring. These suits are featured in handsome English Flannels, Barleycorns, and Herringbones — at the popular price of $75.

Travel Exhibit dates & Brochure upon request

STORES AT:—
262 York St.
New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St.
Cambridge
341 Madison Ave.
New York

NEW HAVEN ✱ CAMBRIDGE ✱ NEW YORK ✱ J.PRESS

NEW TARPOON CLOTH WRAPAROUND . . .

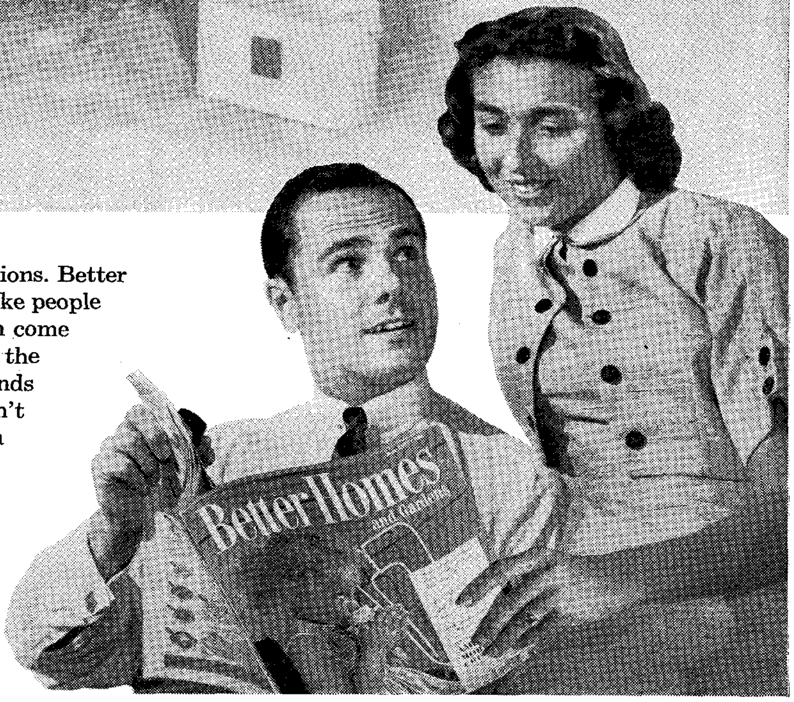
our most popular skirt for casual wear. Smooth fitting with generous back overlap and two handy pockets. Choice: Moss Green, Cinnamon or Sapphire
10 to 20
$10.95

Write for Free **CATALOG**

The Talbots
HINGHAM 15, MASS.

BRADFORD
Bachrach
Direct Colour
photographs of women
54 East 52nd Street, New York
PLaza 5-6233

There's nothing so powerful as an idea!



Some magazines specialize in news or fiction or fashions. Better Homes & Gardens specializes in *ideas*. Ideas that wake people up so their dreams of richer, happier family life can come true. None of the other major media creates quite the same kind of do-something-now mood. The husbands and wives (and their children) who read BH&G don't just *talk* about what they see in their favorite idea magazine. They *do* something about the ideas they see on every page.

The happy truth for *advertisers* is that there's nothing quite so powerful as an idea if you want to make a sale. And Better Homes & Gardens is as full of ideas as a supermarket is full of food! *Meredith of Des Moines . . . America's biggest publisher of ideas for today's living and tomorrow's plans*

1/3 of America reads BH&G the family idea magazine

Excello CONTINENTAL CORDS

can be found at these stores:

ALBANY, N. Y. · McManus & Riley
ATLANTA, GA. · Muse's
BIRMINGHAM, ALA. · Odum, Bowers & White
BOSTON, MASS. · Wm. Filene Sons
CHATTANOOGA, TENN. · Hardie-Caudle
CHICAGO, ILL. · Marshall Field & Co.
CINCINNATI, OHIO · Burkhardt Bros.
Mabley & Carew
CLEVELAND, OHIO · The Halle Bros. Co.
& Branches
Harry Jacobson
COLUMBUS, OHIO · The Union Co.
DALLAS, TEX. · E. M. Kahn & Co.
DENVER, COLO. · Anderson's, Inc.
DETROIT, MICH. · Hudson's—Downtown
Northland
Eastland
FORT WORTH, TEX. · Washer Bros.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. · Paul Steketee
& Sons Co.
HOUSTON, TEX. · Norton-Ditto
Sakowitz Bros.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND. · L. S. Ayres
LAS VEGAS, NEV. · Ronzone's
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. · Bullock's
LOUISVILLE, KY. · Rodes Rapier
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. · Juster Bros.
MISSOULA, MONT. · Angelos Men's Shop
NEW ORLEANS, LA. · Porter's
NEW YORK, N. Y. · Weber & Heilbroner
& Branches
Gimbel Bros. & Branches
PHILADELPHIA, PA. · Whitemore Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. · McFarlin Clothing Co.
ST. LOUIS, MO. · Famous-Barr—Downtown
Clayton
Southtown
Jennings
D. & J. Wilkinson
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH · Z.C.M.I.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. · City of Paris
Emporium
SEATTLE, WASH. · Leslie Hughes
SPRINGFIELD, ILL. · Arch Wilson
TULSA, OKLA. · Palace Clothiers
TUCSON, ARIZ. · Levy's
WASHINGTON, D. C. · Bruce Hunt
The Mode
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO · Squire Shop

Excello WHITE SHIRTS always available at $5, $5.95, $7.95, $10 and up.

thought my student meant that the boy on the other side of the wire was a Beit Safafan who, although now technically of Jewish nationality, was an Arab, and *had* to learn Hebrew in school. But I hold to my own theory. The Penrod across the wire looked to me to be indulging in Israeli scouting fantasies, rather than Pan-Arab fantasies. His mouth was screwed up, giving him an expression of great determination, and he scowled like Rock Cooper or Gary Hudson.

Our party stopped now and again to look out across the fields, and each time the boy stopped with us. A hundred yards away, beyond the railroad line, lay what remained of the Beit Safafans' fields and olive groves, and then came the new housing, encroaching on them.

"It is hard to see another man harvest your crops year after year," Mr. Kadash said. "There is understandable bitterness."

"And were there no Jews in the part of Beit Safafa that is in Jordan now?" I asked.

"Only one or two families," Mr. Kadash said. "And they got away."

Mr. Kadash is a Christian, like most Nazarenes. He is of a type I associate with shops and offices in Brussels or Lyon; short, plump under the waistcoat, with a large head, a wide upturned nose, a clipped mustache that follows the curve of the upper lip, and spectacles, he gives the total impression of a kind uncle in an illustrated book for children. He is a communicative and pacific man. There are more butterfish than morays on both sides of the glass panel.

When I said that I had seen enough, we turned back in the direction from which we had come, and the scout at our elbow continued to shadow us. "Maintaining contact with enemy force," I suspected he was mentally flashing back to headquarters, having now transformed himself into a corvette and us into a pack of Egyptian submarines. But even the reticence of a naval hero-Indian fighter has a limit, and soon the boy began to talk to himself in Arabic, keeping his eyes staring straight ahead on his path, to prove that he was not directing his remarks at us. He talked pretty loud.

"What is he saying?" I asked Mr. Kadash, who, after listening for a minute or two, replied, "He says, 'Oh, I bet that fellow with the "UN" on his hat isn't a Mixed Armistice Commission Military Observer inspecting the border! Oh, I just bet he isn't!' He means Jack, the driver."

The boys with us laughed in a more superior tone than ever. They were in on the secret; they knew better than the outsider. Naturally, they wouldn't let him in on it. Then one of them said something that made all the others roar.

"What did he say?" I asked Mr. Kadash.

"He said," Mr. Kadash translated, "'Isn't it funny—the fellow from America, which is so far away, is closer to us than the fellow across the street. We can *talk* to the fellow from America.'"

We came to our turning-off point and left the lane, and the scouting party steamed for home on his paint pony. Neither force had been guilty of illegal communication.

After we had scrambled up to the level where we had left the station wagon, the three of us from Amman said goodbye to the cops and the youngsters. I shook hands with each boy who was higher than my elbow, and promised faithlessly to write to each from New York. It was a slight acquaintance on which to demand correspondence, but they wanted the stamps.

Along the Jordanian-Israeli border there are a hundred and eleven towns and villages like Beit Safafa, which, collectively, have lost more than half the farming land they had before 1948, along with all or part of the normal market for their produce. The hundred and eleven communities now have a combined population of about a hundred and eighty thousand. The figures are UNRWA's. The villagers do not qualify as refugees for United Nations aid, because they still have their homes. According to sample surveys, however, a bare eleven per cent of them are fully self-supporting, and six per cent are only "moderately in need." The rest are immoderately necessitous. Two years ago, Henry Labouisse, the director of UNRWA, reported, "Qualitatively, the survey made it quite clear that basic food, or the money to buy it, was the most pressing need, assuming that present governmental and voluntary services continue." He estimated that it would cost about two million dollars annually to buy and distribute the essential food, even on a scale no higher than that of the regular refugee ration, which is a daily fifteen hundred calories per person. Since then, funds made available to UNRWA by members of the United Nations have diminished, and it has therefore been impossible to take on the extra burden. So the villagers live on in what Mr. Kadash called "understandable bitterness," bodies and

*the shirt that's tailored like a jacket...Excello

Exclusive in any company...the "Continental Cord", woven in New England by master craftsmen ...illustrated with the new and distinguished round collar or with a modified spread collar, both with French cuffs. $6.95 at the stores listed on the opposite page, and other fine stores everywhere. Other Excello Shirts from $5.95 to $18.50.

EXCELLO SHIRTS, Inc. *1115 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.*

NATURA® 95 ...OUR FABLED, ORIENTAL-LOOKING
SIMULATED PEARLS IN A 5-STRAND BAROQUE TWIST
SPACED WITH TINY GOLDEN RINGS, $35.
MABE EARRINGS, $5 ... NATURAL OR GRAY.
ALL PRICES PLUS FEDERAL TAX

AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE OR WRITE:
MARVELLA, 383 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
LOOK TO Marvella® FOR THE REAL LOOK

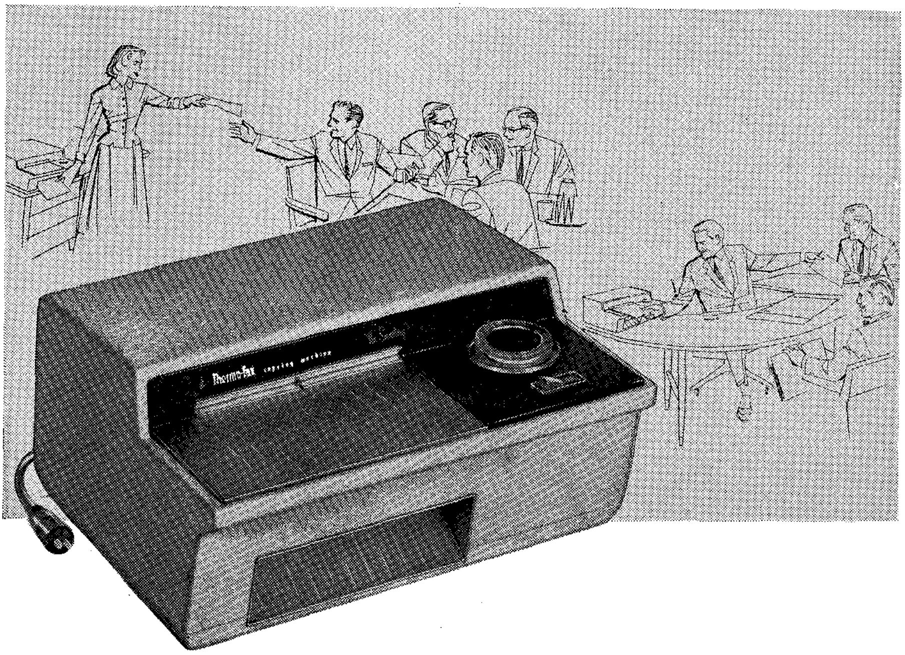
souls (the latter inevitably well curdled) held together by piecemeal help from the Near East Christian Council, the Lutheran World Federation, the International Christian Committee, the Pontifical Mission, the Save the Children Fund, and the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF).

THE boys of Beit Safafa put me in mind of some Jordanian Boy Scouts I had met in May, after they boarded the Agamemnon in Alexandria, where most of the ten or twelve other ships in the harbor were Yugoslav freighters calling for cotton or Russian tankers delivering Rumanian oil. The Scouts came aboard in the evening, while I was ashore, and in the morning, when I took my proprietary walk about the ship, the open decks were alive with them, all sporting red-and-white *kuffiyas*, which, in honor of the prowess of the Legion, have become national headgear in somewhat the same way Davy Crockett caps did elsewhere a couple of years ago. The crew had rigged tarpaulins for the Scouts to sleep under; they were deck passengers, bound for Beirut, whence they would go on home by plane. The Scouts were returning from a month-long tour of Egypt, sponsored by the Egyptian Ministry of National Guidance. When they left Jordan, there had been more photographs of Lieutenant-Colonel Nasser than of King Hussein on display in Amman; during their absence the King and the Royalist body of the Legion had turned the pro-Egyptian elected government out of office, but the Scouts, and even the Scoutmasters, who were the boys' instructors in the secondary schools of Amman and Salt, had not had time to digest the change. All the party came from east of the River Jordan, or what had been the pre-1948 Hashemite realm.

Many of the Scouts spoke English, and they deduced that I did, because I was carrying a Penguin edition of the Koran, translated by N. J. Dawood. I was first addressed by a boy who was also carrying a book—"Model Essays, for the General Certificate and Matriculation," by an anthologist named T. S. Jones. It was clear that he intended to bone up on English on the way home, and I looked like a chance for a workout. He asked me what I thought of the Koran, and I, with lightning diplomacy, said there seemed to be a lot to it.

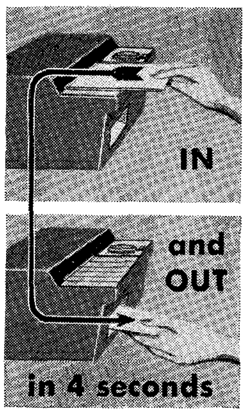
"You should read it in Arabic," the boy said. "But it is still more beautiful to hear. We have some records with us, and a portable gramophone." He pro-

Now! 4-second copying speed at a new low cost!



Copies business facts and figures as fast as you say, "No chemicals or negatives."

All-new and All-Electric! This modern, newly styled THERMO-FAX "Secretary" Copying Machine gives you copies of letters, statements, orders, invoices and other business data right when you need them. You make copies in 4 quick seconds for as little as 5¢ each. All-Electric machine eliminates chemicals, negatives and special installations. And now you get all these exclusive advantages of the only dry process copymaker for just $299.00*. Send coupon below for details.



Thermo-Fax® BRAND COPYING PRODUCTS

*Suggested retail price.

PRODUCT OF 3M COMPANY RESEARCH

The terms THERMO-FAX and SECRETARY are trademarks of Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., St. Paul 6, Minn. Gen. Export: 99 Park Ave, New York 16, N. Y. In Canada: P. O. Box 757, London, Ont.

Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Company
Dept. NM-9147, St. Paul 6, Minnesota

Send full details on the cost-cutting new THERMO-FAX "Secretary" Copying Machine.

Name______________________________
Company___________________________
Address____________________________
City____________ Zone_____ State_________

This is a REEVES fabric

Weather holds no problems in Reeves' handsome Heathcote, a finely woven combed cotton poplin, Zelan-treated for rain-repellency! Here, a stunning new coat designed with matching hat and tie belt in natural with black trim.

Styled by Tellshire

Peck & Peck, all Branches
I. Magnin & Co., California and Seattle
Or write Tellshire, Inc., 270 W. 38th St., N. Y. 18

Fabric by REEVES BROTHERS Inc., New York 18

nounced "records" in the British fashion, with the accent on the second syllable. I said I'd like very much to hear the records, and he agreed to play them for me later on.

"It is not like *this* book," the boy said, thrusting Mr. Jones' opus at my middle. "This one is full of lies. Listen to this," he went on scornfully, and he opened "Model Essays" to read aloud. "This is from an essay called 'The English Country,' from a book called 'On England,' by a man named Stanley Baldwin," he said. I told him Baldwin had been Prime Minister of Great Britain two or three times before the Second World War, and he said, "Of course, such a man *would* be. They are all liars." Then he read, " 'They [the English] go overseas, and they take with them what they learned at home: love of justice, love of truth, and the broad humanity that are so characteristic of English people.' " Turning to me, he demanded, "Is that not different to their actions?" He used "to" after "different," like an Englishman.

I saw that the statement was one well calculated to antagonize a member of any lesser breed beneath the sun who had to study it for a certificate, and I wondered if T. S. Jones could be a Russian agent. In support of that suspicion, I noted the titles of some "Suitable Essay Subjects" that were listed in the back of the book, the Boy Scout having pressed it upon me as evidence that he had not been making up what he read. The first suitable essay subject was "People I Have Seen on Top of a Bus." Others were "See England First," "The English Countryside and the Continental Countryside," "The Growth of the British Navy," and "Deep Sea Fishing." None of them seemed to have a red-hot Jordanian angle.

"I am an American," I said, to clear myself of responsibility for the Messrs. Baldwin and Jones, but the boy was ready for me.

"Please tell me why you Americans do not consider Colonel Nasser a great man," he said.

It was a hard question to answer. When I rallied, I said, "Because, when he has such a poor country, he wastes the national revenues by buying all those arms." I checked myself from adding "that he doesn't know how to use," since I was sure that I would get in answer the standard twenty-minute explanation of how Nasser had been about to exterminate the Israelis, whom he had lured into a trap by ordering his forward units to throw away their shoes and run, when the British and French

Safari in EAST AFRICA

For you, 'safari' in East Africa may mean hunting the world's finest game, with gun or camera, in the shadow of Tanganyika's Mt. Kilimanjaro. For others, perhaps, a visit to the exotic Island of Zanzibar; a trip by private car or air to the game-filled Queen Elizabeth National Park in Uganda; or deep sea or goggle fishing on Kenya's Indian Ocean seaboard. But whatever 'safari' means to you, your lifelong dreams will be realized in East Africa. Be sure to see it if you are coming to the African Continent.

For East African safari and tour folders

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or write Dept. B.

EAST AFRICA TOURIST TRAVEL ASSOCIATION

10 East 40th Street
New York 16, N.Y.

KENYA • TANGANYIKA • UGANDA • ZANZIBAR

From the Shetland Isles our
BRUSHED SHETLAND SWEATERS

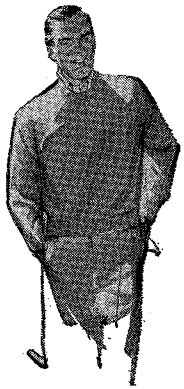
We feature what is probably the most complete selection hereabouts of these traditional shaggy Shetland sweaters. Hand-frame knitted for us in the Shetland Isles with the traditional crew neck, in eight most attractive colors: black-green, lovat green, natural, charcoal, medium grey, murat brown, black brown, tan marl. Sizes 38-46.

Also ladies' sizes 12-18.

$13.50

Mail orders: specify size and color. Add 50c mailing cost. No C.O.D.'s, please.

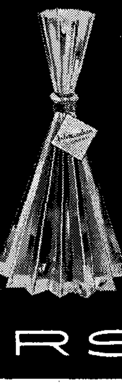
Fenn-Feinstein of NEW HAVEN
Tailors and Furnishers
9 EAST 49th ST. NEW YORK
264 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN



Intoxication

perfume . . .
toilet water

D'ORSAY



treacherously intervened. I was sure no professional officer in the Jordanian Army believed this, but the Boy Scouts might not be so cynical.

"Egypt is not a poor country," the boy proudly corrected me. "That is another imperialist lie. We have been in Egypt for a month, we have visited the ancient monuments and the sites of the irrigation projects, we have seen the war ruins in Port Said, and we have been entertained in Cairo and Alexandria, and all for twelve Jordanian pounds [about thirty-three dollars] apiece, including our transportation both ways by boat and plane. Where else can you get so much for your money?"

I thought of the story of the Mexican who asked the American tourist why he wasted time travelling when, as he put it, "I have heard that in your United States drawing rooms on trains are free, the best hotels are free—with breakfast in bed free—restaurants are free, night clubs are free, clothes are for nothing." The American asked if he had ever been in the United States, to which the Mexican replied, "Not me—my sister." But I didn't tell the story, because I felt sure that the Boy Scout would not recognize the analogy.

Another Scout joined us—a brown-haired Slavic type, whose facial fuzz had just reached the stage at which a boy can't decide whether people will laugh at him more for leaving it on or for shaving it off. Together, they told me that it was too bad the Jewish vote controlled the United States—otherwise there would be nothing to restrain the United States from executing elementary justice by abolishing Israel. I told them the Israelis claimed that the United States was under the control of the oil companies, and so always favored the Arabs. Then, carrying the war to them, I asked what they thought of events in Jordan during their absence. They said that from what they had read in the Egyptian papers the situation was very bad.

"We approved of the King while he acted like the Queen of England," the first boy said. "A constitutional monarch is O.K. But now he wants to be an eighteenth-century monarch."

"A feudal autocrat," the other boy said. "Like Ibn Saud."

"All the Arab world must someday be one nation," the first boy said. "But the politically mature states must lead the way."

I asked him to rank the Arab states in order of political maturity, and he said, "Syria and Egypt, excellent. Saudi Arabia, medieval. Iraq, bad. Lebanon,

BASEBALL
TODAY
MORGAN
DENNIS

A Big Hit!

When it comes to the enjoyment of Scotch Whisky, Black & White is a big hit throughout the world. That's because its quality and character never change!

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

SCOTCH W
BLACK & WHITE
JAMES BUCHANAN
GLASGOW, SCOT
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
JAMES BUCHANAN & CO. LTD
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
"BLACK & WHITE"
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
86.8 PROOF
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
James Buchanan & Co Ltd
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U.S.A.
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

You can make your trip to

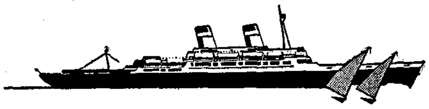
EUROPE THIS FALL WORTH MORE!

MANY of the most interesting, unusual events of the year take place only during Europe's golden, carefree Autumn! Samples: the sumptuous Gastronomic Fair at *Dijon,* the famous musical festival at *Besancon,* the colorful gypsy fete of "Les Trois Maries" in *Provence,* the rollicking Oktoberfest at *Munich!* There's the lovely Flower Market at *Nice,* bull-fighting in Spain and medieval pageantry in Italy.

AN ATTRACTIVE NEW BOOKLET just published by American Export Lines gives up-to-the-minute information about the colorful events coming up in Europe this Fall and how best to reach them. For a free copy of *European Festivals, Fall 1957,* see your Travel Agent . . . or send coupon below to

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES
39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

S.S. INDEPENDENCE – S.S. CONSTITUTION – the 4 ACES
The Sunlane Route to Europe's Mediterranean Gateways



Box 405, American Export Lines
39 Broadway, N. Y. 6, N. Y.
Please send me your free illustrated booklet, *European Festivals, Fall 1957.*

*Name*________________
*Address*________________
*City*________ *State*________
*My Travel Agent is*________________

very bad. All Palestine must be included in our nation. The Jews must go. It is an Arab land."

Then both began to quiz me about their chances of obtaining scholarships in the United States. They said that very few were available to young Jordanians. It would have been hard for me to explain how Nasser, who I had just said was broke, could afford to underwrite "educational" junkets in Egypt for swarms of boys from other Arabic-speaking countries while the United States offered opportunities for only a handful of picked students to visit it. I knew from past experience that they would put any rationalizations I might make down to niggardliness or lack of foresight, and these are not qualities that I would like to have them think of as American. Anyway, if they wanted to learn about the United States they could always go to the movies.

The fuzzy-cheeked boy said he came from one of the oldest families of settlers in Amman, which was still a village when the Emir Abdullah established his capital there, thirty-six years ago. The emirate, set up under the name of Transjordan, became the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan in 1946, and the same Abdullah was its first king. "When my family moved there, Amman had only a spring and a few trees," the boy said. "They were from Cherkess, in the Caucasus"—that explained his Slavic look—"and the Russians had driven them from their country. They were refugees."

"Do you feel at home in Amman now?" I asked him. "Do you feel like a Jordanian?"

He replied that he did, and I said, "But I thought the descendants of refugees never felt at home, no matter where they were born, until they got back the land of their ancestors. That is what the Arab politicians say when Westerners talk about compensation and resettlement for the Arab refugees from Palestine. Why don't you form an Arab League to take the Caucasus back from the Russians?" The boy just laughed at that, and I think it is the only time I have ever come near winning an argument with anybody sixteen years old.

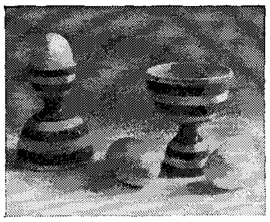
The British, under the League of Nations mandate, organized a system of public education in Palestine, and also what schools there were in Transjordan, and, for lack of any other system, British influence on education remained strong in Eastern Palestine and Transjordan, which constitute the present Hashemite Kingdom. The Jor-

The VENICE
Made in Italy by Barbisio

A new lightweight hat for town or travel. Italian craftsmen are experts at producing soft, supple felt hats
Medium grey, tan, charcoal brown with black band, willow green
$16.50

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK

LA CUISINIÈRE, INC.



CORNISHWARE
DOUBLE EGGCUP
CHEERFUL
BLUE AND WHITE
$1.65 ea. pp.

Other Pieces Available
Full Supply and New Pieces In April
Write For Free Catalogue
133 EAST 55th ST., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

Connoisseurs prefer
Asbach Uralt Brandy
from the Rhine
8 yrs old · 80 Proof

German Distilleries Ltd., 175 Riverside Drive, N. Y.

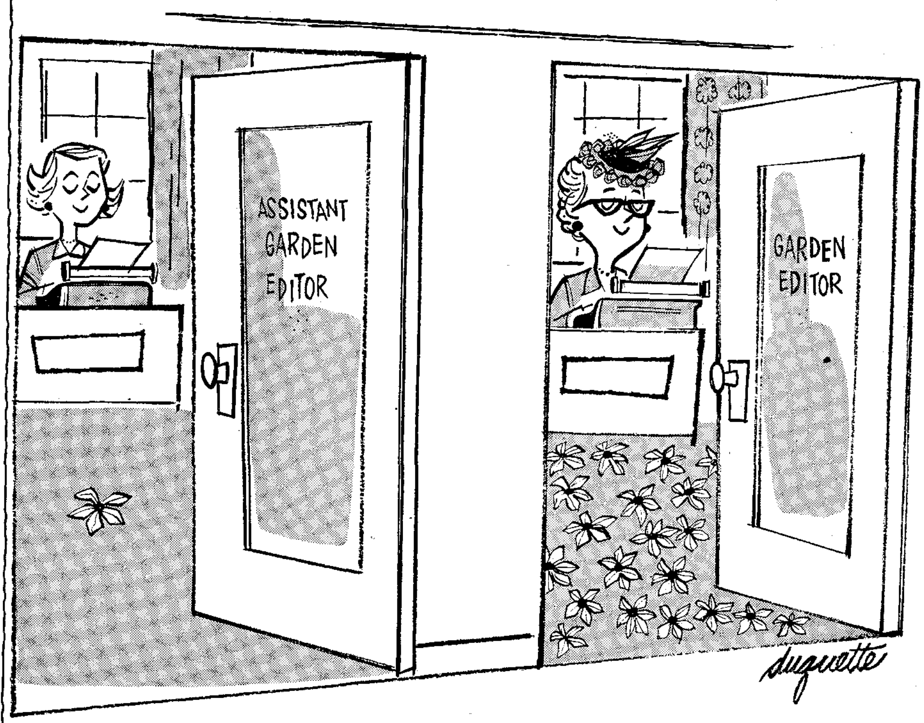
danians have not had time to change the orientation of their schools, or their Army, since the first hasty decision to get rid of British tutelage early last year. That, I suppose, is how the late Mr. Baldwin and "See England First" have hung on in the Jordanian curriculum.

AFTER leaving the Beit Safafa boys and the two cops, Mr. Kadash, Jack, and I gave the Legionnaires a lift to their billet, half a mile down the road toward Jerusalem, Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. To get to that Jerusalem, which includes the Walled, or Holy, City, from Jordanian Beit Safafa, which lies south of the much larger Israeli Jerusalem, one goes down to Bethlehem and then follows a highway, built since 1948, that skirts the whole eastern face of Jerusalem, Israel. It is a twenty-minute drive that way, instead of the five-minute drive it used to be when one could travel in a straight line across what was a single city. The road crosses or parallels a number of desolate gulches honeycombed with caves that once sheltered dogmatic and antisocial prophets but are now occupied by *nawar*, or gypsies.

The *nawar* are not Moslems, except in a tenuously nominal way, and they have their own language, although, of course, they speak Arabic for business purposes. They call themselves not *nawar*, which, I have been told, is the Arab word, but *khoro*, a word that has a Borrovian ring to me. The gypsies should have been confident of preferential treatment in Israel, since they were one of the two races proscribed by Hitler in Europe, but all of them came over the line into the Arab world during the war in 1948. Doubtless it offered a larger scope for their specialties—dancing, telling fortunes, and trading donkeys and camels at the weekly markets. In the Old City, where they are tinkers, broom-makers, and street peddlers, they even have a quarter named for them.

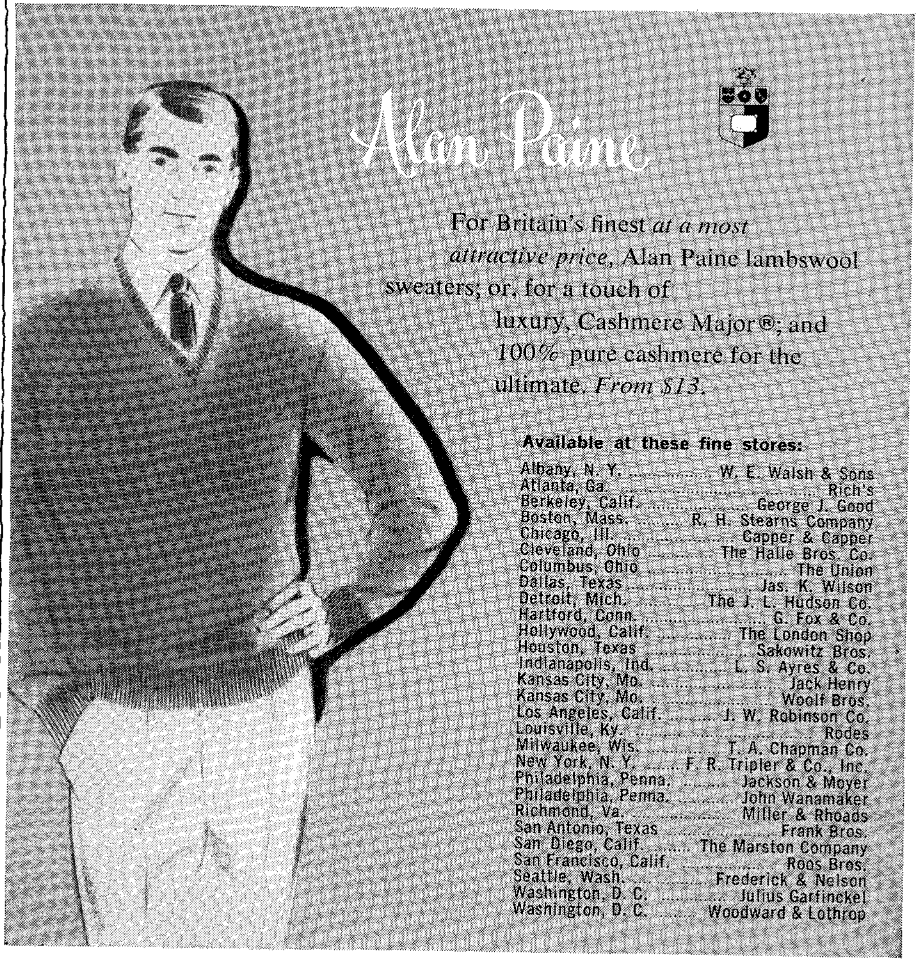
Before I left Jordan, I talked with a *nawari* who was an attendant at a filling station. He looked like a Harlem Cuban—darker than any Palestinian Arab—and had a hawk nose and effulgent white teeth, except for one, in front, which was of gleaming gold. He was wearing blue coveralls, with the word "Esso" stitched on them in red, and a stocking cap, probably to hold his hair in place. With an English-speaking Arab translating, I asked him whether the *nawar* maintained relations with gypsies in other countries. By way of reply, he said that he had once been

(*Advertisement*)



A title on the door... rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Plain *or* fancy—you can depend on a Bigelow carpet to bring your office comfort, quiet and distinction. Special designs, colors and textures available. Call any Bigelow district office, or Contract Dept., 140 Madison Ave., New York City. Bigelow... fine rugs and carpets since 1825.


Alan Paine

For Britain's finest *at a most attractive price*, Alan Paine lambswool sweaters; or, for a touch of luxury, Cashmere Major®; and 100% pure cashmere for the ultimate. *From $13.*

Available at these fine stores:

Albany, N. Y.	W. E. Walsh & Sons
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Berkeley, Calif.	George J. Good
Boston, Mass.	R. H. Stearns Company
Chicago, Ill.	Capper & Capper
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Ohio	The Union
Dallas, Texas	Jas. K. Wilson
Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Hollywood, Calif.	The London Shop
Houston, Texas	Sakowitz Bros.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Kansas City, Mo.	Woolf Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif.	J. W. Robinson Co.
Louisville, Ky.	Rodes
Milwaukee, Wis.	T. A. Chapman Co.
New York, N. Y.	F. R. Tripler & Co., Inc.
Philadelphia, Penna.	Jackson & Moyer
Philadelphia, Penna.	John Wanamaker
Richmond, Va.	Miller & Rhoads
San Antonio, Texas	Frank Bros.
San Diego, Calif.	The Marston Company
San Francisco, Calif.	Roos Bros.
Seattle, Wash.	Frederick & Nelson
Washington, D. C.	Julius Garfinckel
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop

For other stores, write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC. 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16

So...

you get caught in the rain...

What's a little rain when clothes are protected by General Electric silicones? Garments treated with a finish containing G-E silicones laugh off the rain...keep their shape...shrug off water-borne stains such as coffee, tea and fruit juices.

Look for clothes with the *G-E silicone tag* in all the finer stores. Ask for it—it's your assurance of the "plus" value you always associate with General Electric.

Durable
GENERAL ELECTRIC
Silicones
which give
• spot and stain resistance
• lasting water repellency
• luxurious feel and drape

This tag identifies a garment with superior water repellency, spot and stain resistance.

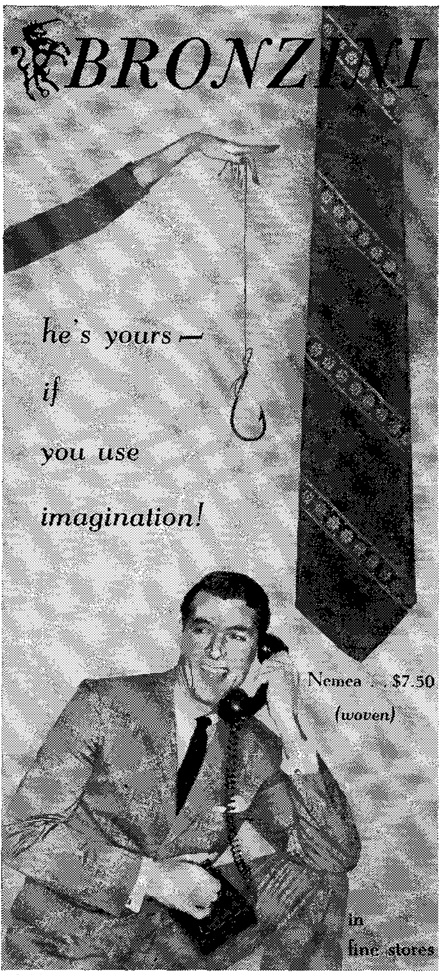
GENERAL ELECTRIC

as far from home as Beirut, where he found that he could communicate with the Lebanese gypsies in the gypsy tongue, even though they had a different accent—"like Scotch to English," my translator said. Some of them had told the filling-station gypsy that their ancestors migrated to Lebanon from Turkey, which would make the *nawar* a branch of the Balkan gypsies, like the ones who have established themselves in America. The filling-station gypsy then began to talk with animation, and the Arab said he wanted to know why I was asking all those questions. "He asks are you a *nawari*, too?" the Arab told me.

On the evening of our return from Beit Safafa, however, Mr. Kadash and Jack had no time to go hunting gypsies with me. It was dusk, and we intended to drive back to Amman that night, but each of my companions had planned a visit with relatives in the Old City before we left. "The Old City" is no longer a completely accurate label for Jerusalem, Jordan, as contrasted with Jerusalem, Israel, because the Jordanian Jerusalem now has an extramural, post-1948 hotel-and-shopping quarter that is as new and shiny as anything on the Israeli side. Mr. Kadash's relatives and Jack's, however, lived within the walls that were erected by Sultan Suleiman in 1542 and that follow the lines of those put up by the Romans in the second century. About forty-five thousand inhabitants of Jordanian Jerusalem live in the Walled City and about the same number outside, while Jerusalem, Israel, has a population of a hundred and fifty thousand. With the Nazarene and the Armenian, I finally entered the walls that, back in March, I had seen every morning from my window in the King David Hotel—six hundred yards away but in another world.

The walls broke the hot breeze prevailing outside, and within them it was merely close. The place had a cribbing, womb-like quality. The ancient and medieval concept of the city as home and nation in one is easier to understand within such walls. The city then was a house around a man's house, in which his fellow-citizens lived so close to him that he never lost the smell of them. It was like belonging to a ship's company in a crowded forecastle.

By day, the Holy City is a religious exhibit, with multilingual wall plaques marking the Stations of the Cross, and Moslem adolescents hustling olivewood rosaries to have blessed at the Holy Sepulchre for take-home gifts. "Make a hit with your Catholic friends back



COFFIN

LONDON HOUSE
Chicago MICHIGAN & WACKER
Man cannot live by steak alone . . . even our own! So make a date tonight with
ANDRE PREVIN
no cover, minimum or amusement tax

MERCEDES-BENZ
On display for immediate delivery:
The new 190, 219, and 220S Sedans, 190SL Roadster and Hardtop, 220S Convertible and Coupe.
BRYN MAWR MERCEDES
Packard-Studebaker Co.
701 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Overseas delivery arranged by F. C. Ditmars

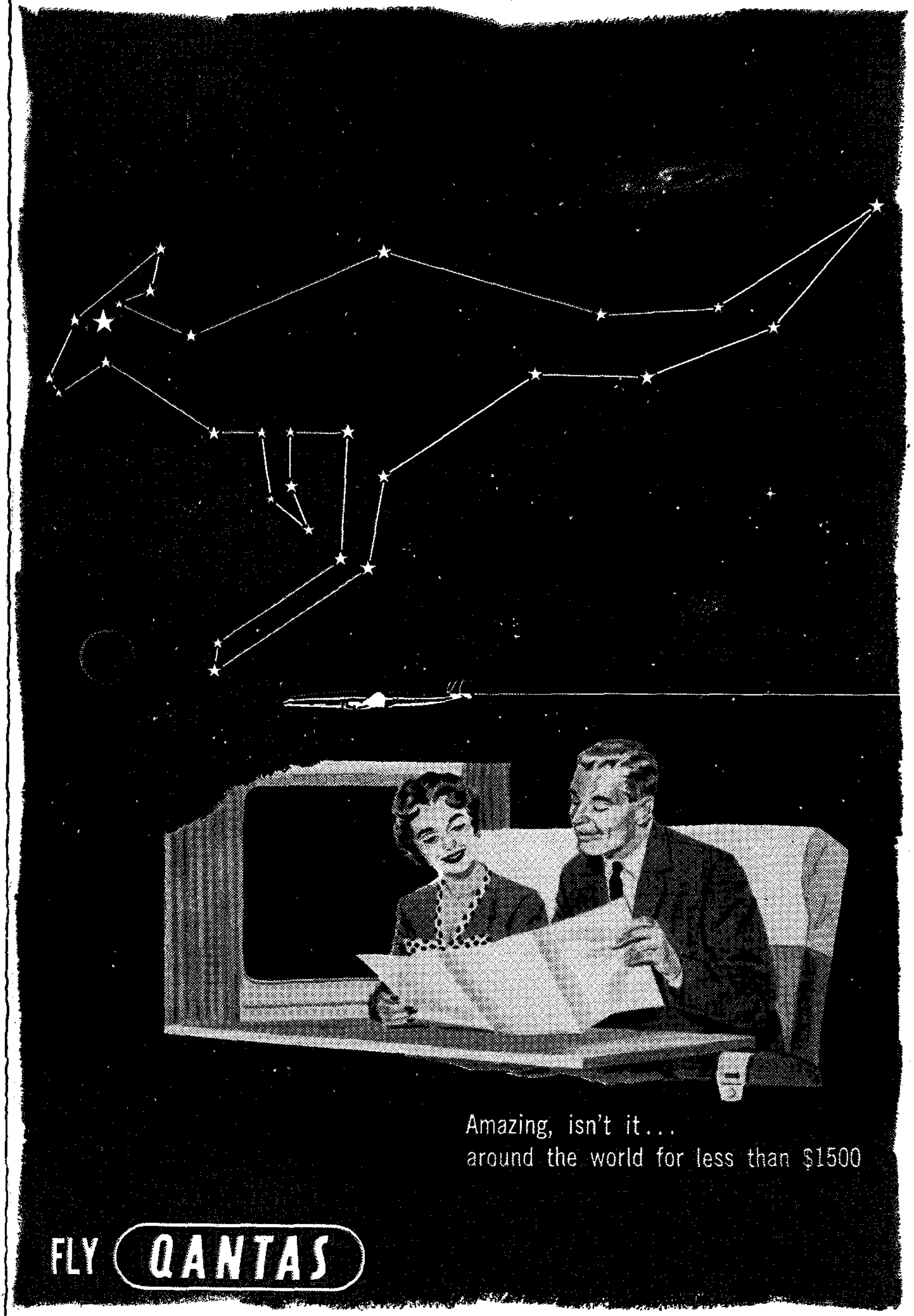
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home!" one boy urges passersby. "And help me to grow myself up, all for the same money!" You get the feeling that when night falls, the merchants of plastic-mother-of-pearl crucifixes and the guides, in their caps advertising Heineken's Beer, will lock the gates and leave, as if the place were a fairground. But in reality at night it is a small, packed, passionate place.

My companions led me through a passageway off a half-lit street to a Greek restaurant called Kosti's, in the Armenian quarter. Greeks are as omnipresent in the Middle East today as they were in the fourth century before Christ, when the Greek coinage was standard currency in Arabia. Their commercial penetration was ancient then, and although it gave way to Hellenistic imperialism, the older relationship survived the empire by as long as it had preceded it. There are three thousand Greeks within the walls of the Old City now, and the same number of Armenians. The Greeks—even those born in Palestine—can obtain Greek passports, but the Armenians are Jordanian subjects. The Armenians, or their parents or grandparents, fled to Palestine to escape massacre in Turkey during the First World War; the nucleus of their colony had always been in the Old City, and when the Arab-Israeli war began, those of them who had been living on the Jewish side of town moved inside the walls, because, isolated, they were afraid. When the war was over, they could not get back.

"Refugee!" Jack said. "I laugh when I hear that word. I was born a refugee."

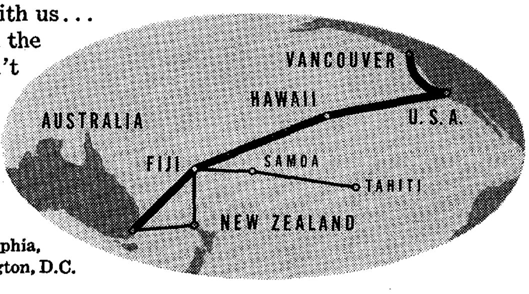
We had litre bottles of Holland beer, straight out of the refrigerator, and a mighty Greek *medzes*—or snack to go with drinks—much as we would have had in Athens or Alexandria, or on Eighth Avenue in New York: tomatoes, cucumbers, salted sardines, sourish feta cheese, chick-pea paste, puréed eggplant with sesame oil, a few slices of bologna and salami, and black olives in their smooth, their shrunken, their large, their small, their bitterish, their spicy, and their pink-tinted varieties. But the sea things—squid, octopus, and shrimp—were missing; it is hard for a Greek to live in a landlocked country. (The best *medzes*, incidentally, is in Tunis, where it is called *kemia;* the Tunisians are particularly rich in inside-out mollusks, like the octopus, and in a semiprecious substance called *boutargue*, which they manufacture from the roe of mullet, probably in the jewellers' *souks*. It is more beautiful than


Amazing, isn't it...
around the world for less than $1500
FLY QANTAS

THE "SUPER" FLIGHT TO AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

We believe that nothing is too good for you.
The Qantas captain carries the most precious cargo in the world... you.
(And he does it with millions of miles of experience behind him.)
The Qantas hostess and stewards think that your smile is the most important thing in the world.
From the Super-G Constellations to the "super" service, from the Sleeperchairs to the champagne, nothing is too good for you.

We'd like you to enjoy flying with us... to Australia, New Zealand, and the South Pacific via Honolulu. Won't you join us? For information, call your travel agent.



Qantas offices in San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, Honolulu, Vancouver, B.C. BOAC offices in Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, and Washington, D.C.

QANTAS, Australia's Overseas Air Line in association with TEAL.

Lets you cook
when you choose
...eat
when you please!

Salton
HOTRAY®

keeps all hot foods hot and flavor-perfect
while waiting, dining or serving,
and you serve
without leaving the table.

HOTRAY Patio Master
22" x 11". Adjustable heat control. $24.95

HOTRAY, the automatic electric food warmer, keeps food at just the right "eating temperature" for hours. Will not overcook or dry out. Heaven-sent for tardy guests, tardy husbands, TV snacks, children's lunches, or just plain freedom from an arbitrary cooking schedule.

HOTRAY in 6 sizes, from $10.95
HOTABLE, electrically heated serving cart, from $57.50

Write for free HOTRAY Recipe Booklet

SALTON MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
314 E. 95th Street, New York 28, N.Y.

Available at these fine stores and at your favorite department store:

Bullocks-Downtown, Los Angeles, Calif.
Vendôme Gifts, Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Daniels & Fisher, Denver, Colo.
Hammacher Schlemmer, New York, N. Y.
Halle Bros., Cleveland, Ohio
Dohrmann's, Union Square, San Francisco, Calif.

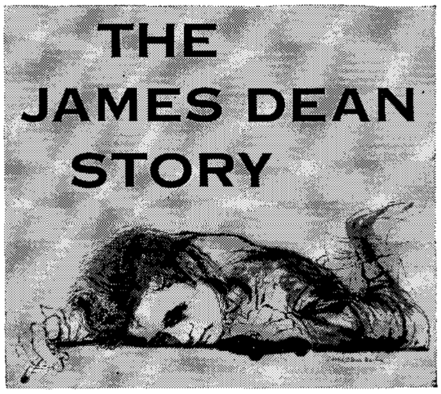
amber and tastes better than caviar.)

After each of us had drunk his first litre of beer, Jack went off to see his family. Mr. Kadash, polite, remained with me. He told me he would go to call on his parents-in-law—he has a young and pretty wife—when Jack had returned to keep me company. "I am sorry we had no opportunity to see more border villages," he said. "But that one was quite representative."

I could have replied, "I have seen many others, from the other side of the line," but it would have been redundant. Mr. Kadash knew I had been in Israel recently, although we had not talked about it. For that matter, Samir el-Rifai, the Deputy Premier and Foreign Minister of Jordan, who had authorized my visit, knew all about me. Since I had actually *been* among the morays, my presence along the border was regarded as, remotely, a political danger, and my visit to it was therefore somewhat circumscribed. Suppose, by mere coincidence, an Israeli raid should occur in some sector of the border that I had been allowed to look at. The government would be accused of bringing in an Israeli spy in the guise of an American. (And there was another count against me: I was travelling as an agnostic, professing no religion.) So although the government was most eager for me to familiarize myself with the plight of the border villages, it did not want me too conspicuously on the border itself. There is a powerful latent opposition to the government, ready to take advantage of any lapse, and the border villages, looking down on their lost fields, are a reservoir of discontent. The United Nations, through UNRWA, could do much to calm them by assuaging the commonplace pangs of hunger, but I encountered few informed individuals during my travels who professed to believe that the needed two million dollars would be forthcoming. It would have to be largely American money, of course, since the United States is by far the heaviest contributor to UNRWA (Russia and its satellites give nothing, because Arab misery is all to their advantage), and most of the people with whom I talked seemed to feel that the kind of senator, or publisher, who decries "sentiment" and "handouts" when foreign aid is proposed on humanitarian grounds is just as obdurate when confronted by arguments based on simple political utility, refusing to concede that it is relatively cheap to help a government by helping the people who might otherwise be turned against it.

Sitting with Mr. Kadash in Kosti's

NEW
SOUNDTRACK
ALBUM



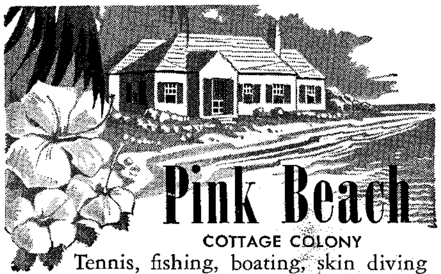
The hi fi *SOUNDTRACK ALBUM* by Capitol Records from George W. George and Robert Altman's brilliant motion picture, "The James Dean Story."

Leith Steven's dramatic, haunting score—a musical portrait of Dean's life. Tommy Sands sings the theme song, "Let Me Be Loved."

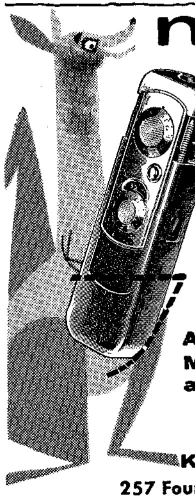
Another high fidelity soundtrack album from

Capitol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RECORDS

BERMUDA Breezes, Sports, Swimming — 3 hours from N. Y.



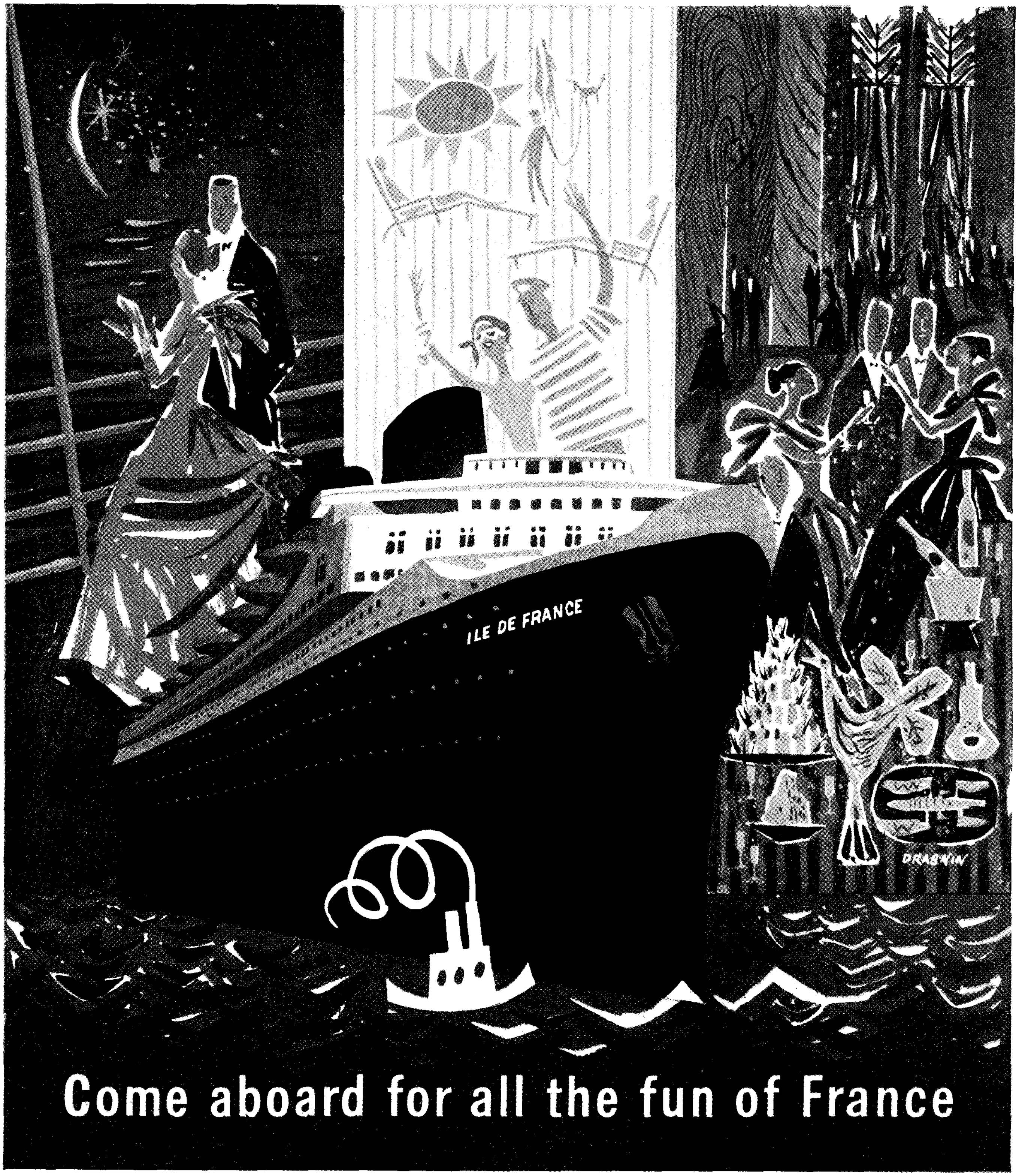
COTTAGE COLONY
Tennis, fishing, boating, skin diving . . . Mid-Ocean Golf Club adjacent. Private beach on cool South Shore.
Color booklet and reservations from YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or
Leonard P. Brickett, *American Rep.*
Hotel Roosevelt, New York 17, N. Y.
MUrray Hill 9-3967



minox
camera
the fabulous
GIFT
they'll
always carry
in their pocket

At all camera dealers
Minox III-S with Case
and Chain . . $139.50

Write for literature
KLING PHOTO CORP.
257 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.


ILE DE FRANCE
Come aboard for all the fun of France

Once aboard a great French Line ship to Europe, you are forever spoiled for any voyage less enchanting.

You find the very air sparkles with the fun-loving spirit of France. You relax to the French flair for elegance and ever-gracious service. Your appetite revels in the delights of French cuisine, recognized the world's finest. You respond, with interesting new friends, to merry hours of entertainment.

Almost with regret you arrive at your port—refreshed and ready for the sights and fun ahead.

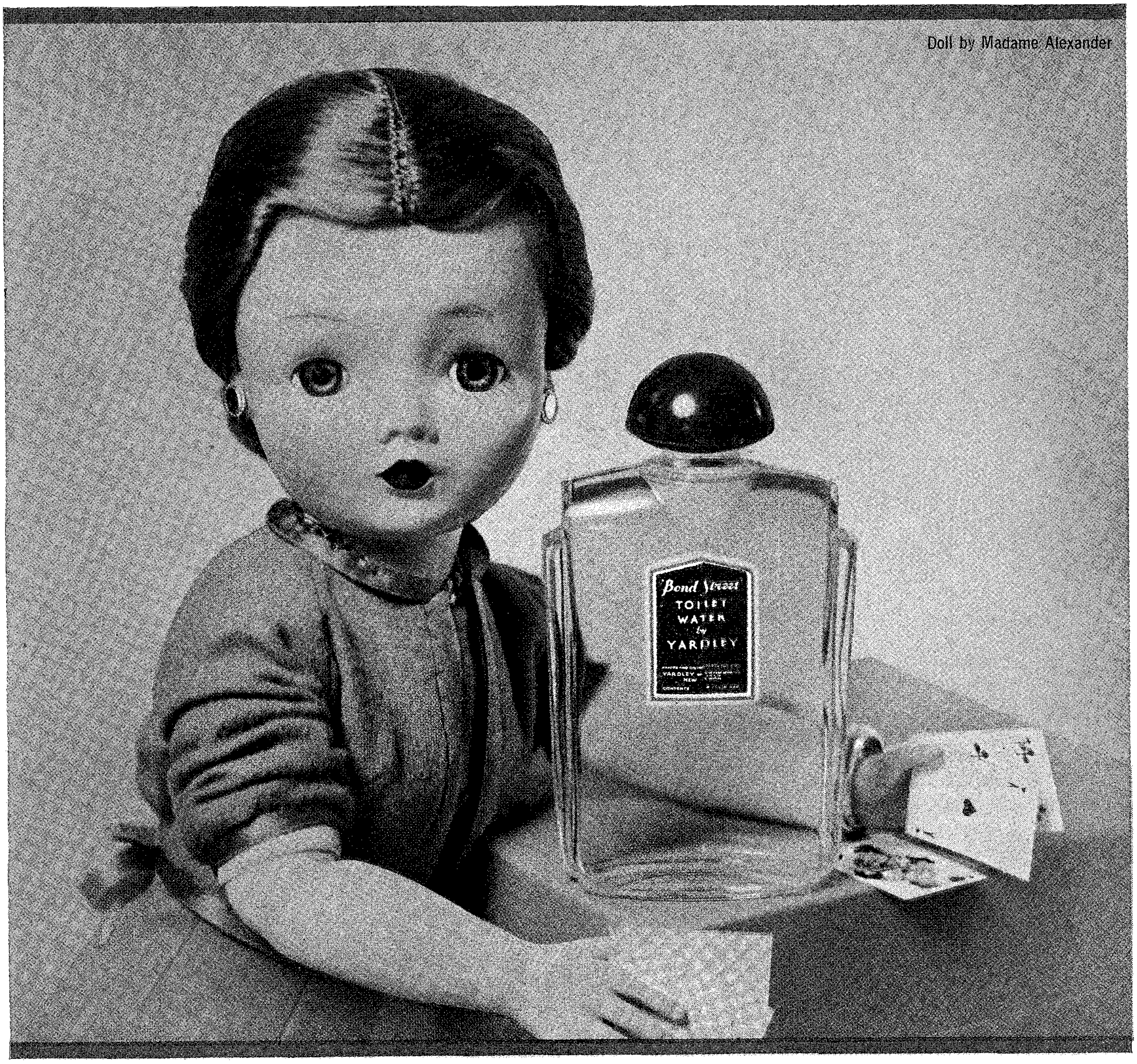
REGULAR SAILINGS FROM NEW YORK:

The magnificent 51,840-ton **Liberté**, October 4, 19.
The gracious and storied **Ile de France**, October 24.
The intimate **Flandre**, October 11, 31.

French Line

610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

Consult your Authorized French Line Travel Agent



Doll by Madame Alexander

Yardley products for America are created in England, and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

To make you feel especially feminine
YARDLEY fragrances . . . of course

YARDLEY
English
LAVENDER

Which of these lovely, lingering scents is for you? The vibrant sophistication of Bond Street? Delicately exotic Lotus? Perhaps it's April Violets, rain-sweet and incurably romantic. Or is your one and only love the fresh, lighthearted gaiety of Lavender? Not an easy choice to make—but a delightful one. These toilet waters and colognes from $1.35 plus tax.

Greek restaurant, in Jerusalem, Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, I could not help thinking of a conversation I had had a few weeks before with an astute Greek in Athens. "How would you describe our policy in this part of the world?" I asked him, and he replied, "Very honorable. You build a fence around a country and throw meat over the top. All you ask in return for the meat is that the country should not go outside the fence and associate with the Communists. You respect the sovereignty of others. Unfortunately, the bigger animals get all the meat."

Through UNRWA, the United Nations might get some of the figurative meat around to the smaller animals. (I say figurative because an UNRWA ration is almost nothing but flour.) And that, someday, might save the bigger animals a lot of trouble. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

Here it comes! . . . You're cruising along at 80 in Overdrive . . . Secure and confident with Triumph's big new *Girling disc-type brakes* . . . hands lightly on wheel . . . then you spot it—a swinging, horseshoe curve ahead.

Touch the Overdrive button . . . you're in fourth. Touch the clutch and gear-lever for a split-second downshift to third. Your "tac" says you're reving up to 4,500 rpm . . . your speedometer is down to 60 . . . your exhaust "screams" like a racer's mating call . . . you're ready to take the curve "Triumphantly."

Round you go . . . foot on accelerator . . . hugging the road as safely and securely as ever. Your rear mirror shows your squealing, braking compatriots lagging way behind . . . but you've already shifted up to fourth and zoomed onto the straightaway.

What a thrill . . . your first turn in a Triumph! From now on there'll be no turning back!—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

Something wrong with the steering?

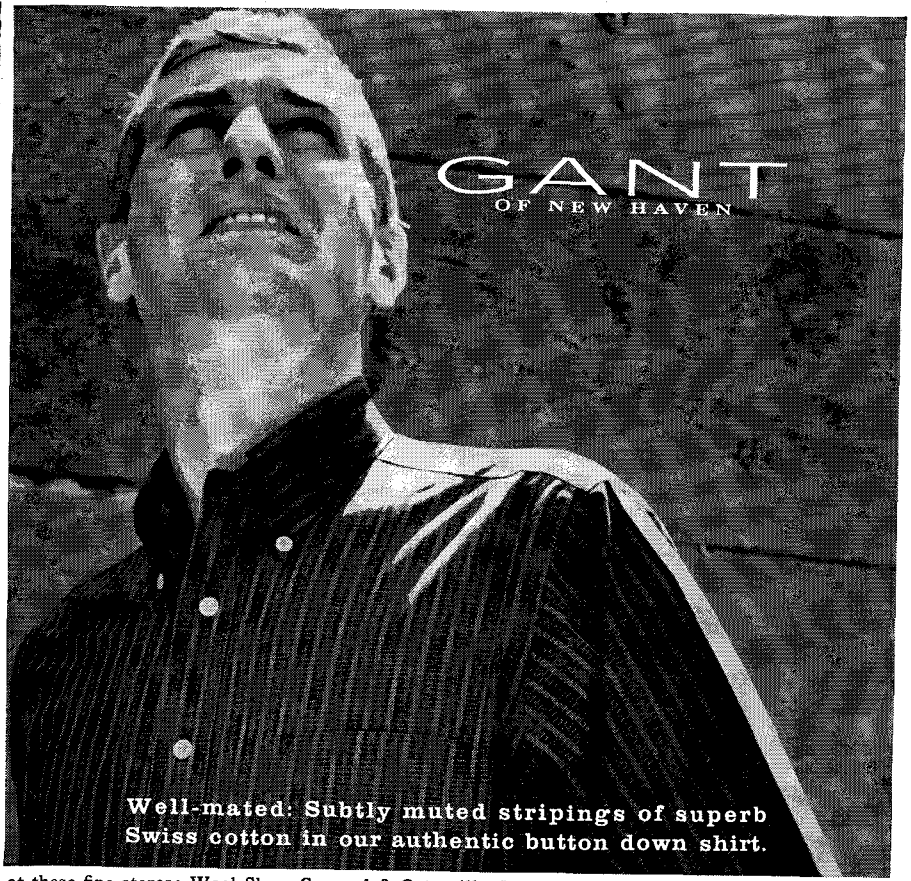
•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Chicago Sun-Times*]

AT THE END OF THE VERY ELEGANT reception in their honor in the Casino the former Ann Vail and her husband William J. Roberts were given a most unceremonious sendoff.

As they stepped through the portals of the club a pizza delivery truck was halted by a stoplight. While the bridesmaids were tossing flower petals at the departing newlyweds, the ushers got a sudden inspiration. One ran out and begged the driver to wait a minute longer. The rest of the boys snatched Ann and Bill and heaved them aboard the truck. The driver, entering into the spirit of the game, drove off at top speed through traffic, leaving the dignified doorman of the Casino spellbound. Meanwhile, guests, hearing the shouts of the merrymakers, came dashing out to share the fun.


GANT
OF NEW HAVEN
Well-mated: Subtly muted stripings of superb Swiss cotton in our authentic button down shirt.

at these fine stores: Wool Shop, Concord & Osterville, Mass. • Varsity Shop, Baton Rouge • Williams Co-op, Williamstown, Mass. • McDonnell & Co., Tulsa • Jay Briggs, San Francisco • Dunlap Clothes Shop, Cincinnati • John Wanamaker University Shop, Philadelphia • Browning King, Ithaca, N. Y. • Jas. K. Wilson, Dallas • Bragg & Son, Montclair, N. J. • Frank Bros., San Antonio • Bocock-Stroud Co., Winston-Salem or write

GANT OF NEW HAVEN, 162 JAMES STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON SW1

SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

CUTTY SARK

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY

86 PROOF

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

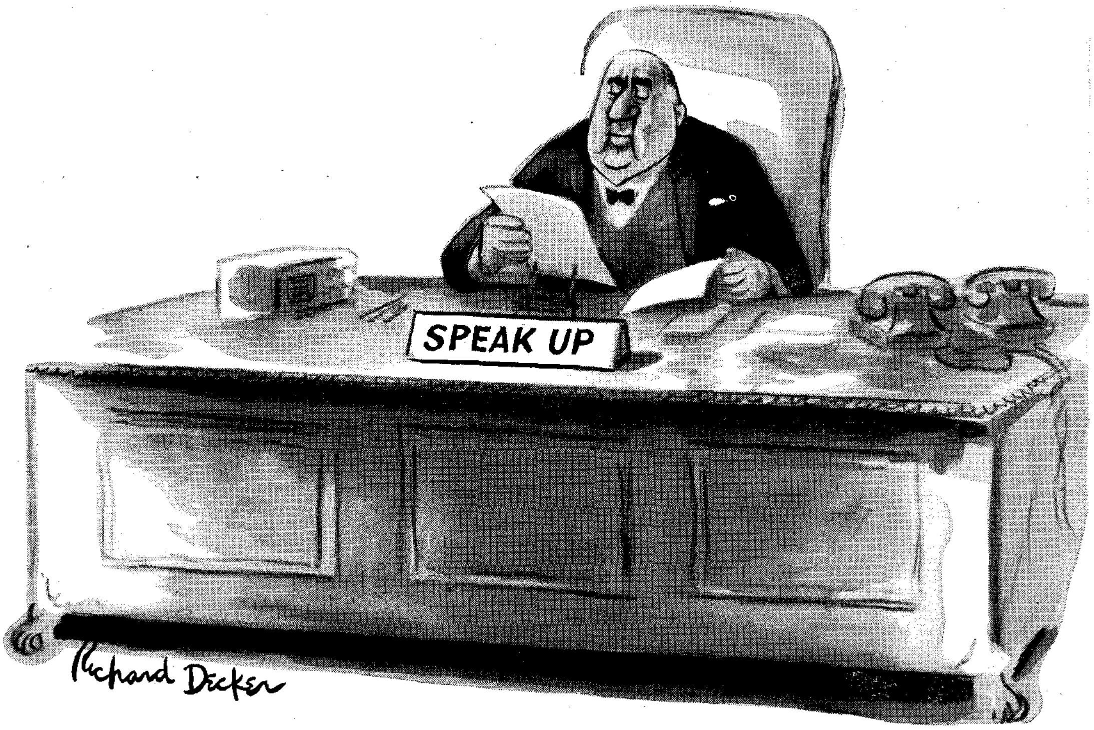
FEMININE FASHIONS

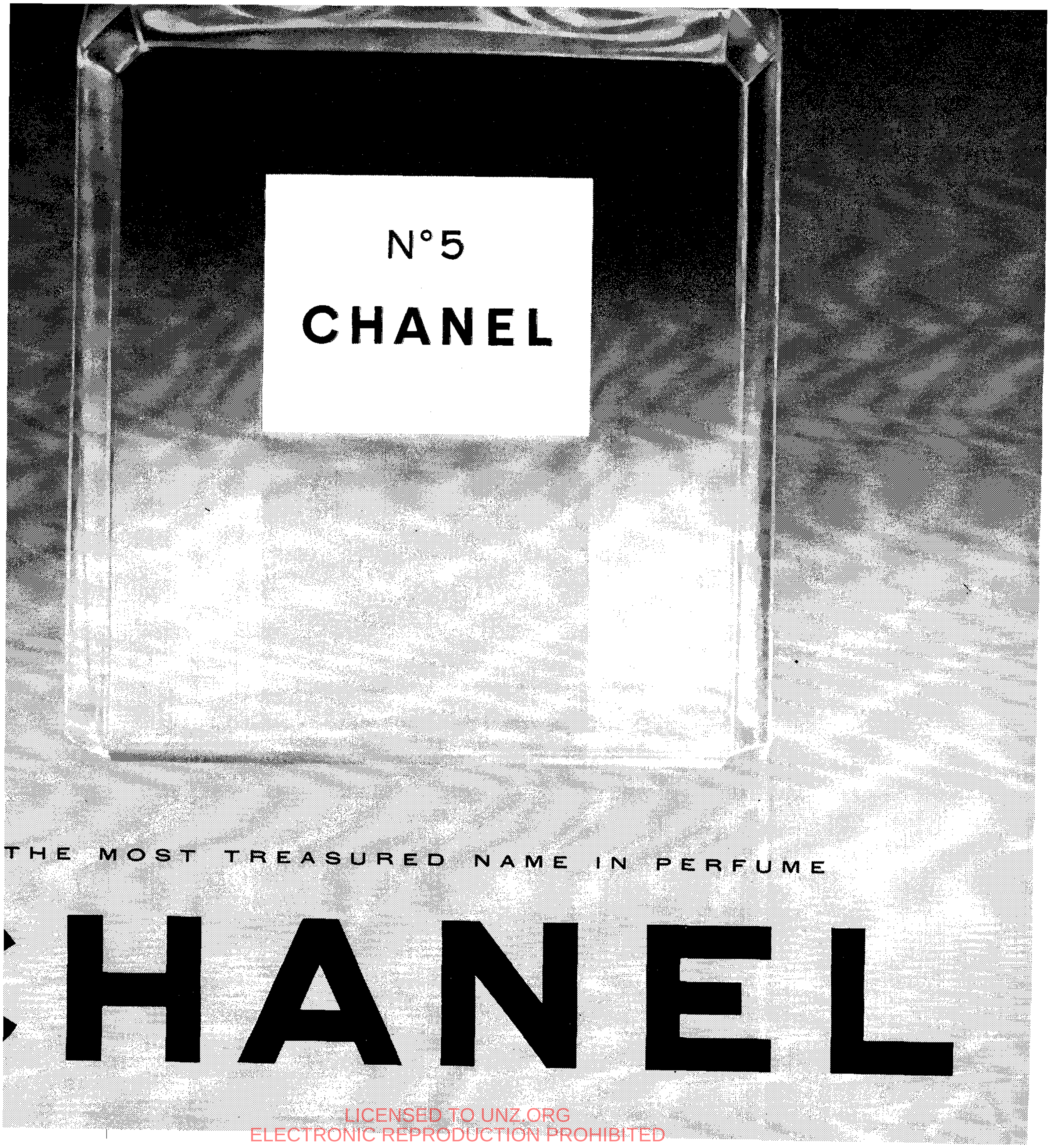
A WEEK ago (and it seems like only yesterday), I was discovering, and remarking, that softness and collapsibility are favorite notions among the custom milliners this autumn. There are notable exceptions, but the hats that have come to hand since then have mostly confirmed my impression. In fact, softness and collapsibility have just growed and growed, like Topsy, to say nothing of her less well-known sister, Turvy.

Take the things, redolent of Spanish-gypsy life, that Mr. Adolfo has made for Emmé's establishment. All of these richly endowed confections (satins or silk crêpes trimmed with satin) have a tendency to tumble down and cascade over one ear or to the rear. He calls such stuff Gypsy Coifs. They are as smooth around the base as a stocking cap, and then they rise high and narrow to a top filled with folds of drapery. Some of these tubes, of embroidered blue satin, are nipped in three inches above the hairline with a casual knot, and chef's-cap puffery occurs above. Then come Adolfo's Alhambras, which are fez shapes, in black satin, velvet, or broadtail, and are also constructed on the tube principle. The tops are gathered in, and a braid cord with a tassel on the end swings from the back down to one shoulder. (These are done in gold-brocaded velvets for evening, too.) Lamé turbans that descend to the ears are draped up to a rhinestone ornament high in front, and a tailored bow crosses the nape of the neck. Fur for hats is everyone's prerogative this season, but Adolfo's experiments with it are outstanding, though it is hard to put a finger on why this is so. Mink and black fox go into foundationless round busbies that can be pulled about and draped at will, and he uses a lot of lynx, placing it around the tall, punched crown of a beige felt cloche or putting a bell of it over a beige felt cap. And he has the most Zaza offerings in feathers, all in black or white; thirty-one inches of plume dangles from the downside of some velvet berets.

WALTER FLORELL is in new quarters, at 30 West 57th Street (white walls, gold floor, and furniture upholstered with mauve velvet), and it's been great for the morale of his hats. He, too, likes flipflop ones that are highly malleable, if occasionally intricate, such as Japanese-lantern shapes that are all overlapping pie-shaped pieces. Satin and velvet alternate on one lantern-crown offering, and the curved brim is made of overlapping petals. A knockout of this particular type is a beret of black velvet on a plain band, with ball fringe and string velvet bows bristling on the downside. Berets are rife here, anyway, and I found myself gawking with special pleasure at a group he calls Crushed Butterflies—berets that are caught up into a knot in front and have vast, irregular folds of crumpled fabric going outward and then down toward the ears, like disorderly French-peasant bows. A number of these berets are of furry felt in vivid deep turquoises and raspberries. Others, of velvet, are sometimes flat across the head; in this case, winged projections descend toward the back, looking rather Egyptian. Florell loves the bicorne, too, committing a couple of felt beauties with grosgrain bindings, turned back sharply front and back and as clean in line as an envelope. They're likely to be wider at one side than the other and are worn aslant. When he works in fur, he can do hats whose outsize fluffiness would stagger the Buckingham Palace guards. I like better his more demure performances, among them a little cloche of black panne with a band of black mink around the crown, and a cap of black velours with the mink skin around the edge coming to a tailored point in front of one ear. And there's nothing whatsoever the matter with a small beret of white American broadtail whose squared-off points shoot high at one side over a black velvet band.

TWO major passions at John Frederics are tidy bicornes and tricornes; another is fur. Mr. Fred often even combines the skins of two animals on one hat, which happens to a towering toque, worn erect or toppling, of black broadtail with a wide band of mink. Tipsy tricornes of black broadtail are edged with mink at the top, which softens the three-cornered look to the point where a beret is implied. A savagely turned-back bicorne has a brim of Somali leopard under a crown of black felt, which also makes the inside of the brim. Mr. Fred, retiring momentarily from his swashbuckling mood, has done one of the




N°5
CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME
CHANEL

Martha West

Washable, Permanently Pleated

ORLON PAISLEY KNIT

Our famous figure-enhancing two-piecer in a slenderizing Paisley for Fall, a Thalspun Orlon Jersey — by Bobette-Morton — in combinations of: navy & French blue; charcoal & cinnamon; charcoal & red.

Sizes 10 to 20 **35.00**
38 to 44, 39.95

•

Special attention to Mail Orders.
Please add 3% sales tax in New York City.
45c outside New York City.

MARTHA WEST
444 Madison Ave. (at 49th) NEW YORK
Also at WHITE PLAINS • NEW HAVEN
WESTPORT • NEW CANAAN

most ingratiating fur hats I've seen this season—a tiny cloche with a rippling, lace-edged brim made of round-and-round one-inch stripes of black broadtail and black lace. His most recent interest is Americana, and this leads to demure Shaker bonnets tipped far away from the hairline, with the curved brim descending to the ears and then cutting straight to the rear, where it abruptly ceases. Every sort of fabric is involved. I have trouble, I admit, understanding some of the *ombré* and multicolor effects he uses for these; my mother must have been frightened by a rainbow. One hat is shown with black velvet making the bonnet circle in back; folds of velvet graduating from yellow to orange tones come forward from it. Multicolor effects riot in his feathered hats, too. Clipped ostrich over net makes Hayseed, which is sort of like a coonskin cap—except that I never saw a raccoon in a mixture of blues, greens, and yellows. My favorite among the wig hats doesn't use feathers at all. It's a nobby little black hunk of glittering, jetlike balls, feathery danglers of black plastic, discs, sequins, and so on.

LADDIE NORTHRIDGE is another *hombre* who loves *ombré*, but his hats are apt to be in neutral colors—charcoal to pale gray, brown to sand, cocoa to white, and such. For tailored clothes, he makes beautiful things of jersey, such as a high, balanced, and stiffened turban (Mr. N., as you can see, likes Shape), entirely tucked, with the darkest color next the face and the palest at the peak in back. Berets of this type may also be all shaded diagonal folds. Likewise for tailleurs is a perfect rolled-back bicorne of gray felt tilted over a lighter-gray foundation bandeau. The Pilgrim Fathers were the originators of another proud beauty—a high, tapering crown with a good-sized brim curving down over a foundation band. This one is sometimes of stitched brown satin with black grosgrain at the temples, sometimes of tweed and grosgrain. A smasher, for entrances into Maxim's, is a big, tilted hat combining black hatter's plush (it's like panne) and black velvet. The brim is split wide at each side, and the bits of brim fork like swallowtails. But don't let this give you the idea that Northridge has deserted his beloved feathers. No one has a defter hand with pheasant feathers, and there is no attempt at muted colors, for they're attached to velvet in violent hues, such as turquoise and emerald. There's nothing quite like his spiky wig, either—birds' wings in paprika, gray-

tucked, tailored and triumphant.
Sizes ten to eighteen. About $9.98

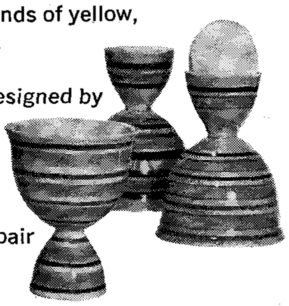
Shapely classics
THE MACK SHIRT CORP. • CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

cheery eggcups

Handstriped in brilliant colors on backgrounds of yellow, pink or blue.

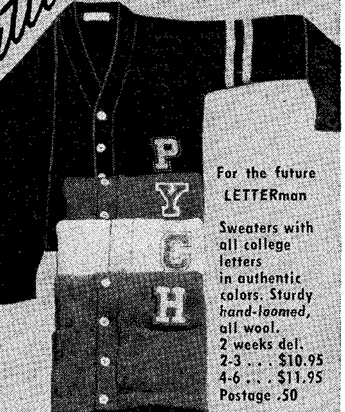
Made and designed by American craftsmen.

$2.75 each
Post. 35¢ a pair



Merrill Ames 41 East 8 St. N.Y. 3

Cerutti
807 Madison Avenue at 68 St.
New York, N. Y.



For the future LETTERman

Sweaters with all college letters in authentic colors. Sturdy hand-loomed, all wool.
2 weeks del.
2-3 . . . $10.95
4-6 . . . $11.95
Postage .50

RE 7-7540

Bill Sopher

The customer is always right—and frequently pampered

"Drive into any Union Oil station in the West and you'll get a sample of what we call Minute Man Service.

"In 4½ minutes your oil, water, battery and tires are checked, your windshield and rear window cleaned, your gasoline tank filled, and your receipt handed you.

76
SERVICE
76

"But that's routine. It's the Minute Man's service beyond the call of duty that we keep getting fan mail about.

"For instance, the dealer in the small town who located a tenant for his customer's vacant house.

"Or the dealer in the suburb who baby-sat so his customer could go to an important dinner meeting.

"Or the dealer who fixed his customer's washing machine when she couldn't get help on a Sunday.

"Or the dealer who shopped for his customer's groceries and delivered them to her house.

"YOU'RE IN BUSINESS NOT FOR YOURSELF, BUT FOR YOUR CUSTOMERS."

"Exceptions to the rule? Not at all. Our files are full of letters recounting incidents like these.

"I take special pride in them because I'm one of the men at Union Oil whose job it is to train these dealers. We help them in every way we can to get the Union Oil idea: The only way to stay in business for yourself is to be in business for your customers."

THIS CLASSROOM ON WHEELS KEEPS MINUTE MEN UP TO THE MINUTE

UNION
SALES DEVELOPMENT UNIT
LUBRICATION

* * * *

No small part of our reputation for having America's finest service station system is the quality of the men who operate them.

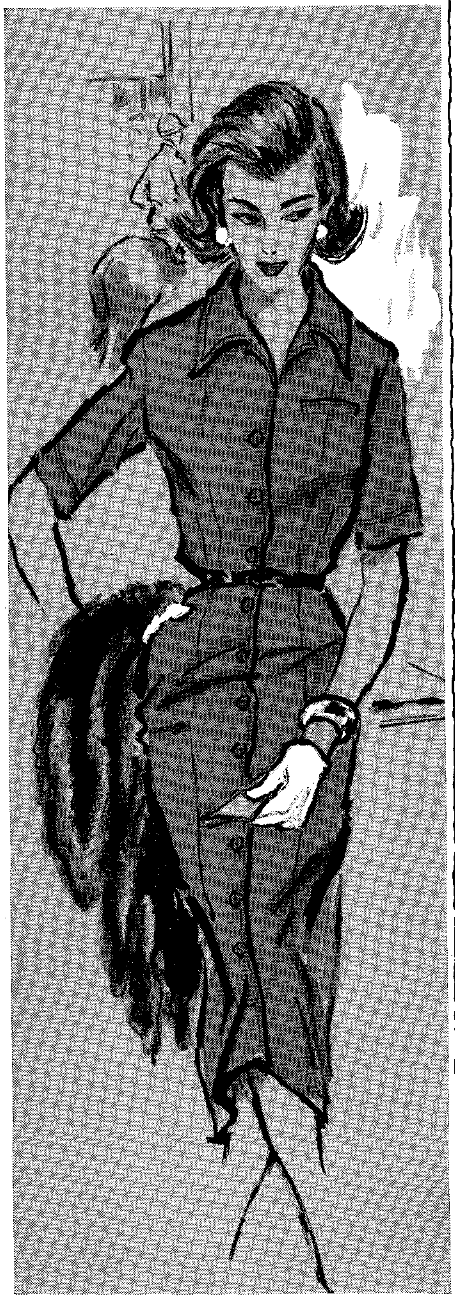
They are all individual business men. Like us, they compete for a living. That's why it's very likely that their service will continue to be as good as their gasoline.

YOUR COMMENTS ARE INVITED. *Write: The Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 17, Calif.*

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave., at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.



Our Exclusive
Flannel *Shirtmaker

Mayflower worsted flannel
magnificently suited to the timeless
elegance of the Shirtmaker...
done here with all the perfection of
detail that has made this
America's most distinguished classic.
Blue, beige or gray.
Sizes 10 to 20, 38 and 40. **75.00**

AND 17 CONVENIENT BRANCHES
*Trademark

beige, and white jutting over the head and down to one ear. Quills with edges curled like ferns make a delightful cap in colors ranging from cocoa to white. Ostrich gets elaborate treatment. It's used in rosette shapes placed, like a matador's pompons, high on each side of a pillbox in American Beauty red. Northridge can also make it look like fringe, or he can roll it into tubes that resemble chenille cording. Either of these ways, it's used for deep caps or berets.

TATIANA, of Saks Fifth Avenue, specializes in the Bow Geste (I'm sorry; I'm joining Puns Anonymous tomorrow). Massed bows of inch-wide black satin ribbon give a charming if bunchy look to basically neat shapes. A small beret is entirely composed of these bows; they swarm over the flat round back of a black velvet chéchia; they make a sort of beret back on an off-the-face hat with mauve satin veiled in black lace going snugly across the head. Flat, spidery string bows of black grosgrain are appliquéd on other shapes. A cloche of white satin with a squarish crown, a curved-down small brim, and a veiling of black lace has a double row of *these* bows around the crown; a tilted toque turban of felt is dotted with them. For casual day life, Tatiana thinks well of wool jersey. A spectacular jersey turban is a combination of purple and hunter green; the twisted top is a fat, Oriental roll, and the sides are adjustable, so they can cover as much of the ears as you like. There are matching two-color ascots. She's very much in favor of printed Angora jersey, in vague, abstract, checked patterns, for, among other things, a deep-crowned Breton with a thick rolled brim. This also looks terrific in richly colored but subdued plaid velvet, made dressier by the addition of a feather fancy jutting from the hatband on the downside. When she considers fur, ocelot gets her attention. She makes it into trim turbans with tops that can be draped to taste, and accompanies them with big, flat oblong muffs. These muffs also accompany hats of monkey fur, a revival that was inevitable. This fur trails over the arched brims of sailor cloches or streams down over your back hair (astern, the wearer looks absolutely aborigine) from an arched bit of velvet brim in front.

WILLIAM J. is known for merry lunacies, so it is only fair to point out that he can drape velours and soleil adroitly indeed into profile hats that are

English thoroughbreds

For sheer beauty in a few square inches Liberty scarves are unmatched. The hand-printed designs have the quality of works of art. Only authentic Liberty of London prints bear the Liberty label.

Liberty
of London

At fine stores, or write:
17 East 37th Street New York 16

Underneath
it
all...
a

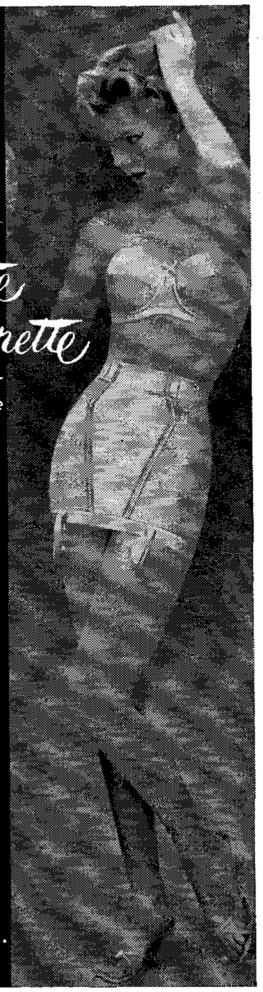
HOLLYWOOD V-ette Vassarette
Girdle or
Pantie Girdle

Your key to
the underlying
line of fashion
plus carefree
comfort and
effortless
control.

Girdle #59
Sides of nylon
net—$10.95

Be sure to see
V-ette Bras

Write For Free
Style Booklet
Vassar Company
(Division of
Munsingwear Inc.)
2543 Diversey Ave.
Chicago 47, Ill.



soft but shapely and even dignified. And he does autumn hats entirely of ribbon; one is loops of iridescent taffeta (it's a pinwheel when you look down on it), and is the sole Wm. J. production designed to be worn straight on the head. But the temptation to dwell on his extrovert offerings is irresistible. Nothing else anywhere is quite as vivid as his pointed dunce cap of overlapping green, sapphire, and purple feather quills that descend from the peak to make a shaggy scalloped effect around the hairline. It's young, fun, and wearable. For the dream-princess state of mind, there are misty auras of white ostrich, stripped almost naked, and fragile as spray from a fountain. A sidewise cap of white velvet with white feather wings down one side has this ostrich drifting up from the other side. The theatre hats with a feather parrot in a hoop above the smallest possible velvet saucer are insane enough, but the treasure of this collection is a red feather headband, to be worn across the forehead, the way Cleopatra did. A little red duck head takes the place of the asp, though.

IT is undoubtedly plain by now that when supersoftness isn't around, the tricorne is likely to take over. Robert Dudley has been a tricorne admirer from way back, and two models in particular show that he is still a master. One, of black velvet, is actually a beret, but black grosgrain ribbon near the top coaxes it into mellowness. The other, shown in cognac velvet, is Venetian. A big point goes forward over one eye; the point is arched, making it sort of imperious but not too severe. It has a beret crown. This small shop also loves beehive veils of big silk mesh with chiffon borders ("nice for necks," says Mr. D.). They're especially effective with his high-crowned tailored postillion hat of gold felt, with soft folds of a lighter shade of chiffon around the crown.

NOWADAYS, we must forget all we were taught in our childhood about combing the hair neatly. If any lock of hair strays in the same direction as its immediate neighbor, the owner is accused of looking prissy. The hairdressers want the hair snug at the sides and very short in the rear. They say this is because hats are being set way back on the head. But some of the tousled bangs that spring up in front would be remotely excusable only if you were writing a sequel to "Bonjour Tristesse." All the coiffeurs like

How to make your sallow skin radiant

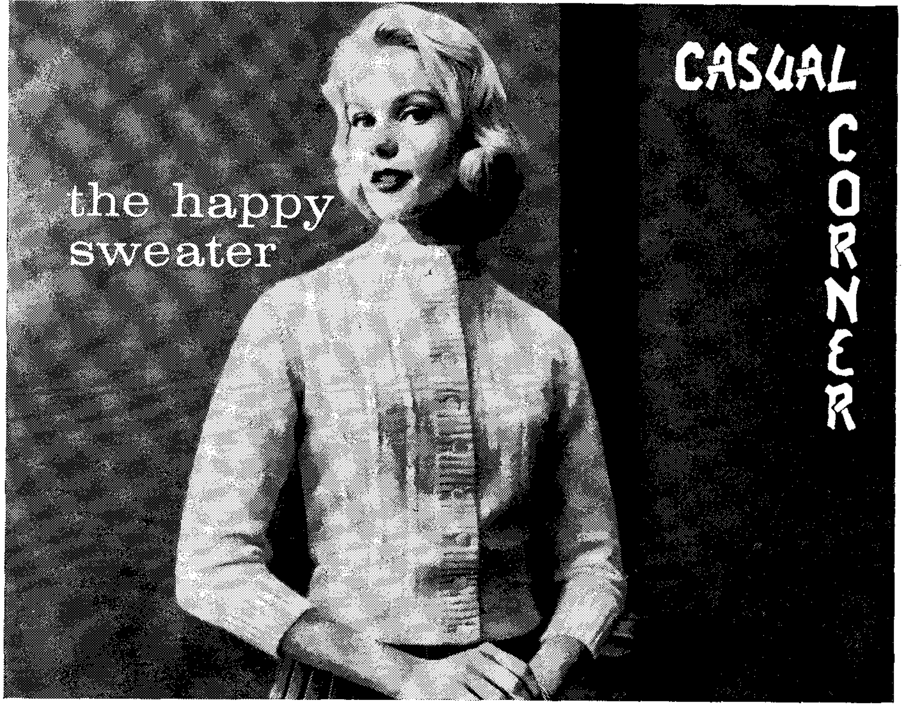
Silk-tone Liquid Rouge
Helena Rubinstein

with Helena Rubinstein's
new SILK-TONE LIQUID ROUGE

Who says you can't wear those murky new browns or greens! Just apply SILK-TONE LIQUID ROUGE in a three-dot triangle below the eye. Blend upward and outward toward the temples. Oh, how you glow!

Only Helena Rubinstein's SILK-TONE LIQUID ROUGE contains Flavone, nature's own ingredient for coloring roses red. It gives the look of inner radiance.

Coral, red, rose or pink tones, 1.25 plus tax.
Helena Rubinstein®, 655 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 22



This Elliot sweater has a happy time, figuring prettily at every turn. Here, the cabled, high-buttoned cardigan, speaks eloquently of her knowing taste. In bulky-knit CASHMORA, Elliot's winning blend of 70% lambswool and 30% angora, it has the look and touch of cashmere but contains no cashmere at all! White, light blue, heather grey, platinum, black. Sizes 34 to 40. $14.98.

Elliot IMPORTERS OF FULL FASHIONED SWEATERS

At CASUAL CORNER stores in Arlington, Va.—Atlanta and Decatur, Ga.—Houston, Texas—Lancaster, Pa.—Providence, R. I.—Springfield and Worcester, Mass.—Washington, D. C.—West Hartford, Conn. To order by mail: Add 35c for postage and handling and send to Casual Corner Associates, 155 E. King St., Lancaster, Pa.

A&F

News . . .

our ancient tartans

The muted tones of our "ancient" tartans were inspired by weathered originals in Scotland. Just another example of the importance we attach to fine fabrics at Abercrombie's. Skirt shown, in tartans of red and green, brown and green, stone gray and moss. 10-16 . **$39.95**

Hand-knit cable cardigan to match, in ancient red, stone gray or myrtle moss. Sizes 14 to 18 . . . **$45.00**
Same skirt in unfinished worsted, a flecked herringbone. Peri blue, lovat green, gray, red. 10 to 18. **$29.95**
Matching hand-knit cardigan sweater. Sizes 14 to 18 . . **$49.95**

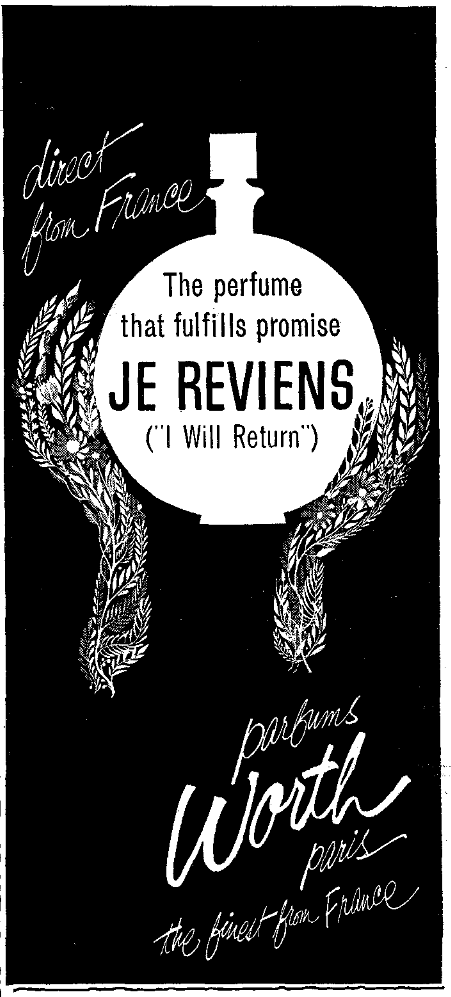
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK—360 MADISON AVENUE
SUMMER SHOP, HYANNIS, MASS.
CHICAGO—V.L.&A.—9 NO. WABASH

bangs drifting errantly across the forehead, and they're still for short, bouffantly arched wisps of hair that are high and wide. Mr. Michel, of Helena Rubinstein, sometimes combs short hair into a veritable topknot in front ("like a hat," he says competitively), and for evening he admires a balloon look—puffy all around, in the manner of the pompadours of the early part of the century. Mr. Kenneth, of Lilly Daché, is involved with two-level arrangements—bangs curling outward and downward over the brows, and hair curling outward and upward in pompadour effect just back of the hairline, mobcap style. Mr. Kenneth abhors a solid look to coiffures; there should be plenty of tendril transparencies around the perimeter.

This is all very well for women with wiry locks that will *stay* arched and properly at cross-purposes, or for women who, like fashion models, keep a can of stale beer and lacquer handy to put spine into fine hair at frequent intervals. But those wonderful arcs don't last long on me, whose hair is fine and lacks body. For others in my shoes (9½ AAA), I can recommend Ver-Lin Protein Styling Lotion, which is what Mr. William, of the hair stylists known as Bock & Schaeffer, uses. V.-L.P.S.L. is not yet on the retail market, but if your hair man doesn't have it, Mr. William will get it for you. It's not a lacquer; it's a concoction full of protein ingredients, and you douse the hair with it before the setting. I find that it gives your locks a springy body for several days. Mr. William also uses it as a preliminary to permanents; he says that even bleached, fine hair, usually ready to break off in the midst of the most expert treatment, emerges elastic and lively.

That solves part of the problem, but what ever became of all the spirit of coöperation between coiffeurs and milliners? No matter what, most of the new hats manage to muss the hairdos somewhere beside the back of the head, and good hairdos are usually expensive. And what about women who just don't like any sort of hat that so much as hints at formality? Don Marshall, a man this department was talking about earlier this year, and who has lately moved into new quarters (18 East 53rd Street), may be that cherished middle ground between involved drapery and absolute hatlessness. He specializes in soft bits of nonsense that are sewn on the top of bird-cage veils; the wearer can drop the whole thing over her coiffure and, with hairpins, make the decoration



3 fascinating foreign lands for one low fare!

Grand Cayman
Costa Rica
Panama

$145 **Round Trip from Miami via LACSA**

Enroute to Panama see *both* Grand Cayman, B.W.I. and San Jose, Costa Rica—at *no* extra fare! Your stopover in San Jose *includes* two meals and overnight hotel *free!*

For full information . . .
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT TODAY
. . . or write for free color folder, to LACSA, Dept. Y, 232 Plaza Bldg., Miami 32, Fla.

LACSA *Affiliate of PAA*
INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES
Serving the Heart of the Americas

snuggle into it. There is a black veil, for instance, with a tiny black velvet pillbox, decorated on the lower edge with white velvet leaves, and all soft and pliable, to be pinned wide, narrow, tilted, or whatever. He does lots of doodads in fur, too—white mink with a saw-toothed edge that nestles into the hair without disturbing it unduly; plenty of leopard combined with black velvet; crushed tiaras of mink. Stuff that should persuade a lot of women to abandon that wind-blown look. These frivolities are custom, and they range from $10 (veils with velvet disc appliqué and velvet bows in any color) on upward. There's a big choice at $22.95 and $25.

PATOU's perfumes, among them Joy and Moment Suprême, have the dropped-handkerchief and dropped-eyelashes approach to flirtation, being soft and deceptively sweet almost to the point of blandness. Patou's latest is labelled Lasso, which means in French what it means in English, though one assumes that the roping is to be done by indirection. This has a real tang and dries differently—and deliciously—on everyone I've tried it on. On me, it becomes a rich floral with decidedly peppery overtones; on some, it becomes apparent that fruits as well as flowers lurk in its makeup. A subtle and enticing blend. (Saks, Altman, and Lord & Taylor, among others.) . . . Lord & Taylor is betting on a brand-new Paris perfume, Suzanne Thierry's Ondine, which is quieter and slier than Lasso—a lovely floral with a sachet dryness. . . . Plaisir, the débutante sister of the sophisticated perfume Réplique, now comes in bath oils as well as toilet waters; three ounces, with an unusually fine atomizer top, are $8.25, federal tax included. It's saucier and perter than its older sister, though both are products of the two most prolific parents in perfumery—rose and jasmine.

All these, like the hats this fall, are heady stuff. —LOIS LONG

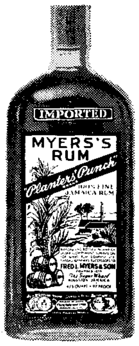
•

It was suggested that it would be nice if some member of the Garden club invited the visiting judges for lunch instead of taking them to a restaurant. Mrs. Thomas Motley said that her dining room is small, but she will be delighted to entertain them. Mrs. William Jason Mixter suggested that if it would be any help she would be glad to loan her house for the occasion. Mrs. Motley declined on the grounds that her house "had the better view."—*Falmouth (Mass.) Enterprise.*

And there the matter stands.

Now
this is a
Rum Collins!

Rare treat, with built-in air-conditioning, a Collins made with **myers rum** The color is bright—rich, burnished amber. The *flavor* is right—a ripe, golden touch of pleasing perfection. For a satisfying round of enjoyment serve delightfully *flavorful* **myers jamaica rum.**



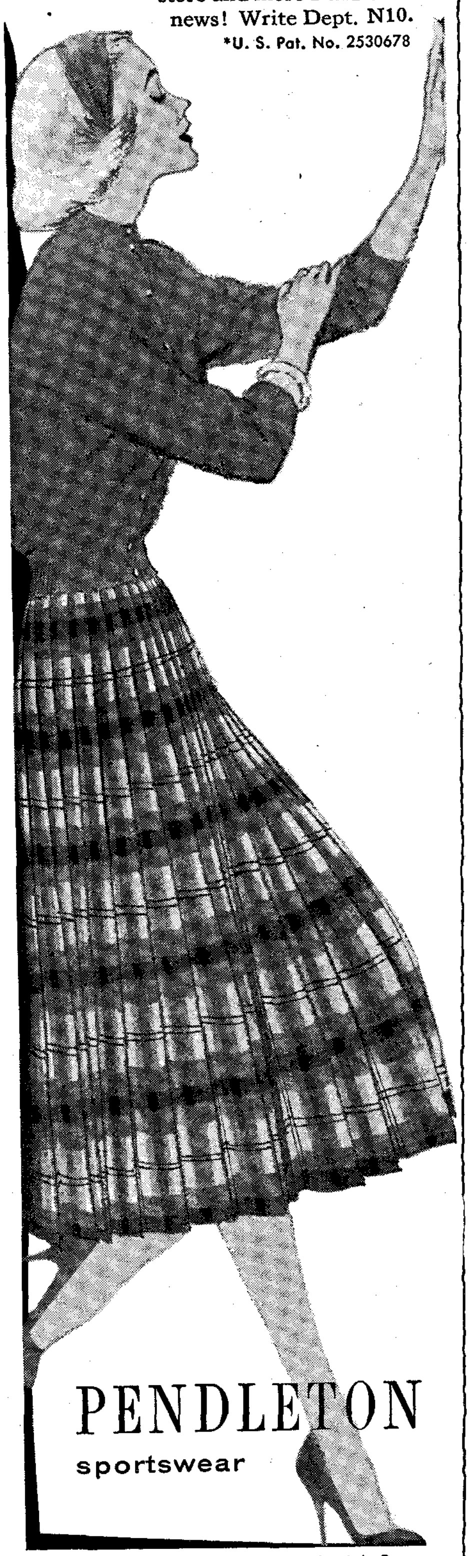
IMPORTED FROM JAMAICA • FOR FREE BOOKLET ON THE NEWEST IN RUM DRINKERY AND COOKERY WRITE: GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., 405 LEX. AVE., N. Y. 17, N. Y., DEPT. Y3C • MYERS'S RUM • 97 PROOF

TARTANS FOR THE TURNABOUT®

. . . the pleated, reversible skirt with *patented** Pendleton hip-clasp design! Turnabout's six spritely Scotch tartans, loomed by Pendleton of pure virgin wool, $29.95; color-coordinated shortie cardigan, $10.95.

Write us for name of nearest store and more Pendleton news! Write Dept. N10.

*U. S. Pat. No. 2530678



Pendleton Woolen Mills • Portland 4, Oregon

THE LONG WAY HOME

ONE evening last spring, young Allen Bryson crossed the street and came up on my porch, where I was reading the afternoon paper. "Sir," he said, "I suppose you have ridden on a lot of railroads."

"Well, yes," I said. "I used to travel some."

"My wife's sister is getting married next week in North Carolina," he went on. "We're going down there on a sleeper. I wonder if you could tell me about trains?"

"There's no problem about trains south," I said. "Good trains run every day."

"Oh, we've got reservations," Bryson said. "I've . . . Well, I've never been on a train. I wonder if you would tell me about them—how to get meals, and that sort of thing."

"Never been on a train?" I said incredulously.

"Lots of men my age have never been on a train," he said. "Everybody travels by plane or car nowadays."

So I told him about sleeping cars, parlor cars, club cars, and diners, about baggage and tipping, and the difference between berths and sections, roomettes and bedrooms, compartments and drawing rooms. I answered his questions until he had no more. Then we talked about old-time train travel. Bryson was an admirable listener, and finally I told him about the most complicated train trip I ever made—from Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, to Charleston, West Virginia, in the late summer of 1917.

WHILE I was growing up in Charleston, travel by train was commonplace, but I think everyone was excited by it. Wealthy people rode the big Chesapeake & Ohio trains to White Sulphur Springs and Hot Springs, Virginia, and sometimes to Washington and New York. The sporting crowd often went down to Cincinnati for ball games, and bootleggers commuted regularly between Charleston, which was dry, and Catlettsburg, Kentucky, to fetch back bonded rye and bourbon for the thirsty. Fishermen rode the Coal & Coke Railway up Elk River to fish for bass and pike, and hunters took their dogs along on the Kanawha & Michigan, going down to Fraziers Bottom for quail-shooting and field trials. In summertime, folks even rode the Kanawha & West Virginia Railroad, a short coal line that ran Sunday excursions to Blue Creek, where passengers detrained for a swim and for Sunday dinner at Island Inn. In those days, my father owned a half interest in a sawmill, which, over a period of years, was moved about from one timber tract to another through much of southern West Virginia. My father made weekly payroll trips to the mill, and in summer I was often allowed to accompany him. By the time I was well along in high school, I had been to such faraway places as Clay Court House, Ansted, Thurmond, Cabin Creek, and Belva. Because of these travels, I considered myself a rather worldly fellow, and a true expert on railroads and railroading.

In April, 1917, a month before my graduation from high school, the United States declared war on Germany. There was much talk among my classmates about enlisting. The idea didn't appeal to me until the school board ruled that any senior who volunteered would receive his diploma without the formality of taking final examinations. This parlay of patriotism, adventure, and a free diploma was hard to ignore, and one Friday after school three classmates and I went together to discuss enlistment with our local recruiting sergeant.

"If you sign up now," the sergeant said, "you can pick your service."

"The cavalry?" I ventured.

"Hell," he said, "you can even choose the Quartermaster Corps if you get in now."

"How soon would we have to leave?" one of my companions asked.

"Oh, we ain't in no hurry," the sergeant said. "I got a group going out next week. You don't need to go till then."

We signed up on the spot.

The following Monday, the four of us, high-school graduates by now, joined the group of other recruits at the K. & M. station, at the foot of Broad Street, and entrained for Columbus Barracks, in Ohio. A few weeks later, my basic training behind me, I was sent to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where the 5th U.S. Infantry was training for war. Here my self-esteem rose rapidly. The draft had barely got under way at this time, and the regiments in camp were little more than cadres, made up of old-time Army personnel who had years of experience but little book learning. In this milieu, I was practically an intellectual. New recruits kept pouring in every day, and while they were learning to put on gas masks, climb in and out of trenches, wield bayonets, throw grenades, and fire machine guns, I was comfortable running a typewriter, making out morning reports, writing military letters, and looking after company funds. All this kept me in close contact with our captain, and I was one of the first enlisted men in the outfit to receive a furlough.

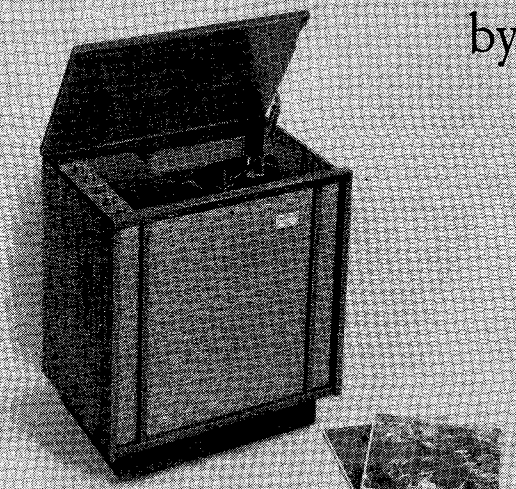
THE furloughs started coming through quite suddenly, just after word had leaked down that we would be moving overseas soon. I had saved very little out of my fifteen-dollar-a-month private's pay, and my first problem was to raise enough money to get home. My capital consisted mostly of a five-dollar bill and a two-and-a-half-dollar gold piece, which my uncle had given me as a graduation present, and which I wanted to save as a keepsake unless it became absolutely necessary to spend it. I had exactly fifty cents in change.

I had often thought longingly about the possibility of getting a furlough, and had estimated that the distance between Gettysburg and Charleston was about four hundred and fifty miles. Coach fares in those days were figured on the basis of two and a half cents per mile, so I knew that my ticket alone would cost me eleven dollars. I guessed that my journey might take two days, so I would need money for meals—a dollar and a half per day would hold me. And then I needed a little extra for possible emergencies—say, three dollars. The whole thing came to seventeen dollars, which meant that I had to raise nine dollars. To my astonishment, I got the money from the first person I asked—our company adjutant, Lieutenant McAllister. I had been having some trouble with Lieutenant McAllister—in fact, he had recently threatened me with a summary court-martial for wearing leather leggings off the post—and I think I asked him for the loan simply because he was the first person I saw after I was told that my furlough had been granted. Not only did he lend me the whole sum but he told me that I could leave right away and miss the big regimental inspection that was scheduled for the next

Good thing they wear Health-tex
It plays hard
all day

Health-tex
clothes for children, sizes 6 months to 8 years of flannels, knit and woven cottons, corduroys and other fine washable fabrics.
STANDARD ROMPER CO., INC., 1350 Broadway, New York 18.

where quality
is customary
HIGH FIDELITY
by
Pilot



Genuine component high fidelity in a decorous setting — combining the unexcelled performance of custom components with the distinctiveness of fine, hand-crafted cabinetry. Ensemble 1028. High Fidelity Phonograph, in cordovan mahogany, $279.50; in blond or cherry mahogany, or walnut $289.50. (slightly higher West of Rockies).
Wherever High Fidelity is sold.
Write for free booklet, "High Fidelity in the Home".
PILOT RADIO CORPORATION • DEPT. KR9 • LONG ISLAND CITY 1, N.Y.

BONWIT TELLER
Manhasset

Baby Bear Coat... Bonwit's hibernating corduroy. Outside: wide-waled, shower proof corduroy in antelope, beige or ivy. Inside: soft bear-hug lining of honey beige Orlon and nylon pile. By Weatherbee in a three-quarter length, perfect for slacks, ski pants; convertible hood collar. Sizes 10 to 16 at 45.00 Mail or phone orders filled.

New York Manhasset White Plains
Chicago Cleveland Boston

day. I ran back to the barracks, packed one small suitcase, and caught the five-o'clock bus into Gettysburg.

I went at once to the Western Maryland Railroad station, where I picked up copies of the timetables for all the major seaboard railroads and sat down on a bench in the waiting room to plot my journey home. At first, I thought I would go via Washington, partly because I had never been there but mainly because I could join the Chesapeake & Ohio there and ride one of its big yellow trains all the way to Charleston. But then, when I figured the mileage, I found that it was five hundred and fifty-two miles via Washington, whereas I would have to travel only four hundred and twenty-seven miles if I went directly south to Basic City, Virginia, and caught the C. & O. there. Getting to Basic City was a little complicated, for it meant travelling first to Hagerstown, Maryland, on the Western Maryland line, and from there to Basic City on the Norfolk & Western. But when I saw that this route would save me more than three dollars and would get me home much more quickly, I walked up to the grilled window and bought a ticket to Hagerstown. This cost me ninety-eight cents. I asked the ticket agent how far it was from Hagerstown to Basic City.

"Basic City?" the agent said, in some surprise. "Where you headed for?"

"What's it to you?" I said, employing my best Army tone of voice with this civilian.

"Basic City is a junction point," he said. "There ain't nothing there."

"From Basic City," I said scornfully, "I will take the Chesapeake & Ohio to Charleston, West Virginia."

"Look, son," the agent said. "I'll send you through Washington. That's the way to go to Charleston, West Virginia."

"Just who do you think you're kidding?" I said. "I know you jokers try to send soldiers the longest way, so you can get more of our money. Don't try that on me. And don't call me 'son.' "

"Hell, I'm just trying to help you," the agent said. "Washington is the quickest way."

I gave him a cold stare and walked away. Unfortunately, there was no train to Hagerstown until the next morning, and, not wanting to go back to camp and run the risk of getting involved in the inspection, I decided to spend the night in Gettysburg. I left my suitcase in the station and sent a telegram to my parents, telling them when I would be home. Then I went to a moving-pic-

VESTED INTEREST
The brass-buttoned blazer look in a new wool jersey waistcoat. Wonderfully warm, comfortably weightless under a jacket, it strikes a bright autumn note in hunter red—or in black.
Sizes 38-44. 12.50
Mail, phone SU 7-4000

MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22

Ask your Travel Agent for free folders on exciting Lufthansa Tours to Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Austria, Belgium.

- Sea-Air Cruise Tours to Europe
- Gateway Escorted European Tours
- City by City Travel Plan

And many others

67 EXCITING TOURS to EUROPE

VIA

LUFTHANSA
ONE OF THE WORLD'S TRADITIONALLY GREAT AIRLINES
555 Fifth Avenue, New York MU 2-9100
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

ture theatre, where I saw "Intolerance." When the movie was over, I ate a couple of dime sandwiches and a ten-cent chocolate soda, and went back to the station, where I put in a bad night on a bench in the waiting room. Uneasily, I realized that I was still in Gettysburg and that I had already spent, in addition to the cost of my train ticket and food purchases, eighty cents for the telegram, ten cents for the movie, and ten cents for the bus. I was glad I had had the wisdom to set aside an emergency fund.

WHEN I got on the train for Hagerstown the next morning, I immediately regretted that I hadn't eaten breakfast in Gettysburg, because the train news-butcher only had chicken sandwiches, at fifteen cents apiece. I contented myself with just one, because the price was excessive. Back in West Virginia, when passenger trains stopped in places like Thurmond and Alderson and Glen Ferris, there were always sandwich venders on the station platforms, and their chicken sandwiches never cost more than a dime. At that, my friends and I considered chicken sandwiches a luxury, and usually bought ham or bologna sandwiches, which cost a nickel. I also was a little disappointed in the quality of the train to Hagerstown. It was better than the Coal & Coke but not as good as the C. & O. The coaches had only paper cups at the water coolers—an innovation I didn't care for, because the water tasted as if it had come out of an envelope. I walked through two or three cars looking for a cooler with a tin cup, but they were all the same. Also, the coaches had black leather seats that were hard to sit on without slipping down, and were neither as comfortable nor as good-looking as the red plush seats on the C. & O. Still, the train went through some pretty farm country, and the fact that I was on my way home put me in good spirits. A little before noon, we got into Hagerstown, and I immediately went into the station and asked for a ticket to Basic City.

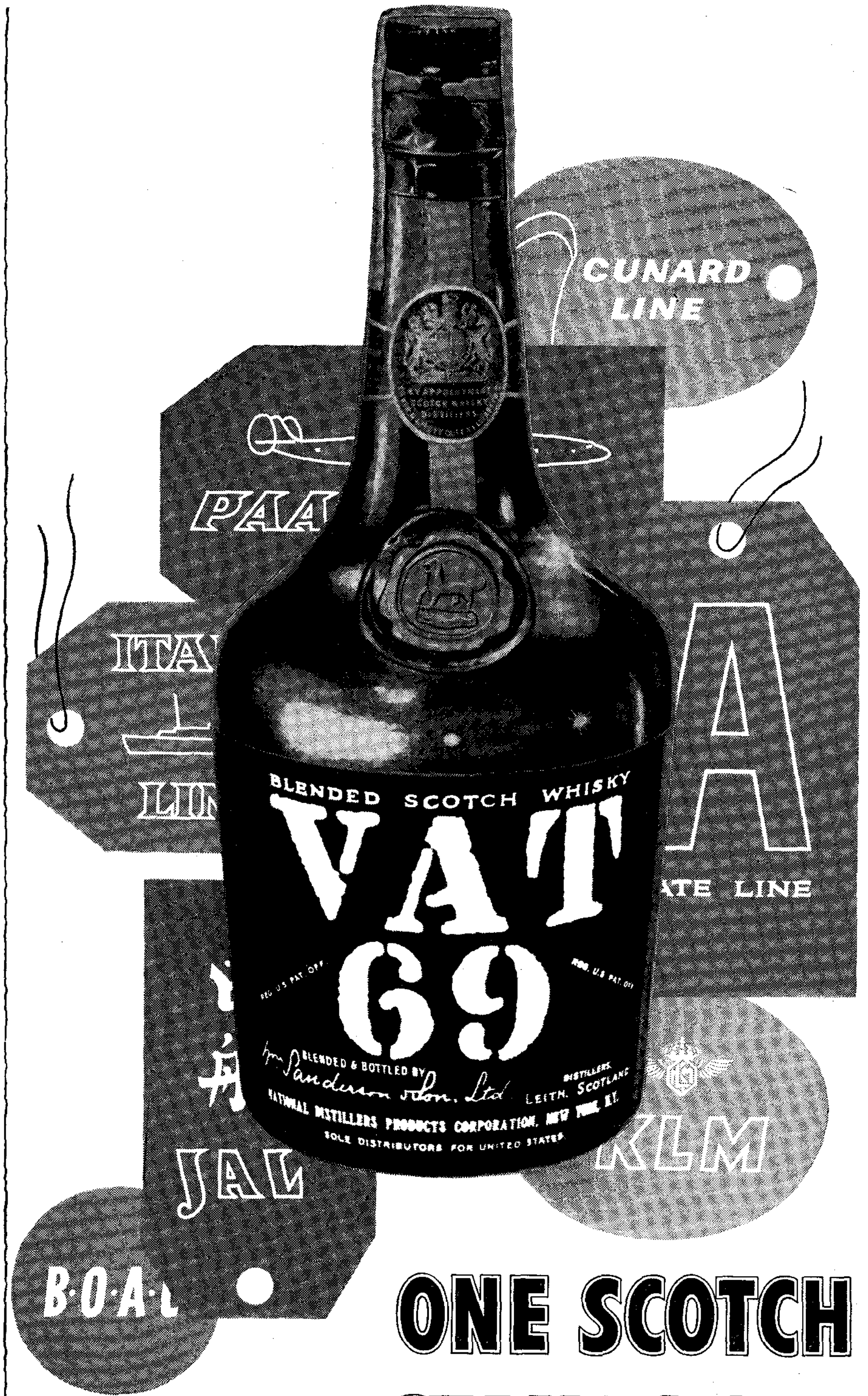
"I haven't got a train to Basic City until tomorrow morning," the agent said.

"Your schedule shows a train at five-twenty this afternoon," I said.

"That's the night train," the agent said. "It doesn't stop at Basic City."

I reached into a pocket of my blouse and found the timetable, and showed him where it indicated that the train did stop at Basic City.

"Not any more," he said. "They've


CUNARD LINE
PAA
ITA
LIN
A
TE LINE
JAL
B·O·A·C
KLM
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd
DISTILLERS LEITH, SCOTLAND
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES

ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT

The lighter...drier...smoother Scotch

Compare the superb lightness and dryness of VAT 69. You'll be delighted to find that it is Scotch at its *smoothest* and *lightest*. Tonight, enjoy light, dry VAT 69—you owe it to your taste for Scotch!

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.

Imported by National Distillers Products Company, New York. Sole Distributors for U.S.A.
Blended Scotch Whisky. 86.8 Proof

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

This is the coat we are asked for so often we suspect some women have several; equally smart in camelhair or tweed.

From good shops everywhere

Headquarters: THE JAEGER CO. LTD.
196 CITY ROAD, LONDON E.C.1, ENGLAND

shaken up all the schedules—war, you know. Why don't you go through Washington?"

"I've heard all that before," I said. "Just give me a ticket to Basic City on that morning train."

"If you go by Washington, you can *be* there in the morning," the agent said.

"Stop treating me like a Boy Scout," I said menacingly. "Do I get the ticket or don't I?"

The agent grudgingly sold me the ticket, which cost three dollars and fifty-five cents. I sent a rather long telegram to my parents explaining the situation, ate an egg sandwich, and set out to look over the town. There was a small hotel down the street from the station, and I went in. No one was around. I tapped the call bell on the desk, and a seedy-looking man with a mustache came from behind a partition and asked me what I wanted.

"How much for a room?" I asked.

He looked at me for a minute and then leaned across the desk and looked down at my suitcase.

"One dollar," he said.

"Nothing doing," I said.

"Everything's gone up on account of the war," he said.

"Mind if I sit in your lobby?" I asked.

"I guess not," the clerk said.

I left my suitcase at the hotel and found several good movie theatres, and saw a couple of movies, at a dime each. Then I went back to the hotel and sat around until it got close to suppertime. When the clerk had finished turning the lights on in the lobby, he stopped and looked at me. "How long you figuring on sitting in this lobby?" he said.

"Until morning," I said. "That's when my train goes."

"Tell you what," the clerk said. "We've got a room on the second floor with a couch in it. I could let you have that for fifty cents."

"Let's see it," I said.

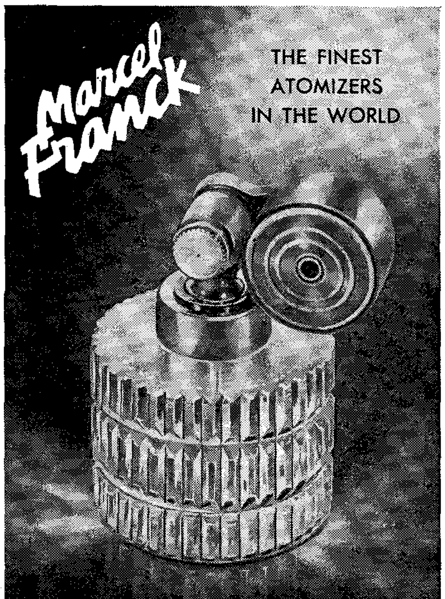
We went upstairs, and he showed me the room. It had a single bed along with the couch, and there was a small valise in the room. The clerk said it belonged to a hardware drummer, who had the single bed, and I could have the couch if I didn't mind sharing the room. This seemed like a good offer, and I took it. I got a fairly decent supper for thirty cents, and counted my money. I had spent seven dollars and sixty-three cents, including railroad tickets. This seemed like a lot of money, but I still had a little over nine dollars. After sup-

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

TWEED FOR FALL

A versatile suit of imported English tweed for town or country.
Raspberry, Blue or Green.
Sizes 10-16 $55.00

545 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK
© 1957 THE BERMUDA SHOP, LTD.



Cut crystal and shining chrome make a leak-proof, evaporation-proof atomizer that releases your perfume in the mist-fine spray that brings out its fullest beauty.

Made in France, and including a *smart black suede travel bag, 16.00.*

OTHER BEAUTIFUL STYLES 7.50 — 30.00

FRENCH ATOMIZER CORP.
663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

per, I spent a dime to shoot some pool with a soldier I met in the restaurant. About nine o'clock, I went back to the hotel and found the hardware drummer sitting on the edge of his bed reading the paper. We got to talking, and he told me that he had been in Washington and Baltimore and other large cities. I lay back on the couch and told him about some of my travels in southern West Virginia and central Ohio. It was a good feeling to be lying on a couch with springs in it and exchanging stories with another seasoned traveller. I went to sleep with my uniform on, while the drummer was telling me about some of his adventures with immoral women who had approached him during his tours.

I AWAKENED early the next morning, stowed away a twenty-five-cent breakfast, and caught the eight-forty Norfolk & Western for Basic City. This was a local train that stopped frequently to take on and discharge passengers. It was a warm morning and there wasn't much in the way of scenery, and pretty soon I went to sleep. When I woke up, the train was just pulling into Berryville, Virginia. I got out and stretched my legs on the platform, and when I boarded the coach again, I found a second lieutenant sitting in my seat. His khaki uniform was bleached almost white, and I decided he must be an old-timer—perhaps a veteran of the Villa campaign or the Philippines. I sat down next to him, and we began talking about the Army. When I asked him what outfit he was from, he told me that he was with the Virginia National Guard. My estimation of him went down, because we in the Regular Army didn't think much of National Guard officers; we had heard that National Guard commissions were a dime a dozen.

"Where you headed for, soldier?" the lieutenant then asked me.

"Charleston, West Virginia," I said. "I'm going home on furlough. Where are you headed for?"

"Hell's bells!" the lieutenant said, jumping up. "You're on the wrong train!"

I told him to sit down again, and suggested that *he* might be a little mixed up.

"Mixed up, hell," he said. "I live in this country."

"Look, Lieutenant," I said. "I've travelled on trains a little myself. I believe this is the train for Basic City."

"Basic City!" the lieutenant cried. "You don't want the train for Basic

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

CHIPP TRAVELERS ON THE ROAD

Chipp representatives are now on their Fall visit to many cities throughout the country. They will be exhibiting many new imported fabrics and exciting patterns. These can be tailored into custom and special cut clothing for men. Also custom made clothing for women. Our line abounds in different and exclusive accessories for men.

Listed below for your convenience are the hotels and dates in cities where we will show up to and including our Christmas trip. Schedule for 1958 will be sent upon request.

Atlanta • Dinkler Plaza Hotel
Sept. 26-27, Nov. 7-8, Dec. 13-14
Baltimore • Southern Hotel
Sept. 5, Oct. 17, Nov. 26
Bethlehem • Lehigh University
Dates upon request
Buffalo • Hotel Statler
Sept. 16-17, Oct. 21
Charleston • Daniel Boone
Sept. 16, Oct. 28
Charlotte • Hotel Charlotte
Sept. 25, Oct. 30
Charlottesville • University of Virginia
Dates upon request
Chicago • Hotel LaSalle
Sept. 9-10-11, October 21-22-23, Dec. 2-3-4
Cincinnati • Netherland Plaza
Sept. 5-6, Oct. 16-17, Dec. 11-12
Cleveland • Hotel Statler
Sept. 20-21, Nov. 1-2, Dec. 13-14
Clinton • Hamilton College
Dates upon request
Columbia, S.C. • Hotel Jefferson
Sept. 26, Oct. 31
Dallas • Adolphus Hotel
Sept. 9-10, Oct. 21-22, Nov. 22-23
Dayton • Van Cleve Hotel
Sept. 19, Oct. 31
Denver • Albany Hotel
Sept. 12-13, Oct. 24-25, Nov. 18-19
Detroit • Sheraton Cadillac
Sept. 16-17, Oct. 28-29, Dec. 16-17
Easton, Pa. • Lafayette College
Dates upon request
Evansville • McCurdy Hotel
Sept. 12, Oct. 24, Dec. 5
Hamilton, N. Y. • Colgate University
Dates upon request
Houston • Rice Hotel
Sept. 3-4-5, Oct. 16-17, Nov. 25-26
Indianapolis • Lincoln Hotel
Sept. 7, Oct. 25-26, Dec. 9-10
Ithaca • Cornell University
Dates upon request
Kansas City, Mo. • Hotel Muehlebach
Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Nov. 11-12, Dec. 6-7
Los Angeles • Biltmore Hotel
Sept. 19-20, Oct. 31-Nov. 1
Beverly Hills • Beverly-Wilshire
Sept. 21-Nov. 2
Louisville • Brown Hotel
Sept. 17-18, Oct. 29-30, Dec. 9-10
Lynchburg, Va. • Virginian Hotel
Sept. 23, Oct. 28
Memphis • Peabody Hotel
Sept. 21, Nov. 2
Midland, Texas • Scharbauer Hotel
Sept. 23, Nov. 4
Minneapolis • Radisson Hotel
Oct. 4-5, Nov. 15-16, Dec. 11-12-13
Nashville • Dinkler Andrew Jackson
Sept. 19-20, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, Dec. 11-12
New Orleans • Roosevelt Hotel
Sept. 23-24, Nov. 4-5, Dec. 16-17
Oklahoma City • Hotel Biltmore
Sept. 25-26, Nov. 6-7, Dec. 2-3
Omaha • Hotel Fontonelle
Oct. 2-3, Nov. 13-14, Dec. 9-10
Philadelphia • Bellevue Stratford
Sept. 12-13, Oct. 24-25, Dec. 5-6
Philadelphia • University of Pennsylvania
Dates upon request
Pittsburgh • Penn Sheraton
Sept. 3-4, Oct. 14-15, Nov. 25-26
Princeton • Princeton University
Dates upon request
Rochester, N. Y. • The Sheraton
Sept. 18, Oct. 22
St. Louis • The Chase Hotel
Sept. 13-14, Oct. 18-19, Dec. 6-7
San Antonio • Gunter Hotel
Sept. 6-7, Oct. 18-19, Nov. 27
San Francisco • St. Francis Hotel
Sept. 16-17-18, Oct. 28-29-30
Savannah • Hotel De Soto
Sept. 27-28, Nov. 1-2
Toledo • Commodore Perry
Sept. 18, Oct. 30
Tulsa • Hotel Mayo
Sept. 27-28, Nov. 8-9, Dec. 4-5
Washington • Willard Hotel
Sept. 10-11, Oct. 22-23, Dec. 3-4
Wilmington • DuPont Hotel
Sept. 4, Oct. 16, Nov. 25
Winston-Salem • Robert E. Lee Hotel
Sept. 24, Oct. 29

Custom Tailors Chipp *Furnishers*

14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

Fabrics of rare beauty . . .
handwoven in Siam
to add lustre to either the
modern or traditional decor

THAIBOK

3 EAST 52ND STREET • NEW YORK 22

OUR DISTRIBUTORS: KNEEDLER FAUCHERE, SAN FRANCISCO • KNEEDLER FAUCHERE, LOS ANGELES • MARY RICHARDSON FABRICS, TORONTO, CANADA DENST & SODERLUND, CHICAGO • ARTHUR L. SHERA SHOWROOM, GRAND RAPIDS ROBERT W. ENHOLM, PHILADELPHIA • CHARLES EISEN, DENVER • MR. BEN HANNEWYK, DALLAS • ELLOUISE ABBOTT, INC., HOUSTON • DESIGN RESEARCH INC., CAMBRIDGE, MASS. • EDWARD A. MURPHY SHOWROOM, SEATTLE.

City. Right this minute, you're getting farther and farther away from your home town. I know—I go to your town three or four times a year."

This really scared me. When our train made a five-minute stop at Front Royal, the lieutenant pulled me off the coach and we ran into the depot to check with the ticket agent. There were three or four people ahead of us, buying tickets, and the lieutenant got at the end of the line. "Let me handle this, soldier," he said. When his turn finally came, he hastily explained my situation to the agent. Not being in line, I couldn't hear the conversation very well, but I could see the ticket agent smiling and shaking his head, presumably at my stupidity. Then he looked over the lieutenant's shoulder at me and said, "The officer's right, son. You got yourself all mixed up. You better get your bags off that train while you've still got time."

We ran back to our car, and I was just able to get my suitcase off before the train started. The lieutenant stood on the steps of the coach and waved as the train moved away. "Glad to help!" he called, grinning happily.

A little out of breath, I went back into the depot to consult with the ticket agent. "Son," he said, "you just took the wrong train at Berryville."

"I didn't take the train at Berryville," I said indignantly. "I took it at Hagerstown."

"*Hagerstown?*" the agent said. He looked at me for a moment in silence. "Did you go to sleep on the train this morning, maybe?"

I nodded.

"That explains it," said the man, grinning. "You went right through your destination this morning while you were asleep."

"Went through Charleston?" I said.

"*Charleston?*" he repeated.

"That's what I said, Charleston," I said impatiently. I was getting fed up with his incredulous echo.

"Hell's fire, son," the agent said. "That lieutenant told me you were going to Charles *Town*, West Virginia—the town in the Panhandle."

This, I said to myself, was what came of listening to National Guard second lieutenants. Now I understood all too clearly what had happened. Between Maryland and Virginia, the Norfolk & Western cuts across the narrow eastern strip of West Virginia, stopping at Shepherdstown and Charles Town. I had missed this part of the trip during my nap, and therefore hadn't understood the reason for the lieutenant's confusion. In any case, the officer had placed me in a very awkward position, for I was ill-equipped, financially or emotionally, to put in an additional twenty-four hours en route home.

"There's another train through to Basic City tonight—a sleeper," the agent said helpfully. "But it doesn't stop here."

"Is there a hotel in this dump?" I said.

"Son, you better not let people hear you calling Front Royal a dump," he said. "Tell you what I might do," he went on. "I might contact Hagerstown. Maybe we could get the night train to pick you up and leave you off at Basic City."

"They told me at Hagerstown the night train didn't stop at Basic City," I said.

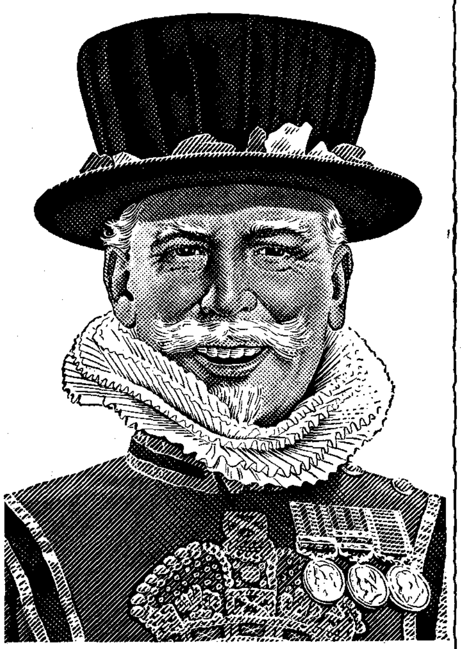
"That's a fact," the agent said, "but maybe we could get it to stop."

I told the agent that I would be grateful if he could make these arrangements, and he went to work on his telegraph key. It clicked back and forth for a long while. Then it stopped and the agent asked me what outfit I was with. I told him, and there was more clicking, followed by a long silence. Leaning on the ticket counter in that silent station, I suddenly had the feeling that I was never going to get home. The agent pushed his green eyeshade back on his head and put his feet on a table.

"How long you been in the Army, son?" he said.

"Stop calling me 'son,'" I said bitterly, and went into the men's room. I stayed there until I heard the telegraph key clicking again. When I came out, the agent was writing down the message. He looked up at me and grinned. "She's going to stop," he said. "They'll drop you at Basic City."

I telegraphed my parents again, and explained that I had suffered another unavoidable delay. Even though all these telegrams were making serious inroads into my limited capital, I felt that my parents would have worried about me if I had failed to let them know exactly where I was. After getting the telegram off, I went out and looked over the town. There was only one moving-picture house, and "Intolerance" was playing there. I saw it, for the second time, that afternoon. Then I went to a restaurant near the station and had a good dinner—a twenty-five-cent special, including dessert. After that, I went to the hotel and fell asleep on a couch in the lobby. The



IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER

the imported English Gin that doubles your martini pleasure

Beefeater—symbol of integrity in British tradition and in the finest English Gin.

Unequalled since 1820

BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER GIN

Imported by KOBRAND CORPORATION,
New York 1, N.Y. 94 Proof, Distilled from Grain

clerk woke me up at once and asked me if I would like a room. I told him that when I wanted a room I would let him know. About nine o'clock, I went to the movie again, although I was getting pretty sick of "Intolerance" by this time. After the movie, I just loafed around the station until the train came in, about two o'clock in the morning. When her headlights flooded the station, I was the only one on the platform. Two conductors and a colored porter climbed off the train, several cars back.

"You the fellow for Basic City?" one of the conductors called.

"That's me," I said.

"Get a hustle on, son," he said. "We ain't got all night."

I climbed aboard, and the train started up. It was the first time I had ever been on a sleeper, and I was impressed by the porter, by the green curtains, and particularly by the fact that the car platforms were closed in, so that you could walk from one car to another without having your hat blown off. Speaking in a low voice, because of the sleeping passengers, one of the conductors told me that he was holding an upper berth for me. "That will be two dollars," he said.

"You're talking to the wrong man," I said. "I already got my ticket."

"Is it Pullman?" the conductor said.

I started hunting for my ticket and then remembered that the conductor on the other train had taken it just after we left Hagerstown. I explained this, and the conductors walked halfway down the car and talked to each other for a long time. Finally, one of the conductors said, "Oh, what the hell," and told the porter to put my bag into one of the men's washrooms. I spent the night there, sleeping on the long leather couch. I had the place all to myself, and it hadn't cost me a nickel. My pride in my capabilities as a traveller had been restored.

IT was still dark when the porter woke me up, and in a few minutes the train stopped at Basic City and I got off. The station had a light on, but it was locked and there was no one around. I sat on a bench until daylight and then I took a walk. There was a gasoline station nearby, and a couple of houses along the road, but nobody was stirring. About seven o'clock, I came back to the station and started waiting for the eight-twenty C. & O. to come in. There was still no life around the station, and I kept looking

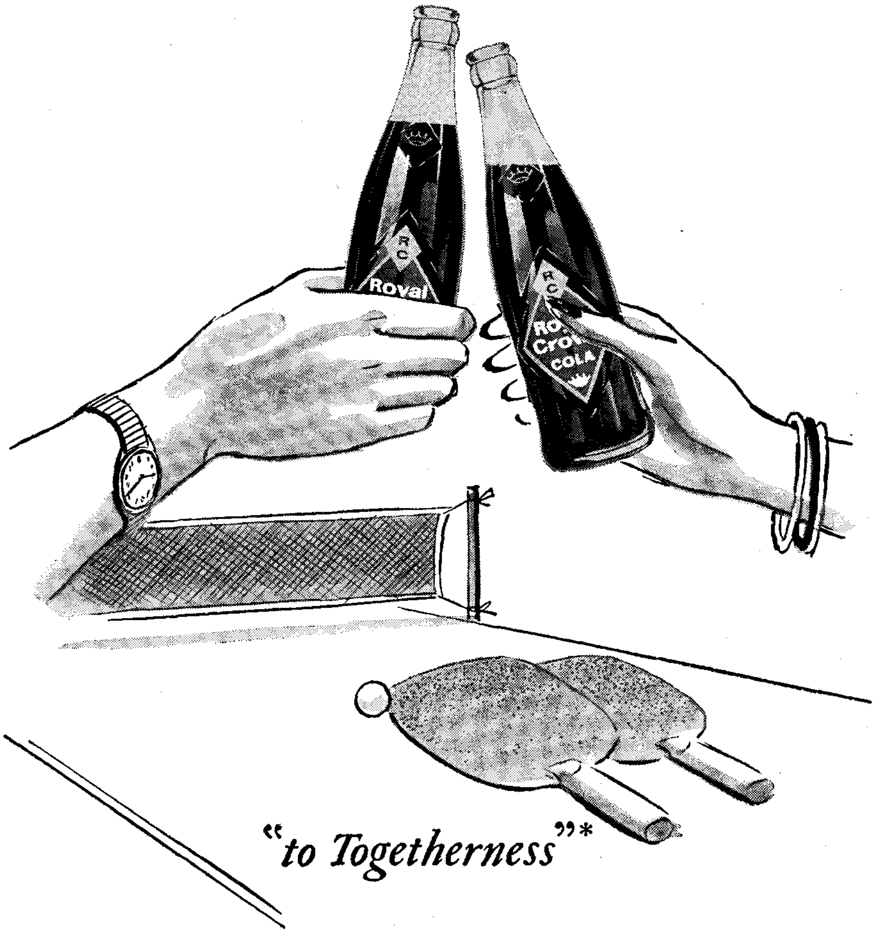
friendly
VISCOUNT service
in European skies

fly BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

BEA is largest airline operating within Europe.
BEA operates Europe's largest Viscount fleet.
BEA first with Viscount 800 service.
BEA flies to over 70 European cities.
BEA carries more passengers than any other airline within Europe.
BEA Viscounts serve every country in Western Europe.
BEA pleases all passengers with its friendly service . . . consistently.

fly BEA -most Americans do

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS
General Sales Agents in U.S.A., Canada, Central and S. America: British Overseas Airways Corporation.



"to Togetherness"*

© McCALL CORP.

*inspired by McCall's of course

(Advertisement)

THE
LUXURY
LIQUEUR...
ITALY'S FINEST

GALLIANO
LIQUORE GALLIANO
A
LIQUEUR
SPECIALTY OF
Ditta Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno
ITALY
Artificially colored - Made and bottled by
DISTILLERIE RIUNITE DI LIQUORI - MILANO (Italy)
IMPORTED BY
McKesson & Robbins, Inc. New York, N.Y.
80 Proof

Galliano is the luxury
after-dinner liqueur
—try a Galliano Mist
—Galliano with juice of ¼ lime
over shaved ice. Marvelous!

80 PROOF, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N. Y.

at my wristwatch, with increasing nervousness. Finally, the dial showed eight-twenty, then eight-thirty. Still no train and no sign of life. At nine o'clock, a man came and unlocked the small building, and I followed him inside. "Where's your eight-twenty train?" I demanded.

"What eight-twenty train?" the man said.

"Your C. & O. eight-twenty train, going west," I said.

"Why, son," the man said, "that train doesn't run on Sunday."

"What day is this?" I asked, knowing the answer before it came.

"Why, today's Sunday," he said.

I asked when the next train to Charleston, West Virginia, was due.

"There isn't any," he said. "Not until the eight-twenty tomorrow."

"How much is the fare?" I asked.

"Rail fare from Basic City to Charleston is six dollars and fifteen cents," he told me.

I sighed and inquired about restaurants and hotels. He told me that they were to be found in Waynesboro, a couple of miles away. "There's a bus," he said, "but it don't run Sundays, either."

It took me almost an hour and a half to walk those two miles. A warm September sun was beating down, and I was wearing my heavy, olive-drab winter uniform, partly because I had thought it might be cold crossing the Allegheniesbut mainly because I wanted to save my khaki uniform to wear when I got home. I was also wearing my leather leggings, which I had put on just after leaving Gettysburg, because they were much more dashing than the regulation canvas puttees. During my frequent stops by the road to mop my face and catch my breath, I had plenty of time to reflect that I should have gone via Washington after all. There was a pretty good hotel in Waynesboro. As usual, the clerk tried to sell me a room, but I just cleaned up in the washroom and then found a reasonable restaurant in the next block. As I was eating my fifteen-cent breakfast, I took stock of my treasury again and realized that I would have to part with my gold piece. I had spent twenty-five cents for breakfast in Hagerstown and a total of a dollar in Front Royal for a telegram, dinner, and the movies, and I was sure that I would have to spend at least a dollar before I could get out of Waynesboro. All this, plus the cost of the final ticket, would leave me with less than a dollar.

By the time I finished breakfast, it

Plummer's Own
"Jolly Jinks"

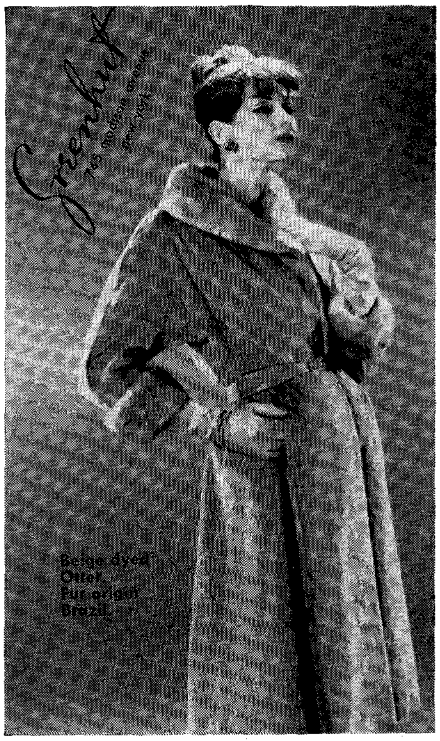
Child's set in fine Englishware, colorfully decorated with playful bears, bunnies and squirrels in charming scenes, done in a droll and whimsical way. **3-piece set $3.75.**

Add 75c for postage

Mail Orders Filled

Plummer LTD

734 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., N.Y.C.


Greenhut
745 Madison Avenue
New York
Beige dyed Otter.
Fur origin Brazil.

THE HOTEL OF THE AMERICAS
americana
BAL HARBOUR, MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

was noon. I looked for the telegraph office, but both Western Union and Postal Telegraph were closed. This necessitated another visit to the hotel, to send another telegram to my parents, for which the clerk charged me eighty cents. "They only charged me fifty-five cents at Front Royal," I said.

"We got to phone this to Clifton Forge," he said.

The movie theatres and poolrooms were all closed, because it was Sunday, and I just walked around the quiet streets of Waynesboro until about five o'clock, when I went back to the same restaurant and bought the Sunday Special dinner for thirty cents. Then I returned to the hotel, where there wasn't much going on, and got to talking to the clerk. I must have looked pretty forlorn by this time, because he let me sleep in a merchandise sample room for nothing. This sample room was three or four times bigger than a regular room; it had a couple of chairs and five or six long tables, but no bed. The clerk gave me a blanket, and I slept on one of the tables. It wasn't too bad.

The next morning, I got an early breakfast at the restaurant, filling up on hot cakes and syrup for fifteen cents, and then spent a dime for the bus back to Basic City. When I bought my ticket to Charleston, I pushed four dollar bills and my gold piece under the window.

"That's not enough," the ticket agent said impatiently.

I could see that he thought the gold piece was a dime. "You better count that again," I said.

The agent examined the gold piece suspiciously, but finally he handed me my ticket and thirty-five cents in change. I had only two cents in my pocket, which left me just thirty-seven cents to get home on, but I was relieved to know, at last, that I was going to make it. The big engine rolled in on time, and I climbed aboard a yellow C. & O. coach, headed for home. We went through Clifton Forge, Covington, and White Sulphur Springs. At Ronceverte, I bought a couple of chicken sandwiches and a glass of buttermilk from one of the station venders. Money no longer seemed important by this time, and this twenty-five-cent splurge made me feel cheerful and devil-may-care. Beyond Alderson, we approached the Big Bend Tunnel, the longest tunnel on the C. & O., and the brakeman hurried through the car and told the passengers to close all the windows. It was the first time I had ever been through the tunnel, and I found it

Alligator...
because it's sure to rain!

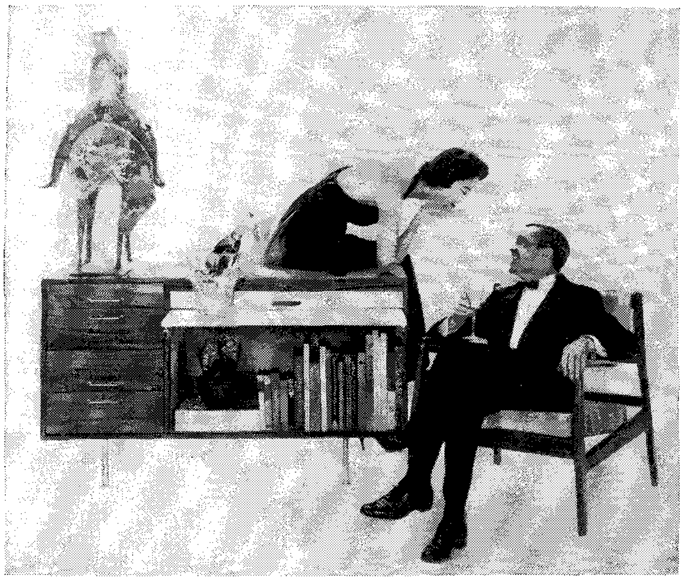
This Alligator 100% waterproof, all Dacron* coat is feather-light, yet drapes handsomely. Won't stick, crack or leak. Sponges clean with soap and water. Great value at $14.75. Carrying case included. Other Alligator coats in wide range of fabrics, styles, colors...$9.50 to $53.75.

Alligator
ALL-WEATHER COATS

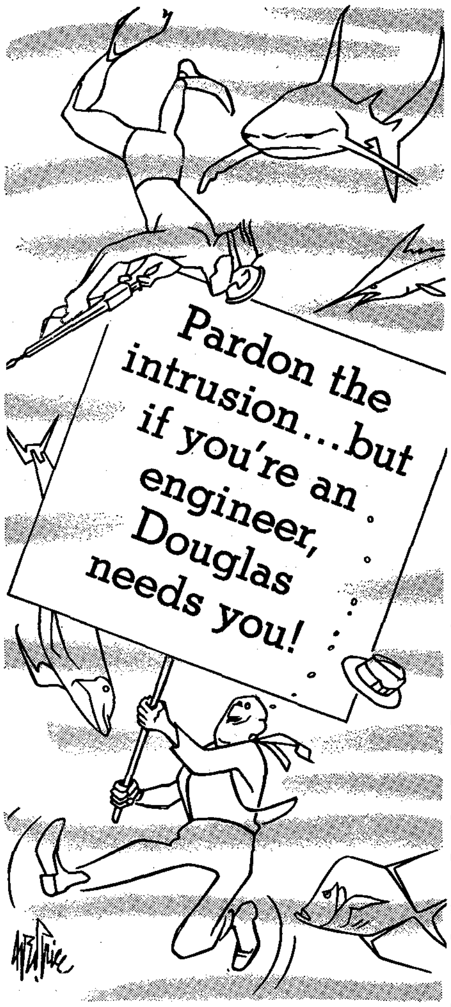
THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES

*DuPont Polyester Fiber

the answer is Risom



CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE FOR THE HOME OR BUSINESS INTERIOR...
ON VIEW AT THE NEW YORK HOME FURNISHINGS SHOW.
THROUGH LEADING DEALERS AND DECORATORS. SEND FOR BOOKLET 25¢ OR...
HARD COVER 84 PAGE CATALOG $3. **JENS RISOM DESIGN INC.,** DEPT. N20.
49 EAST 53rd STREET, N. Y. 22 • CHICAGO • DALLAS • ATLANTA • LOS ANGELES


Pardon the intrusion...but if you're an engineer, Douglas needs you!

Do you know what *your depth* really is?

A lot of engineers never get the chance to find out. But at Douglas, we give you the ocean to test your talents.

We think you'll find the kind of *challenge you're looking for* among the many exciting — and still classified — projects at Douglas.

And the great engineering minds at work at Douglas will help you to get the most out of your talents.

Tell us "your dreams" and we'll try to help you make 'em come true. We're located on both coasts and a good many places in between.

Please write for complete information to:

C. C. LaVENE
DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY
BOX 620-D
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

Go further with **DOUGLAS**

exciting. It took a minute and forty-eight seconds. I made the acquaintance of some of the other passengers, and two or three of them were from Charleston. One man had gone to school with my mother. Even the conductor seemed like a Charlestonian, for he told me that he had met my uncle several times at Shriners' meetings. I kept getting more and more steamed up about getting home. The train pulled into Hinton, which is only ninety-seven miles from Charleston, and I looked out the window and saw Viney Pritchard walking along the station platform.

Viney Pritchard lived in Charleston. She was only a sophomore in high school, but she looked as old as some of the senior girls. Actually, I had never paid much attention to Viney Pritchard at home, for fear of being accused of robbing the cradle, but I had noticed her, all right. She was with a tall, buck-toothed girl and they just seemed to be watching the people get off the train. I knocked on the window, but she didn't hear me. The brakeman came through the coach, and I asked him how long before the train pulled out. "We change crews here, soldier," he said. "She'll be here half an hour at least."

I got off the train, and Viney saw me. She came up as if we had been old friends for years. "Hello, General," she said. "What are you doing here?"

"I was just going to ask you the same question," I said.

"I've been here all summer," she said. "I want you to meet my cousin, Macel Pritchard. I've been visiting Macel."

We exchanged greetings. Viney said she had heard I was in the Army; she thought my uniform was cute.

"I've been in this particular uniform for four days," I said. "It's kind of mussed up."

"Why don't you come on up home?" Macel said. "You can change your uniform, if you want to."

"Thanks," I said. "I wouldn't have time for that, even if I wanted to."

"You got a half hour," Viney said. "It won't take more than a couple of minutes in Macel's car."

The girls were so nice and so interested that I drove out to Macel's house with them, but I left my suitcase on the train, because it seemed like a waste of time to change uniforms so close to home. Macel's car was one of those seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar Overland touring cars; it was a pretty old model, and she had to go in low gear

MUFFLER-STRIPED SWEATER

Knitted in the Shetland Islands of Scotland

Loosely Knit, brushed pure Shetland yarn in new two inch stripes.
Typical Scotch colourings:

Light grey/oxford grey: sky blue/medium grey: medium grey/lovat green: natural/tan-grey mixture: natural/heather blue: black/black brown. Men's sizes 38-46 Women's sizes 34-40 $16.50.

WHITE

1020 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

COMFORT

Carrier central air-conditioning is being installed in every one of the hotel's 600 rooms. Filtered, washed air, balanced humidity plus soundless operation all contribute to quiet comfort.

TELETYPE SS300

HOTEL SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK
JAMES F. GILDAY, EXEC. VICE-PRESIDENT

Cherio
RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON-DINNER TILL 11 P. M.
OPEN SUNDAYS 6 P. M.
46 E. 50TH ST. • MU 8-1190

the Beefeater Inn
LUNCHEON - DINNER - COCKTAILS
OLympia 2-2888
170 N. LA CIENEGA • BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

to get up the hill from the station. It took almost ten minutes to get to Macel's house, and by the time I had been introduced to her mother, it was time to start back. "Why don't you wait and take the through train tonight?" Viney said. "It'll only make you a little later."

"This train I'm on is an express," I said.

"Not from here," Macel said. "It's a local from here down."

"There's a dance out at Shady Grove tonight," Viney said. "We could go out there and have some fun."

"What time does this night train run?" I asked.

"It's Number Five," Macel said. "Number Five leaves at twelve-five."

I said that would make me too late, and besides my parents were meeting the train I was on, so we drove back to the station. When we got there, the tracks were empty. I went inside, with the girls behind me, and the agent said the train had pulled out ten minutes before. "She was running late," he said. "They didn't waste no time."

"It really doesn't make any difference," Macel said. "You'll get there practically the same time on Number Five."

"The conductor on that train has my ticket," I said.

"He gave you back your ticket," the agent said. "They don't keep no tickets past Hinton."

"Well, he didn't give *me* back my ticket," I said.

"Sure he did," the agent said. "Look around in your pockets. He tore off the Hinton stub and gave you back the rest."

I felt through my blouse and pants pockets, but there was no ticket. Finally, to my embarrassment, I found it in my shirt pocket. I had forgotten it in the excitement of getting near home. This took care of the first part of my problem. The second part was my suitcase, which I had left on the train. The agent asked me to describe it, and said he would telegraph to the stationmaster at Charleston, and they would take my suitcase off the train and hold it for me. The third part of my problem was financial; I only had twelve cents. As we drove back to Macel's house, I told the girls that I had lost all my money in a poker game in Hagerstown, and asked them if they could lend me four or five dollars, which I would send back as soon as I got home. They had no money, either, but Macel talked to her mother, who let me have three dollars. Before we started out to the dance at

Cherry Heering
PETER F. HEERING
CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR

Cherry Heering

Denmark's Liqueur Delight
Since 1818

Danish Recipe Booklet Free

Includes recipes of Danish dishes, ideas for flower arrangements, etc. Beautifully illustrated.

Write Dept. NY-2.
SCHENLEY IMPORT CO.
122 East 42 Street
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

All your guests will enjoy it!

49 PROOF

ENJOY AUTUMN
AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST

SEE COLORFUL
COLORADO
THIS FALL

Rise up—greet the flush of a cool autumn dawn in Colorado's vacation wonderland, ushering in the bluest of skies! Sunlight touches majestic snow-crests, steals down over pockets of purple on spruce-mantled slopes. A valley's lovely lake turns emerald-green, mirroring the restless splendor of the Rockies robed in golden aspen. Be off to teeming trout streams . . . scenic forest trails! Drive wide, paved highways . . . to rodeos, fiestas, ghost towns. *Bring your color film!* Wherever sunset finds you, a Colorado welcome is waiting.

Fishing through Oct. 31
Seasons on Deer, Elk, Bear

Colorado offers a wide choice of places to stay

GET THIS FREE LITERATURE PACKET

MAIL COUPON NOW!

COLORADO CLIMATE—*The Magic Ingredient*

COLORADO DEPT. OF PUBLIC RELATIONS
555 State Capitol, Denver 2, Colorado
PLEASE SEND:
☐ 54-page full-color Vacation Guide
☐ List of Statewide Events for Fall
☐ Full-color State Highway Map Folder
☐ Hotel, Resort, Motel, Dude Ranch Information
Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________ Zone____ State________

Shady Grove, we had supper at the Hinton Hotel, and from there I telegraphed my parents that I had been delayed in Hinton and would be home on No. 5.

THERE was a rough bunch of rubes at the Shady Grove dance, and Viney seemed to know them all. In fact, they kept Viney so busy that I was with Macel most of the time. When I did get to dance with Viney, one of these boys always cut in immediately. I wished they'd cut in when I was dancing with Macel, because Macel kept trying to lead. I had thought that my uniform would cause quite a stir in this backwoods gathering, but it seemed to have the opposite effect. Some of the girls seemed friendly, but the men were downright hostile. Macel introduced me to her friends, and I tried to trade partners with some of the local boys, but they said this wasn't the kind of a dance where you traded partners; you just cut in. By ten o'clock, I was fed up. Macel and I went out to the pop stand for a Coke, and Viney was there, talking to a couple of boys. I said we ought to be starting back.

"Starting back?" Viney said. "Why, it's only ten o'clock!"

"We might have a flat," I said.

"Oh, pooh!" Macel said. "Besides, we can drive it in half an hour."

I kept insisting that we get started, until one of the boys turned around. "What's the matter, soldier?" he said. "Ain't you having a good time?"

Two or three other men walked up. "Let's get out of this dump," I said to Viney, taking her arm.

One of the yokels grabbed my shoulder and pulled me around. "What do you mean, a dump?" he said.

I tried to drag Viney along, and she started to come with me, but somebody else pulled me around again and swung at me. He missed.

"If you rubes want to fight," I said coldly, "you ought to see your recruiting officer."

The next thing I knew clearly—and it seemed a long time later—was that my head was in Viney Pritchard's lap. We were jolting along in the back seat of Macel's car, and Viney was stroking my hair. I looked around for my campaign hat, and found it on the floor. "You all right, honey?" Viney said, and rubbed her hand on my cheek.

"What happened?" I asked.

Macel turned around in the driver's seat and glanced at me. "Don't ever call our boys rubes," she said.

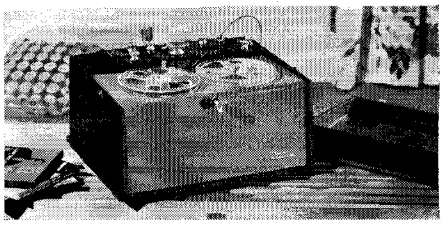
When we got to the station, Macel

Venture beyond hi-fi . . .
into the new world of
STEREO-SOUND

Be daring — step into a new realm of music on the wings of stereophonic sound — with the new Ekotape 290 Stereophonic.

Thrill anew to your favorite symphony, opera, treasured gems . . . hear them with all the excitement and realism of the original performance.

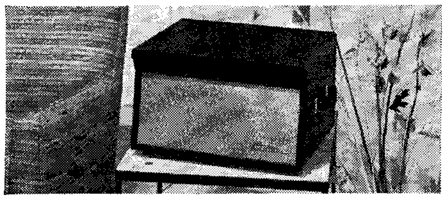
You have to hear it to believe it! Step into your nearest Ekotape dealer's now . . . you'll discover Ekotape 290 Stereophonic is wonderful to hear — surprisingly low in price. Write for bulletin R11A1.



290 STEREOPHONIC

Ekotape®

MATCHING SPEAKER



R112

ELECTRONICS DIVISION
WEBSTER ELECTRIC
RACINE · WIS

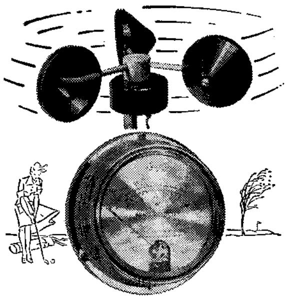
VIYELLA
for fall

No sportsman's wardrobe is complete without a collection of Viyella shirts. For none can match this English flannel (55% wool, 45% cotton) . . . famous for warmth and washability.

In authentic tartan plaids: Campbell Dress, Dress Douglas, Black Watch, Royal Stewart, MacDonald, Cameronian . . $18.95

In solid colors and fancy patterns . . . $15.95 to $17.95

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
NEW YORK—360 MADISON AVENUE
SUMMER SHOP, HYANNIS, MASS.
CHICAGO—VL&A—9 NO. WABASH

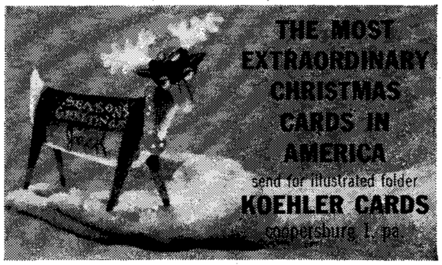


WHITE WIND SPEED INDICATOR

Accurate within 2 per cent . . . 0 to 50, and 0 to 120 m.p.h. . . . no electricity required . . . handsome 5½" brass case . . . 4" easy-to-read dial . . . 5' aluminum mast . . . 60' flexible cable . . . ideal for boat, club, camp, home, office, farm, airport, anywhere. Circular available.

In brass postpaid $47.50 *In chrome* $50.00

W. O. WHITE & SONS, INC.
40 Water St., New York 4, N. Y.


THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY CHRISTMAS CARDS IN AMERICA
send for illustrated folder
KOEHLER CARDS
Coopersburg 1, pa.

went in and dampened her handkerchief in the water fountain. Viney took it and cleaned up the bruises and scraped places on my face. She was very tender, and it all seemed quite worth while.

No. 5 was ten minutes late, but she finally roared in, shooting steam across the station platform. Viney took my hand and held it against her cheek.

"You two got a case," Macel said.

The engine whistle gave out two short blasts, the bell rang, the conductor called "All aboard!," and the train began to move.

"Write me, General," Viney said. "Hear?"

I scrambled aboard the train with my hopes and memories. I sat on the river side of the coach and counted off the stations in the dark—Thurmond, Hawk's Nest, Cotton Hill, Montgomery, East Bank, Chelyan. Then the train roared past the ballpark in Kanawha City, and I could see the street lights of Charleston across the river. The train jolted and began to slow down, and a moment later the station platform was sliding by, slower and slower. I saw my younger brother running along outside my window, flailing his arms in greeting. The brakeman opened the door and sang out, in the up-and-down cadence of railroad men, "Charleston! Charleston!"

—Joe Savage

•

THE PATTERNED FIELDS

The patterned fields are full of cows
With half a thought among, say, twenty;
For such capacious, careful brows
A fortieth of a thought is plenty.

Man may think several thoughts a day
But seldom gives them full attention;
His thoughts are mostly colored gray
And few of them are fit to mention.

A cow's are pure, and colored green—
Pleasant, maybe, but rarely jolly—
And that is why the rustic scene
Is so suffused with melancholy.

—R. P. Lister

•

The Argentinian pianist Raul Spivak, an artist of considerable stature, was heard last night at the Pan American Union in a recital highlighted by an exceptionally fine performance of the not too frequently played Brahms M minor sonata.—*Washington Star.*

That's the one where Brahms really let himself go.

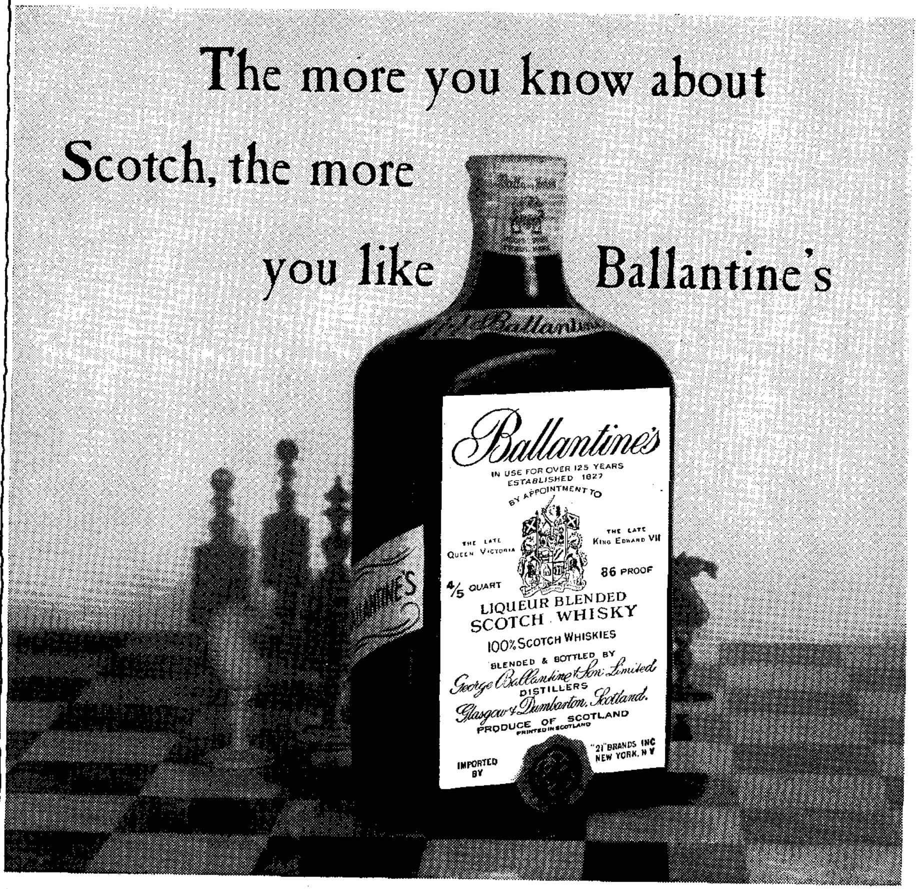
step aboard JAL and you're "in Japan"

Too much fun? The excitement aboard JAL...the beautiful kimonos and "happi" coats and dainty fans and "kokeshi" dolls...all this can tucker young travellers. So she reluctantly retires to dream of magic lands—Japan, Hong Kong, Bangkok—now just gentle hours away. Make your own dreams come true. See your travel agent and plan your tour via Japan Air Lines.

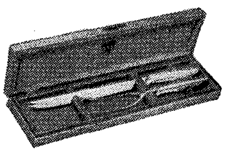
FLY JAL JAPAN AIR LINES
U.S. to the Orient via Hawaii

New York · Chicago · San Francisco · Los Angeles · Washington, D.C. · Seattle · Honolulu

The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's


Ballantine's
IN USE FOR OVER 125 YEARS
ESTABLISHED 1827
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LATE KING EDWARD VII
86 PROOF
4/5 QUART
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
Glasgow & Dumbarton, Scotland.
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY
"21" BRANDS INC NEW YORK, N.Y.

"21" Brands, Inc. N.Y.C. 86 PROOF
ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN



Koko inspired this great serving tip...

Snickersnee

CARVER-SERVER

by Gerber

Created as a tribute to the Mikado's mighty Koko, Snickersnee is a blade with a delightful dual personality. Its 10″ razor-sharp blade slices a prime rib, ham or leg of lamb with effortless authority. Then you graciously serve the slices with the famous Snickersnee forked points. A real innovation. Rustproof, stainproof, handmade from the finest steel ever used *in cutlery—it will* last a lifetime.

You'll be as devoted as Koko was to his Snickersnee . . . the greatest blades in life or legend. Made in 4 sizes: 7½″, 8″ French, 10″ and 12½″.

You'll find Gerber carvers and steak blades at leading stores everywhere. Write for Selection Sheet "*Blades and their Legends.*"

SR set in solid walnut chest $25. Other sets from $3.50 to $166.50.

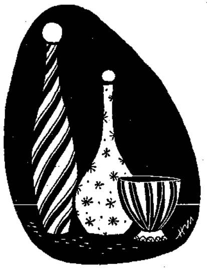
GERBER
Legendary
BLADES
1305 S.W. 12th AVENUE • PORTLAND 1, OREGON

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

ENTRECHAT, DEAR! DIE, DEAR!

GLANCING over a publicity handout a week or so ago for one of the ballet companies that will be performing here this fall—"so flawless, so assured, so serene"—I found myself reminded of the scene that met my eyes the first time I ever went backstage to watch a ballet. That was in 1942, but the scene fascinated me for a good many years and, until fairly recently, bothered me as well. One evening that spring, I was given the opportunity (for no particular reason except that I knew somebody who knew somebody) to watch a performance of the Ballet Theatre from the wings. I was glad of the chance, for while I had previously seen a few ballet performances, it had always been from out front, and generally from a seat in one of the remoter balconies. I arrived at the stage door of the Metropolitan Opera House a trifle late, and the man who let me in told me to make my way backstage quietly, because the curtain was already up. Obediently, I crept along a winding corridor, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of disrupting the performance, until, all of a sudden, still tiptoeing, I emerged into pandemonium. I had entered a musty, gloomy, cavernous space strewn with packing cases, panels of painted canvas, coils of rope, and trails of electric cable. It was full of people, most of them in costume and almost all of them in various states of agitation—some yelling, some muttering furiously, some apparently in complete despair, others rushing angrily from group to group as if inciting to riot, still others hysterically urging their colleagues to remain calm and reasonable. Near a large crate, a ballerina was weeping. Dancers clustered about her, trying to comfort her. Not far from me, underneath a sign that read, "Quiet, Please," one of the male dancers was quarrelling with a bald-headed man in a business suit. The dancer had a British accent. He was shouting, "You must ring down the curtain! I won't dahnce!" The bald-headed man was pleading with him, but clearly to no avail. It was hard to believe that a performance could be going on close to such an uproar, yet from where I was standing I could see for myself that one was. A bit of the stage was visible through the wings—a brilliant slice of light in which prancing figures appeared and disappeared like sparkling motes of dust caught by a sunbeam in a shuttered room. There was so much noise, though, that I could hardly hear the music.

Although I didn't have the faintest idea what was going on, I found myself growing increasingly tense, infected by the sense of crisis that had seized everybody around me—everybody, that is, except one male dancer. He was a strikingly handsome dark-haired youth in tights, who, not far from the weeping ballerina, was practicing some small, infinitely graceful step with a rapt expression on his face. Narcissus at the fountain's brink must have looked just like that. I was worried by the thought that the hubbub must surely be reaching the ears of the audience out front. And I was much more worried about what would happen when it came time for the British dancer, who was evidently a star of some magnitude, to go onstage. I couldn't begin to imagine what would happen then. The whole ballet seemed to be tottering on the verge of disaster, for the British dancer obviously hadn't the slightest intention of going on. There was no mistaking his resolution. His arms were folded across his chest. He was no longer shouting but was saying to the bald-headed man in a tone of icy finality, "The curtain must come down, the ballet must begin again. I don't dahnce otherwise." A moment later, though, he sprang sidewise past me and disappeared from sight. And when I walked into the wings and peered out, there he was on the stage, dancing away, a wide smile fixed on his face, sweat already trickling down his painted cheeks. The crisis was past. I felt enormously relieved, though still baffled.



Standing in the wings, I watched the remainder of the program. I have no idea what any of the ballets were about. From that position, I could get no sense of form, pattern, or story. It was much too close for appreciation—too close even for comfort. Bounding past me on the way on or off the stage, even the most petite of the ballerinas seemed formidable. It was perhaps a little like being backstage among the performing lions and tigers at the circus. What I remember most clearly about the rest of that evening is the way the sweat flew in glistening drops as the dancers leaped or twirled, and

UNITED
AIR LINES

HAWAII ...7 days, 6 nights as low as $449.50*!

Today exciting Hawaii is less than a day from New York via United, the Main Line route to the Islands! Go on one of United's new Air Vacations—vacations individually planned for you, but at low tour rates. They're low-cost, *complete.*

Choose the service you want — de luxe First Class DC-7s, nation's fastest airliners, featuring superb full-course meals, other "extras." Or big Air Coach Mainliners with a hot meal, over the Pacific, included in your fare! Either way you travel, United offers the finest service available, each on separate planes.

Hawaiian vacations cost less than you think. For example:

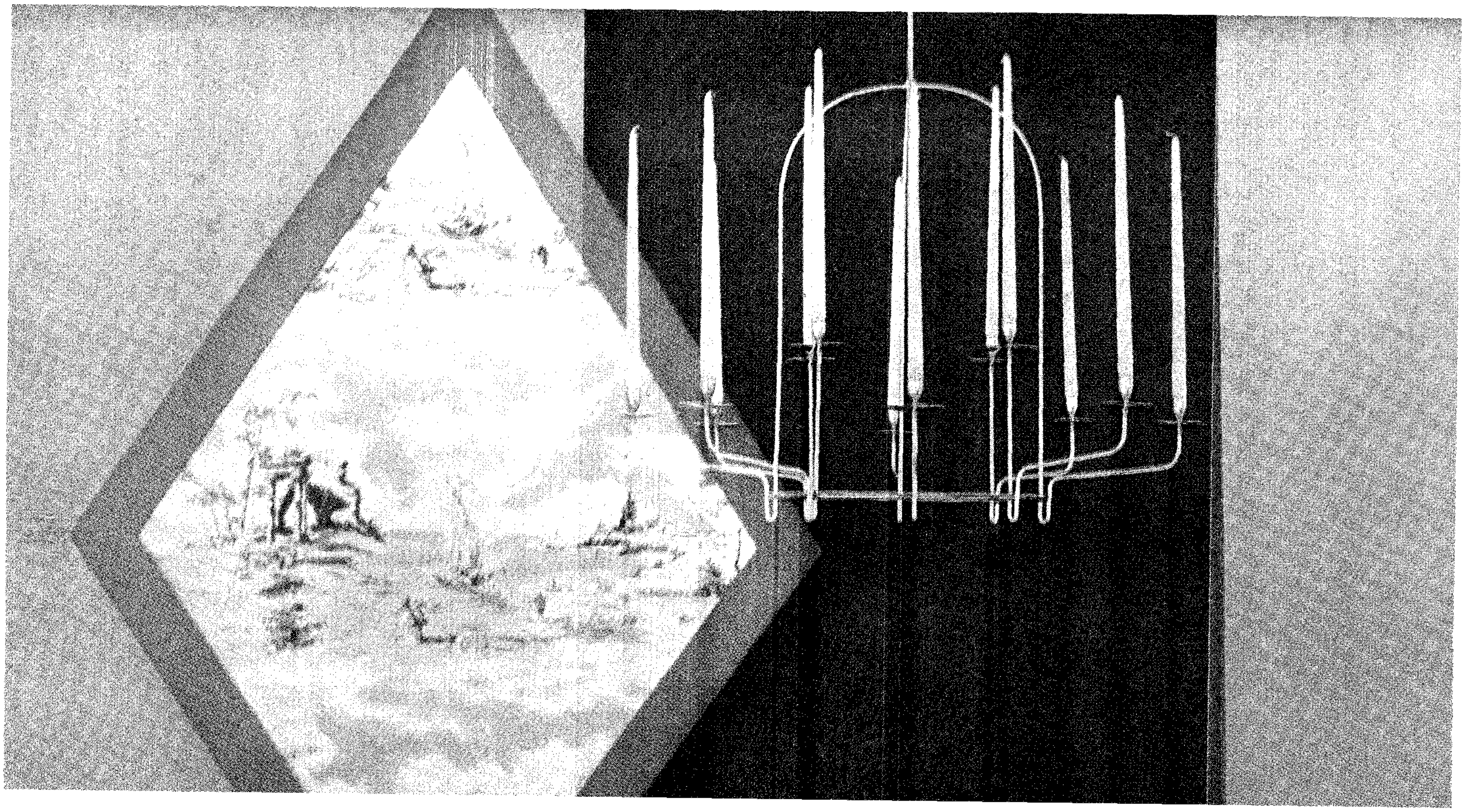
7 DAYS at fun-filled Waikiki as low as $449.50*

15-DAY vacation, visits to 3 islands, as low as $597.02*

22-DAY tour including outer islands, as low as $705.79*

You may prefer an air-sea tour—out by United, back by ship. Eighty-five other thrifty Air Vacations available via United to popular vacation areas. For reservations, see your travel agent or call the Vacation Center at any United ticket office.

*Prices include hotel (double occupancy, per person) and round-trip fare from New York based on 30-day round-trip excursion rate, Monday-Thursday, New York-California. 10% tax does not apply on over-water portion of trip.



the amazing ability of the dancers to smile constantly while they gasped and rasped and snorted for breath. I didn't see how they could do that. I knew I couldn't.

Eventually, from snatches of conversation I overheard, I was able to get a rough idea of what had precipitated the crisis. The ballet that was being presented was a new one. (It may even have been having its première that night; I'm not sure now, though I must have known once.) The weeping ballerina should have been among the dancers to appear onstage when the curtain went up, or shortly afterward, but someone had failed to go to her dressing room and call her, or perhaps someone had called and she had failed to hear or heed it; there were two sides (at least) to the dispute. At any rate, the ballet had proceeded without her. The British dancer was also the ballet's choreographer. He was convinced that the absence of the ballerina was glaringly apparent to everybody in the audience. The performance, he was sure, was ruined.

The next morning, I looked at the newspapers and saw that the reviews of the new ballet were laudatory. None of the critics said anything about a missing dancer in the opening scene, and none of them, it seemed, had been aware of the backstage tumult. To me, at the time, this was something of a revelation.

As the years passed, I became rather a devotee of the ballet. Often the sight of a fine performance reminded me of my memorable night backstage, and while smiling at the memory, I would shudder to think how close to disaster the Ballet Theatre evidently had been on that occasion. To me, and to people whom I told about the incident, it always seemed remarkable that on my one visit behind the scenes I should have happened upon such an extraordinary situation. But despite the impression the episode had made on me, I found that I couldn't remember what the name of the ballet was, or the names of the stars involved, and every now and then this nagged at me. I kept feeling that I ought to know.

So one day during the Ballet Theatre's most recent season at the Met I decided that, rather than rack my brains over the matter any longer, I would simply stroll around to the group's headquarters and find out. When I arrived, a receptionist ushered me into a large office, furnished rather like an old-fashioned parlor, and introduced me to

OUTSTANDING NEW 1957 COLLECTION

Carol Carter

CARDS for CHRISTMAS

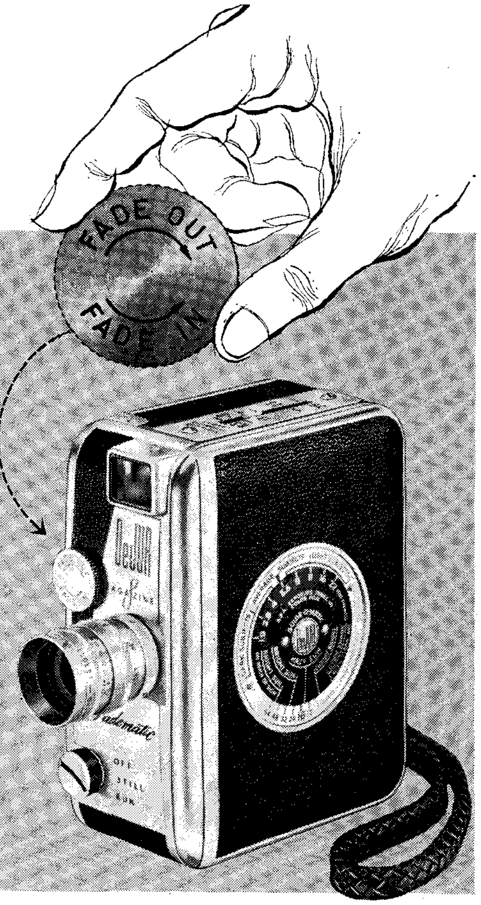
Shown by Appointment

Personal representatives in important social centers

1950 NORTH FAIRFIELD AVENUE · CHICAGO 47

NEW...
"Hollywood effects"
with the exclusive

DeJUR
FADEMATIC DELUXE
8mm Magazine Movie Camera



Experience the unique thrill of getting smooth, professional "fades" and "dissolves" between scenes. Just turn the special "Fade Dial" on your Fadematic Deluxe and end amateurish "quick cuts" forever. Your dealer will demonstrate this magnificent camera, the only 8mm that "fades."

OTHER FADEMATIC FEATURES:
- 6 speeds—12 to 64 fr./sec.
- 5-position zoom viewfinder
- Interchangeable lens mount

Single Lens Model with f/2.5 fixed-focus lens: $134.95
3-Lens Turret Model with f/2.5 fixed-focus lens: $159.95
F.E.T. included

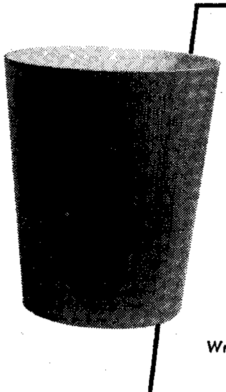
DeJUR
You're always sure with DeJUR 8mm Movie Equipment
—AMSCO CORPORATION, 45-01 NORTHERN BLVD., LONG ISLAND CITY 1, N. Y.
WASHINGTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO • WEST GERMANY

AT HOME in TERRY

The *most* in chic, comfort and convenience—our new little **ZIP-FRONT** bathrobe that looks like a dress. Zip out of the shower—zip into cozy **terry.** Add a fashion touch of "leopard" buckled with "gold" and be dressed for a good day ahead. Further attractions: Standaway collar, huge flap pocket, three-quarter raglan sleeves, adjustable belt. Moss-green, Copper-rust or Snow-white. **$10.95**
Small (8-10), Medium (12-14), Large (16-18).
Add 35c for shipping. Free catalog upon request.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

Zip-Front @ $10.95. Size________ Color________
Terry Robe
Name________
Street________
City________ Zone______ State______



from Sweden
waste paper **TEAK BASKET**
12½" high x 10" diam.
$10.00
At fine gift stores or at I D G
Write for Illustrated Booklet of IDG designs
IDG
INTERNATIONAL DESIGNERS GROUP, INC.
Madison Ave. at 83rd St., N.Y.C.

Charles Payne, the company's administrator. (*His* name I wrote down, as a safeguard against my fallible memory.) Sitting in a leather armchair, I related my story—with, I guess, considerable enthusiasm.

When I had finished, Payne, a middle-aged man wearing glasses, looked at me blankly. He said he didn't understand what I wanted to know.

This was disconcerting. "I'm just trying to find out what ballet I saw that night, and the names of the principals," I said. "Merely to satisfy my own curiosity."

"I see," he said, in the tone of someone who doesn't quite. "Well, do you mind telling me again exactly what happened?"

I skimmed quickly over my story again, and after I was through, Payne thought for a moment. "I don't remember anything like that," he said, finally. "Of course, I may not have been backstage that particular night."

"Still, you must surely have *heard* about the incident," I suggested.

"No," he said, with what struck me as rather excessive amusement. "No, I can't say that I have."

"Then I suppose I shouldn't take up any more of your time," I told him.

"Oh, that's all right," he said, and gave me a reassuring smile. "I'd like to help you. It's only that— Well, let's go through the programs for that season and see if anything comes to mind." He went over to a shelf and returned with a thick folder of 1942 programs, dusty and yellowing, and as we looked through them, several possibilities came up. "Pillar of Fire," for instance, which was given its première that year, seemed to ring a bell, though a faint one; I knew I had seen it long before, but I wasn't certain whether it was during the 1942 season. "That's Antony Tudor's great ballet, you know," Payne said. "He did the choreography, and danced in it as well. A marvellous work! Tudor's British—maybe he was the dancer who was demanding that the curtain be rung down."

"Yes," I said tentatively. "He seems like a good possibility, doesn't he?"

Payne looked dubious. "I must confess that it doesn't sound like Tudor's kind of temperament," he said. "Still, with these ballet people you never can tell. Who would the ballerina have been?" he went on, studying the "Pillar of Fire" cast of characters. "Someone who had to be onstage in the first scene. Let's see—it seems to me I remember hearing something about Annabelle Lyon. No, what am I talking about? That wasn't Annabelle; it was a different ballerina altogether—and anyway the incident I was thinking of didn't happen here but in Brussels. Or was it in Amsterdam? Let me be sure I've got this straight, now. The curtain *didn't* come down, did it?"

"Oh, no," I said.

"Now, if that had happened, I would certainly have heard about it," Payne said. "We just don't ring the curtain down and start over again, no matter what the emergency."

"So I understand," I told him. "That's what interested me so much about this—I mean, what a fiasco it would have been if that dancer had gone through with his threat not to dance."

With a laugh, Payne remarked, "Frankly, I can't imagine a grievance so great that it would provoke a ballet dancer into passing up a chance to get out there in the spotlight." Once more he bent over the folder of 1942 programs, but he apparently didn't get any further ideas, for he soon put it aside, and asked, "Would it be convenient for you to come backstage this evening?" When I replied that it would, he said, "Well, why don't you do that, then?" he said. "You could talk to Lucia Chase. She's our co-director. She's been with the company from the start, and knows just about everything there is to know about it. You might also get a chance to talk with Tudor. How would that suit you?"

I assured Payne that it would suit me fine, and that I appreciated the invitation. I must say, though, that I was somewhat surprised at having to search further to find someone who had heard about that night. I had taken it for granted that the missed entrance and the narrowly averted mutiny would be a legend around the Ballet Theatre offices—an example of the kind of lore that even the newest office boy would know all about.

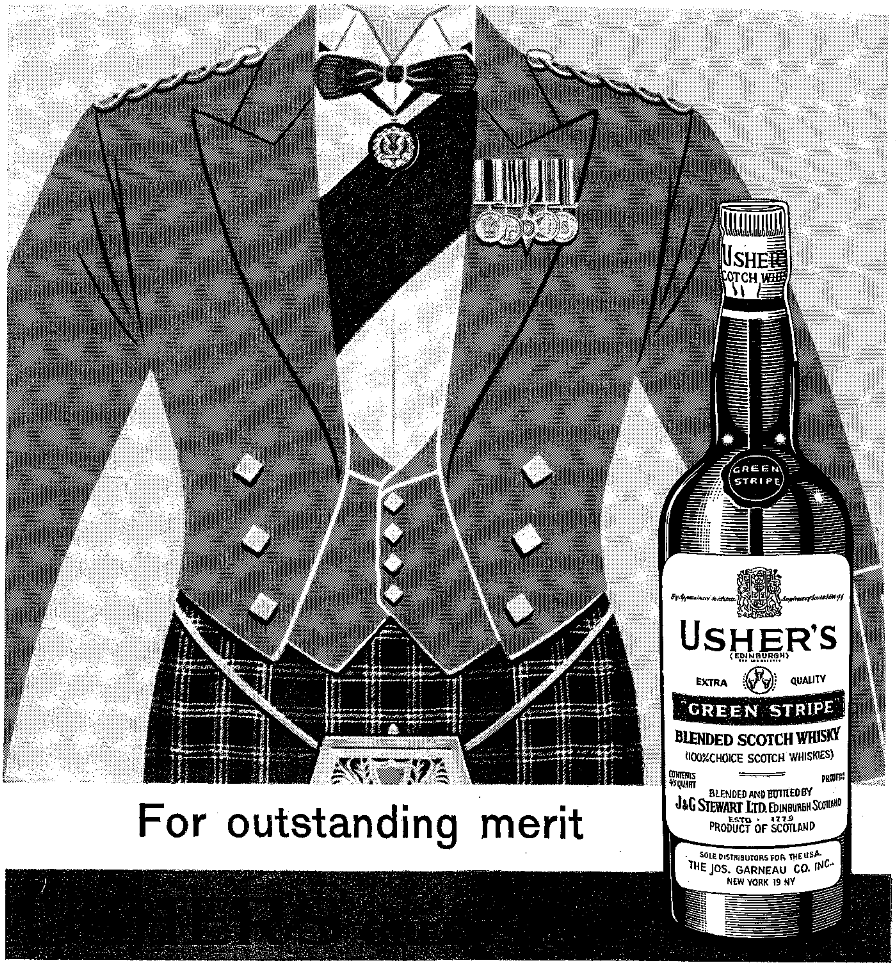
PAYNE was waiting for me that evening at the Met's stage door. We went down the same corridor I had tiptoed along so many years before. This time, I was early; the performance was not due to begin for half an hour. Stopping in front of one of the dressing-room doors, Payne knocked on it, and we went in. There he introduced me to Lucia Chase and, after a moment, left me with her. Wearing a loose wrapper, with her hair in a net and cold cream on her face, she was sitting in front of a large mirror, and she told me she was about to start making up for Agnes de Mille's "Three Virgins and a Devil"—one of the few ballets, she remarked, in which she still performs. She wiped off the cold cream, studied herself in the mirror, and said, as she began to rouge her cheeks, "Charlie Payne told me the story you told him today. I've been trying to think back. It seems to me I may have missed an entrance once in 'Pillar of Fire,' but I don't think I could have been the dancer you saw. I wouldn't have been weeping. I would have been horrified, or perhaps in a rage, but not weeping."

"But isn't it practically unheard of for someone to miss an entrance?" I asked.

My question seemed to surprise Miss Chase. She shook her head wonderingly, as if she were thinking how strange people who are not ballet dancers are. "Haven't you ever noticed it happening from out front?" she asked. When I replied that I hadn't, she said, "Well, that's comforting to know. Yes, we miss entrances every now and then—oftener than I like to think. We usually manage to find a way to get on before too much time has passed. Meanwhile, the others onstage fill in, somehow or other. One of our new girls missed an entrance in 'Theme and Variations' the other day—one of the lavender-and-pink pairs—so her partner had to improvise a solo on the spur of the moment. The girls remember that incident now, and so do I, but come back in ten or fifteen years and see if any of us remember it." She laughed at the very idea. "Tell me," she went on, and half turned toward me, holding a strip of eyelashes between thumb and forefinger. "Did you really think the curtain was on the verge of being rung down that night?"

Yes, I said, that was what I had certainly thought.

Miss Chase smiled. "It would have had to be quite an emergency for that to happen," she said. "Onstage in Naples, a couple of years ago, Eric Braun's feet went out from under him. He lit right on his head and suffered a concussion. His wife, Ruth Ann Koesun, was dancing with him. For all she knew, he was seriously injured. She went on with her performance, though, while some of the others danced him offstage as if it were part of the ballet. Not long ago, one of our boys broke an ankle while making a leap. He managed to dance off quite beautifully and then collapsed in the wings. Heroic? Crazy? I don't know. It's simply what you're expected to do. You can't be ringing down the curtain all the time just because something has gone wrong." She put



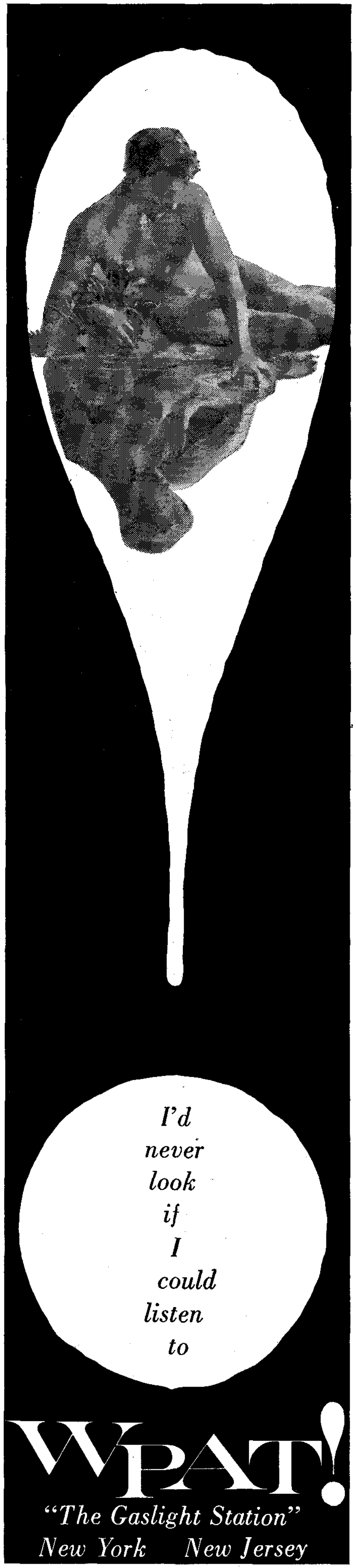
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A. THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., NEW YORK 16, N.Y. 86.8 PROOF

New plant
in New Jersey?

Of course you will need the complete banking services that only one of America's 100 largest banks can offer. But, beyond this you'll want the guidance and advice of an institution with intimate knowledge of New Jersey, its people, its economy, and its government. The National State Bank of Newark offers all this through its 18 banking offices with resources of over $300,000,000.

Why wait until *after* you locate in New Jersey? We'll gladly have a representative call on you *now,* if you will just write our Business Development Department.

The
FOUNDED 1812
NATIONAL STATE BANK
OF NEWARK
810 Broad St., Newark 1, N. J.
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



I'd never look if I could listen to

WPAT!

"The Gaslight Station"

New York New Jersey

her strip of eyelashes on, and then a second strip, and carefully contemplated her appearance in the mirror. With sudden amusement, she turned to me again. "Did anybody ever tell you about the time Nora Kaye knocked Igor Youskevitch cold? It was in the rape scene of 'A Streetcar Named Desire,' here at the Met. She caught him with her elbow, right on the chin. Fortunately, it happened not long before a blackout, and we were able to drag him off. Poor Nora had to finish the rape scene alone."

Miss Chase removed her hair net and began to brush her long brown hair, which in this ballet she wears hanging down her back over a medieval gown. "I'm awfully sorry I haven't been able to help you," she said. "But perhaps Nora can. Be sure to see Nora Kaye."

I promised to try to.

Farther down the corridor, I found Payne, and he took me around to several more dressing rooms. I met Miss Kaye, and also Dimitri Romanoff, the company's *régisseur*, and a number of other people who have been with the company a long time. Miss Kaye had just finished dancing Juliet in Tudor's "Romeo and Juliet," and she was relaxing in her dressing room, chatting with Romanoff. She looked lovely. As had happened with Miss Chase, my story set her and Romanoff to remembering hair-raising crises they had lived through—narrow escapes and spectacular improvisations.

"We were doing 'Helen of Troy' somewhere once," Miss Kaye recalled. "We had pointed out to the conductor when we gave him the score that there was one section of the music he was to leave out. Well, the ballet was going along fine when, all of a sudden, to our horror, we heard the orchestra swinging into that section. We had absolutely no choreography planned for it."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"Danced like mad," Miss Kaye said. "Just about the whole company was onstage. We did all the things we'd been wanting to do for years. It was a great liberation. We had ourselves a glorious ball. Where was that, Dimitri? Was it in Cleveland?"

"I think it was in Canada somewhere," Romanoff said.

After a moment, Miss Kaye asked, "Remember the night when 'Romeo and Juliet' was premièred, Dimitri?"

"Do I!" Romanoff exclaimed, and then, turning to me, he said, "*There* was a night none of us will ever forget. We were due to open and Tudor still hadn't finished his choreography. We

PARDON US FOR BEING ECSTATIC but

these are the most delightful escorted tours ever designed. Smart, experienced skillful planning. The world's best tour leaders and guides (you know how important this is).

AROUND THE WORLD
$5,960.00 81 Days—Departs Jan. 25 Limited to 15 Members

AFRICAN ADVENTURE
$3,945.00 52 Days—Departs Feb. 4 or July 1 Limited to 15 Members

AROUND SOUTH AMERICA
$2,528.00 38 Days—Departs Feb. 9 Limited to 17 Members

Write or phone your travel agent.

THE HOUSE OF TRAVEL
17 E. 49th St., N.Y. 17, N.Y. • MUrray Hill 8-0185
1600 Walnut St., Philadelphia • Kingsley 6-2100

Heading for New York?

Towering high above exclusive Beekman Hill, our rooms command superb views of the East River, U.N. and the New York skyline. Your dollar still buys a lot of good living here! Singles from $7.00.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET N.

TOP O' THE TOWER COCKTAIL LOUNGE

Beekman Tower HOTEL
49TH ST AT EAST RIVER, NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

the left Bank admires Perona. therefore we have barred Beauregarde Schmeldt. He said he'd just come from "the El Morocco" But You Are Welcome 4 P.M. to 4 A.M. at 309 W. 50th St. CO 5-8956

LUNCH • DINNER • AFTER-THEATER SUPPER

Russian Tea Room

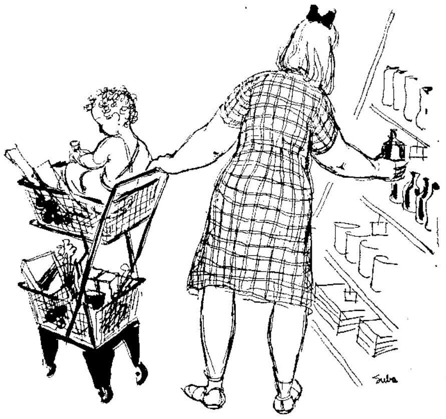
150 W 57 ST CO 5-0947 • NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL

wanted to substitute another ballet, but Sol Hurok—the impresario, you know—wouldn't hear of it. Finished or not, the ballet had been advertised, he said, and would have to be performed. So the ballet went on as far as we had been able to rehearse it—we got it right up to the verge of the tomb scene—and then . . ." Romanoff shrugged. "Then it just stopped. That was one situation we couldn't bluff our way through. We couldn't expect our dancers to improvise an ending for a brand-new ballet that was conceived in an untraditional style of choreography."

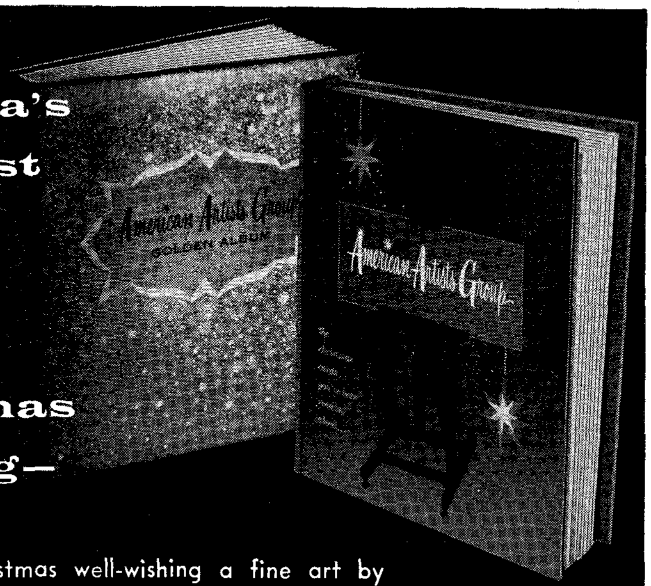
"It was like 'The Perils of Pauline,' " said Miss Kaye. "A real cliffhanger. The audience had to come back the next time to see how it finished."

Several of the members of the company I spoke with recalled a night when Alicia Markova suffered an internal injury during the second scene of "Aleko." This was in the Hollywood Bowl, an amphitheatre where there is no curtain to ring down even if anyone should be disposed to do such a thing. Hugh Laing, who was dancing opposite Miss Markova, bore her offstage in measured tempo, smiling broadly, of course, but considerately remembering to hold her out flat in his arms to avoid the risk of aggravating her condition, and she was taken away in an ambulance. Muriel Bentley scrambled into Miss Markova's costume. She had never danced, or even rehearsed, the part, but Laing talked her through the two final scenes, whispering "Pirouette, dear! . . . Entrechat, dear! . . . Lie down, dear! . . . Die, dear!" and other appropriate commands. To this day, I was told, many people who saw the ballet that night are not aware that anything happened to Miss Markova or that anybody else danced her part.

This was all very interesting, but it didn't seem to be getting me anywhere. Nobody could recollect the slightest thing about my treasured episode. They all appeared to be sincere in regret-



let America's foremost artists fashion your Christmas greeting—



Make your Christmas well-wishing a fine art by selecting your card from either the COLLECTOR'S ALBUM or the GOLDEN ALBUM - they're created by the American Artists Group for those who want the very finest . . . These greetings bring new loveliness, charm and sacred feeling to the holiday season, yet they cost no more than ordinary cards . . . Now available at the best stores.

Among the artists represented:
ALAJALOV
C. W. ANDERSON
CLARENCE CARTER
ROGER DUVOISIN
LAUREN FORD
LORRAINE FOX
GORDON GRANT
DORIS LEE
DALE NICHOLS
HERB OLSEN
HOBSON PITTMAN
RUTH RAY
PAUL SAMPLE
JOHN WHORF
AND OTHERS

American Artists Group

For stores near you, write P.O. 20, Prince Station, New York 12, N. Y.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

GOLD LEAF
COGNAC

The best of the great French cognacs at the best price.

About 5.39 A Fifth

Product of France • 80 PROOF • Carillon Importers Ltd., New York, N. Y.

Watch for Romanoff and Juliet

OPENING OCT. 10 PLYMOUTH THEATRE

"BIG, BRILLIANT MUSICAL!" —McClain, Jrl.-Amer.
THE THEATRE GUILD presents
JUDY HOLLIDAY
in
Bells are Ringing
with SYDNEY CHAPLIN
Book and Lyrics by
BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE
Entire Production Directed by JEROME ROBBINS
Dances and Musical Numbers Staged by
JEROME ROBBINS and BOB FOSSE
Prices: Evgs. $8.05, 6.90, 5.75, 4.95, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75 (Tax Included.)
Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope. Specify several alternate dates.
Air-Cond.
SHUBERT THEA., 225 W. 44 St. CI 6-5990

"HOWLING MUSICAL HIT!"
—Coleman, Mirror
"LI'L ABNER"
with EDITH ADAMS PETER PALMER
HOWARD ST. JOHN STUBBY KAYE CHARLOTTE RAE
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Air-Cond. ST. JAMES Thea., 246 W. 44 St.

IN THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT
The LOBSTER
NOW IN ITS 38th YEAR
CLOSED SUNDAYS
The Lobster
"In Season" Seafood,
Steaks & Chops
145 West 45 St. New York 36
Stan Fuchs Mike Linz

ting that they "couldn't be of more help," as they kept putting it, but it was clear they didn't take as seriously as I had the danger of the curtain's actually being rung down in the middle of the ballet on that bygone night. In their entire lives, they said, they couldn't remember a single time when such a thing had occurred—not a single performance at which something was done over because it had not been done right the first time. One dancer recalled an evening in Salt Lake City when the curtain came down in the middle of "Dim Lustre," but that wasn't intentional. What happened was that a stagehand had got the wrong cue from the stage manager; the mistake was rectified immediately—to disclose a stageful of dancers wearing not the artificial expressions of their trade but disconcertingly real expressions of astonishment. Another dancer mentioned a time when, toward the end of the last ballet of the evening, the curtain came down—bump—with sixteen bars of music still to play. It seems that it was eleven-thirty and the stage manager didn't want to have to pay the dancers time and a half for dancing those sixteen bars.

FINALLY, Payne knocked on the door of one of the dressing rooms in which I was pursuing my quest, and, poking his head in, announced, "You can see Mr. Tudor now, if you'd like to." I followed him to still another dressing room, where he introduced me to Tudor, a slim middle-aged fellow in a brown suit and bald except for a fringe of pale hair. Tudor's appearance and manner surprised me; I had expected a flamboyant theatrical personality, but he looked the least theatrical, the gentlest, of men. He sat very still as we talked, somewhat on the edge of his chair, elbows rather primly by his sides, yet he had a humorous, almost boyish gleam in his mild eyes.

Again I related my story. Tudor seemed absorbed by it, but I could see that it struck no spark of recollection. As I was finishing, the door opened and in strode a man who was as arresting in appearance as Tudor was subdued. Dressed in a short, loosely belted Japanese kimono that revealed a powerful chest and powerful legs, he had wavy black hair, thick black eyebrows, prominent cheekbones, and a square, cleft chin. Merely by glancing around the room, he thoroughly established the vigor of his personality. "Here's Hugh Laing, who's been dancing Romeo," said Tudor. "He was with the company back then. Tell him your story. He

"...A BROADWAY MUSICAL JAMBOREE!"—ATKINSON, N. Y. TIMES

Gwen Verdon
Thelma Ritter
in the New Musical
New Girl in Town
with
GEORGE WALLACE CAMERON PRUD'HOMME
AIR-COND. 46th St. Thea. 226 W. 46 St.
CI 6-4271 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"TREMENDOUS MUSICAL!"—McClain, Jrl.-Amer.
"damn yankees"
THE SMASH HIT MUSICAL
with NATHANIEL FREY
DEVRA RWIN • RALPH LOWE
Air-cond. A LPHI Thea., 152 W. 54 St.
JU 6-3787. E s. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"—ATKINSON, Times
REX HARRISON · JULIE ANDREWS
IN THE CRITICS' PRIZE MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
STANLEY HOLLOWAY
REGINALD DENNY
Air-Cond. MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30

"ELECTRIFYING THE TOWN!"—Atkinson, N. Y. Times

Ethel Merman
in
Happy Hunting
Fernando Lamas
Prices: EVES: Orch. $8.05; Mezz. $6.90; Balc. $5.20, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50. MATS. WED. & SAT.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.50.
Air-Cond. MAJESTIC THEA. 245 W. 44th St.

PULITZER PRIZE & DRAMA CRITICS AWARD
Fredric MARCH · Florence ELDRIDGE
in
EUGENE O'NEILL'S
Long Day's Journey Into Night
$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90—Eves. Only, 7:30
HELEN HAYES THEATRE, 46th St. West of B'way

"GLORIOUSLY FUNNY"—KERR, Her. Trib.
GEORGE AXELROD and CLINTON WILDER present
CYRIL RITCHARD
IN
A NEW COMEDY BY GORE VIDAL
VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET
WITH EDWARD ANDREWS
Air-Cond. BOOTH, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

has a much better memory than I have."

"I have a fabulous memory," said Laing. "What is it?"

So I had to tell my story still another time. "Well, in 1942 I was backstage at a performance here, and there was sort of a commotion, with one of the ballerinas crying and a dancer with a British accent saying he wouldn't dance . . ." and on I went, joylessly. I was beginning to feel like one of those damned souls in an upper level of Hell, my punishment being to go on through eternity repeating the same inanity, the same piece of folly, that I had so stubbornly cherished. Laing paced about the room. Tudor—bless him—listened as if he were fascinated. Both times!

When I had concluded, and had explained what I was trying to find out, Laing said briskly, "Sorry, I don't recall any such incident." Tudor shook his head and said that he didn't, either. Mildly, he observed that he himself might have been the British dancer whom I had seen raging backstage, but he didn't think so. He apologized for having such a poor memory.

"It wasn't I," said Laing. "I'm certain of that."

"I'm awfully sorry we haven't been of any help to you," Tudor said, as if it actually were a matter of acute regret to him.

I thanked them both and said goodbye. As I was leaving, Tudor spoke up, in a parting effort to be of assistance, or perhaps by way of consolation. "It might have been Anton Dolin you saw," he said. "He's not with the company now. He's in London. I suppose you could write to him."

Yes, I supposed I could, I said, but with no conviction. It had been made abundantly clear to me by then that my cherished crisis was merely one of many routine crises that the ballet faces all the time—the kind of thing I might witness any night backstage. Now I understood Payne's amusement at my assumption that anybody in the company would surely be able to enlighten me. Trying to find someone who remembered my unmemorable night was like wandering through a carful of commuters and asking them, "Do you remember that morning back in 1942 when you were on a train coming to the city and it sure looked as if it was going to be late but it got into the station on time after all?"

GLUMLY, I went and stood in the wings to watch the ballet that was then being performed. It looked like a

Bell & Howell

New tape recorder with *twice* the fidelity of your TV sound!

$\$189^{50}$

We think you'll be surprised by the full, rich sound of this new Bell & Howell. *Especially at this price.* With its frequency response of 50 to 13,000 cycles per second, it *doubles* the fidelity you're accustomed to on TV. The sound jumps alive with all its tones and nuances—and in taping music, you're getting *fine* reproductions for your permanent library.

Bell & Howell 775: 5 watt amplifier; two 5¼" speakers; two speeds; pushbutton controls. With microphone, cord and carrying case, $189.50. **Test the 775** and other Bell & Howell tape recorders at your local dealer's: Model 730 upright design, $269.50; Miracle 300M model (blond or mahogany), $299.50. Bell & Howell, 7101 McCormick Road., Chicago 45.

Bell & Howell

FINER PRODUCTS THROUGH ***IMAGINATION***

AMERICA'S PREMIUM VODKA

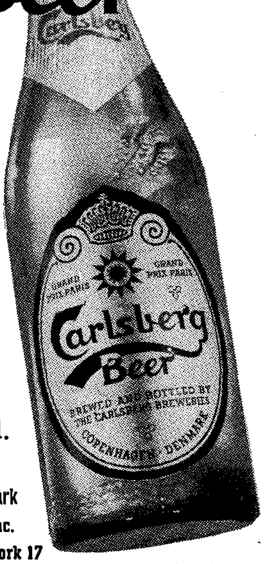
WOLFSCHMIDT
1847
WOLFSCHMIDT'S
ORIGINAL
GENUINE VODKA
SINCE 1847
PRODUCT OF U.S.A. • 80 PROOF
VODKA
100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

WOLFSCHMIDT

WOLFSCHMIDT LTD., DUNDALK, MD. • 80 OR 100 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

the
world over . . .
THE CALL
IS FOR

Carlsberg Beer



No artificial
bubbles to
trouble you
. . . its lively
sparkle is
natural.

Imported from Denmark
Carlsberg Agency, Inc.
11 E. 47th Street, New York 17
The East Asiatic Co., Inc., San Francisco & Los Angeles

NOW SPIN THIS!

Mel Henke, in Hi-Fi

an entertainment
by that most
startling of modern
popular pianists.
A baker's dozen
of his unique
arrangements:
'In a Mist,'
'Mean to Me,'
'Pennies
from Heaven,'
'I Surrender
Dear,' 'In a
Little Spanish Town,'
etc. To quote High
Fidelity magazine:
". . . Henke now works
in a world of his own.
Still jazz influenced,
but full of quirks,
he explores the byways
with delightful relish."
12" Hi-Fi Long-Playing album C5003, $4.98
(the cover-girl fashions from Jax — addenda across the page)

at dealers everywhere, or order postpaid from
CONTEMPORARY RECORDS
8481 melrose place, los angeles 46

mess from where I was, just as the ballets had that other time—all sweat and grins and chaos. One of the assistant stage managers was standing near me. I got to talking with him, and though I knew better by this time, I couldn't resist asking him if he had been with the company in 1942—making one last stab at the thing, the way a man, with no expectation of a payoff, slips a quarter into a slot machine as he passes by. "No—why?" he asked. So I went and told him. "Hah!" he said. "Who's going to remember a little thing like that? A few years ago, somebody *died* on the stage—though that was during a play, not a ballet. The actor knew this actress had died, see, but he went on playing to her right up to the end of the scene. She was sitting on the couch with him, and he kept her propped up with his arm around her. Fortunately, she didn't have any important lines." Suddenly, he exclaimed "Goddammit, not like that!" and darted off in the direction of a couple of stagehands several yards away. I could see him gesticulating at them, and instantly some of the dancers gathered and a commotion began.

What it was about, I didn't stop to inquire. I'd had more than enough. I went out and down a hall, climbed up a good many steps, and found myself a vacant seat in the balcony. From there I watched the rest of the ballet—so flawless, so assured, so serene. It was a pleasure. —BERNARD TAPER

•

TWA's tourist excursion fare allowing 15 dull days abroad makes it possible to fly from New York to London and back for as little as $425.—*Press release from TWA.*

It's only right that the fare should be low.

•

At a tea tomorrow in Cohasset, given by Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Wright, the engagement of Miss Joan Ruve Worrall of Auckland, New Zealand, will be announced to Hugh Cabot Ware, by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Ware of Cohasset.—*Boston Herald.*

Somebody has to take the buck.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE MERCANTILE SCENE

[*From the Daily News Record*]

That Forstmann was in negotiation with other firms as long as two years ago was indicated in June, 1955, when officials of both Forstmann and United Merchants & Manufacturers denied reports that negotiations were under way.

NOW SPIN *in* THIS!

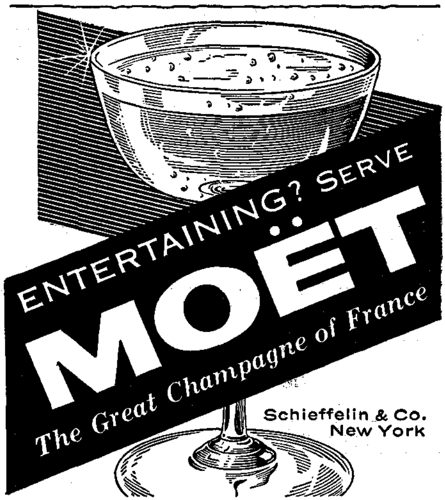
Jax "Leotard," $39.95

as contemporary
as — well,
Contemporary's
Mel Henke
album on which
cover it's
appearing
(addenda across
the page).
A wonderful wool
jersey sheath in black,
taupe, beige, seaweed,
royal, charcoal, pink, and
powder blue; 8 to14 sizes.

JAX

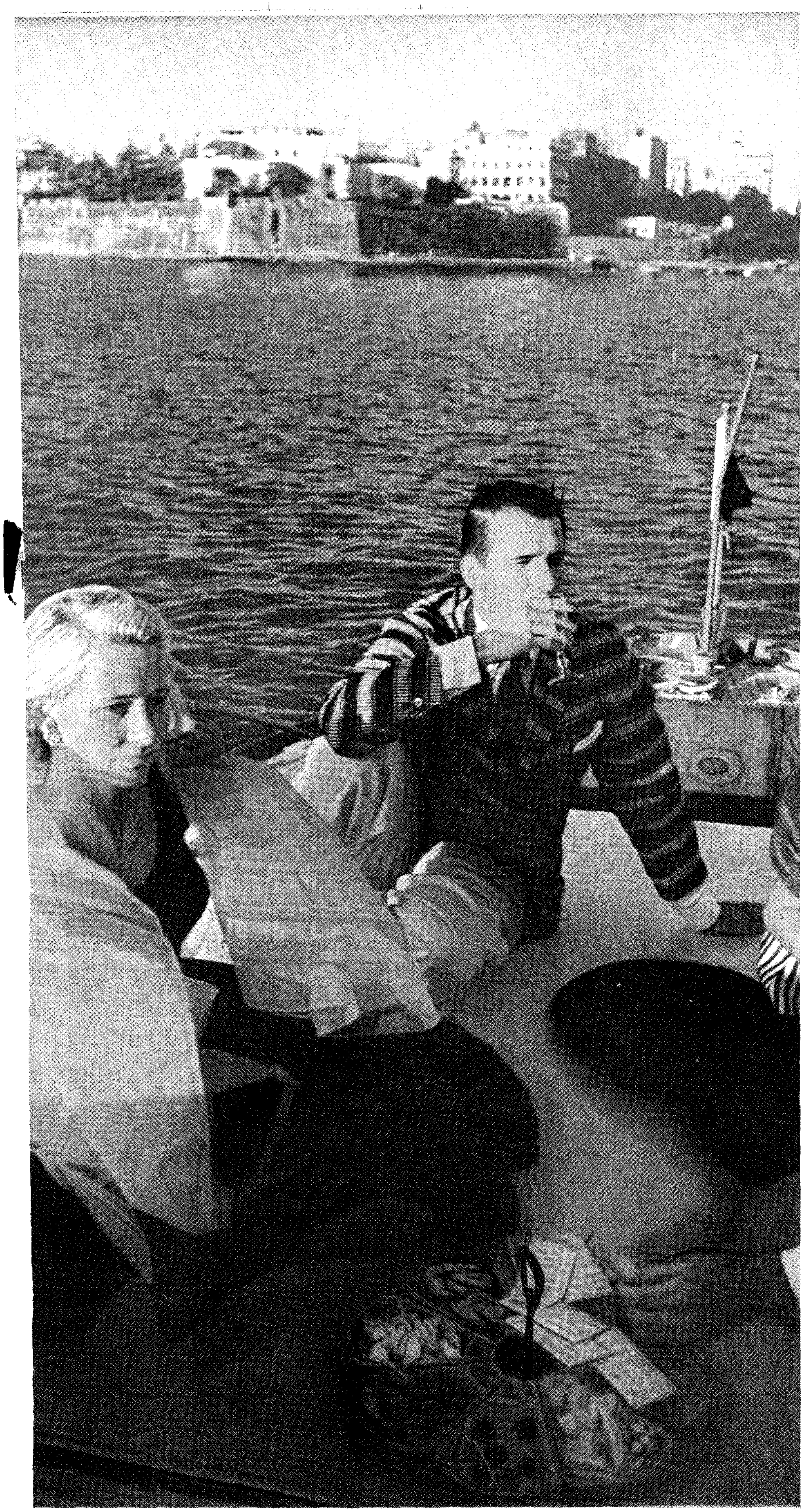
mail orders: please add 50c
146 east 57th street, new york
9667 wilshire blvd., beverly hills

PHOTO BY TOMMY MITCHELL



NEW LIFE
FOR YOUR FAVORITE TIES
Our own unique method of cleaning, hand-pressing and rolling edges restores original beauty.
WIDE TIES NARROWED
to the smart slim shapes, or width you prefer.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
TIES CLD. & NAR. $2.25 ea. 6 for $12.00
TIES CLED. 1.00 ea. 6 for 5.70
TIES NAR. 1.25 ea. 6 for 7.20
THE TIE CLINIC
Mail Order Dept. N-9
755 Dean St., B'klyn 38, N. Y.
545 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
38 E. 57th St., N. Y. 153 W. 42 St., N. Y.
20 W. 34th St., N. Y. 149 Broadway, N. Y.
Enclose payment, save return postage.

IN PHILADELPHIA, IT'S
Helen Sigel's
1523 WALNUT ST.
RESTAURANT BAR



Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Economic Development Admin., 579 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

"Everyone knows we've been to Puerto Rico when we uncork the rum,"

say the Terrell Van Ingens
of New Canaan, Conn.

"I always have liked rum," says Terry Van Ingen, "but we developed a new *enthusiasm* for it on our trip to Puerto Rico.

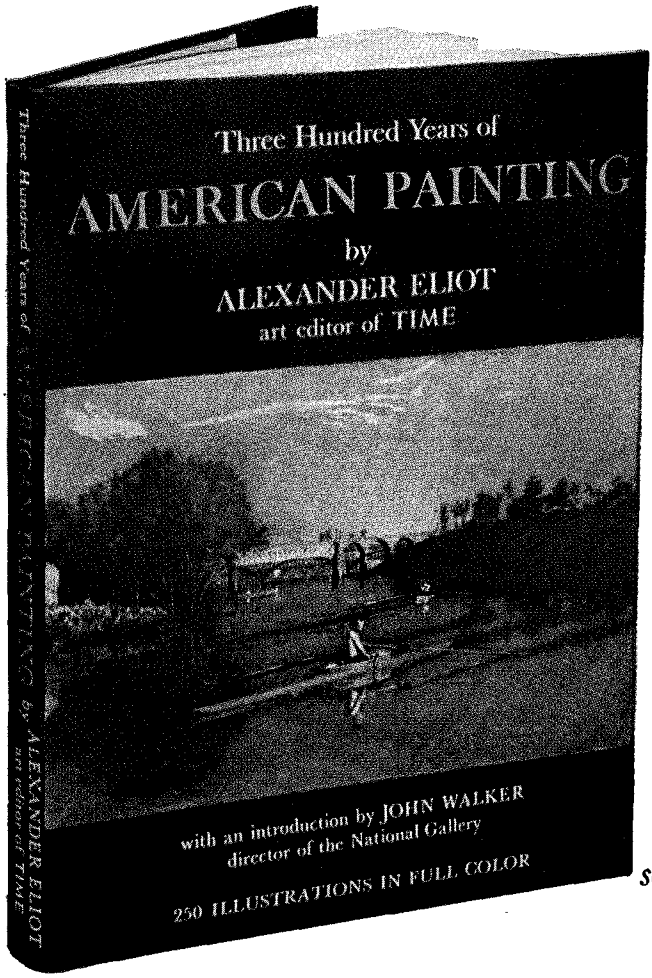
"Puerto Rican rum really tastes different. So *dry* and *clean*. Like Caribbean sunshine, Zella says. Makes a darn good *sour*—a *rum* sour.

"Now all our cohorts in Fairfield County are jumping on the band wagon—with daiquiris, rum-on-the-rocks, rum-and-tonic. Rum is all the rage.

"Incidentally, Puerto Rico surprised us as much as the rum. Wonderful climate there. Grand place for a vacation."

◀ Mr. and Mrs. Terrell Van Ingen aboard the Puchi II in San Juan harbor. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

"Rum sours taste just as good in Connecticut as they do in the sunny Caribbean," say Terry and Zella Van Ingen. ▶


Three Hundred Years of
AMERICAN PAINTING
by
ALEXANDER ELIOT
art editor of TIME
with an introduction by JOHN WALKER
director of the National Gallery
250 ILLUSTRATIONS IN FULL COLOR
Three Hundred Years of AMERICAN PAINTING by ALEXANDER ELIOT art editor of TIME

A new book unlike any you have ever seen— soon to be published by TIME.

AMERICAN PAINTING

More than a book about painting, more than a book about painters, here is a book about America, seen fresh and whole. It is a book which you and your family will want to read, treasure, spend hours with—and go back to again and again.

Its 300 pages are thronged with more than 250 superb color reproductions of American masterpieces . . . more pages of brilliant color than any art book has ever brought to its readers. The text, in preparation for the past two years, summons up three centuries of America's history as background for the masterpieces of American painting—and brings the artists, their works, and their times to life with wit, warmth, and fascinating anecdote.

With the publication of AMERICAN PAINTING, American art comes into its own. This is a *big* book in both size and scope . . . beautifully printed on fine, heavy paper . . . handsomely bound. Only through TIME's vast editorial and technical resources could such a magnificent book be published at a price within reach of every home in America.

Use the coupon below to reserve your copies of AMERICAN PAINTING at the special pre-publication price.

THIS PRE-PUBLICATION OFFER SAVES YOU $3.65

After November 1 the price of AMERICAN PAINTING will be $13.50 for the regular edition and $15.50 for the deluxe edition (specially bound and boxed). But if you order immediately, you can take advantage of this limited pre-publication price of only

$9.85, regular edition $11.85, deluxe edition

TIME BOOK DEPARTMENT
540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

Please send me THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF AMERICAN PAINTI
at the limited pre-publication price:

____ Copies Regular Edition at $9.85 ____ Copies Deluxe Edition at $11

☐ Bill me after publication date ☐ Enclosed is my check for $____

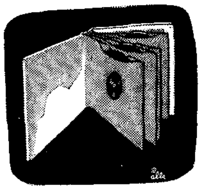
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE 9936

MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records



ARRIGO BOITO'S curious opera "Mefistofele," which followed Gounod's masterpiece from the same Goethian source by nine years, is presented, in a drastically cut version, on two new long-playing Victor records. (The major omission is a scene in which Faust woos Helen of Troy in the nether world, but there are many other excisions, too.) The only country that performs Boito's music with any regularity is his native Italy, and this particular performance, a so-so affair, was taken down in the Rome Opera House. Despite its shortcomings, however, it has some interest for American operagoers, most of whom are aware that such a work exists but have had almost no opportunity to hear it. Boito's principal claim to fame, of course, is that he did the skillful librettos for Verdi's last two operas, "Otello" and "Falstaff," but he has also acquired a reputation of sorts for "Mefistofele," the only opera he himself managed to complete (and he did the libretto for that, too). He tinkered with another opera, "Nerone," for the last fifty years of his life, but otherwise he gave up composing for the world of letters at an early age. Considering the giants of romantic music who were also composing during the second half of the nineteenth century, it is not hard to understand his abjuration. In addition to Gounod, whose "Faust" had taken Paris by storm in 1859, there were Verdi and Wagner, to name only two; all of Verdi's operas prior to "Aïda" had already appeared when "Mefistofele" came along, and all of Wagner's through "Tristan und Isolde." The plain fact is that Boito just didn't have the makings of a great composer. What he did have was discrimination—enough of it to retain in his adaptation some of the awful majesty of Goethe's drama. The librettists for "Faust" lacked such discrimination, and so, for that matter, did Gounod himself.

Boito's Prologue, in which the scheming Mefistofele boldly confronts the massed choirs of Heaven (cherubim, penitents, something called a "mystic choir," and so on), sets the stage rather impressively—so impressively, in fact, that it seems a bit of a shame that he proceeded any further. For while the Prologue, without any really distinguished music in it, has a simple dramatic impact, by reason of the contrasting voices of sweetness and doom, nothing else in the opera (with the possible exception of the Epilogue, in which the same forces are juxtaposed to show us the transcendent powers of Heaven) engages us closely. In Gounod's version, the Faust legend appears quite childish, but Gounod triumphed over this troublesome circumstance by adorning the work with an abundance of lovely melodies. Boito's libretto is more faithful to Goethe, but it still has some of the absurdities you would expect in a song-and-dance version of this story, and in the whole of his opera Boito failed to come up with a single memorable tune. There are effective strokes—the hushed, sensitive handling of Margherita's death scene, for example—but they are just about negated by the general obviousness and awkwardness of the musical language. Take the garden scene, which covers pretty much the same ground in both works; in "Faust" it is a delightful collection of songs, reaching its most dazzling expression in the "Jewel Song," while in "Mefistofele" Margherita's essential stupidity is made all the more numbing because her flirtation with Faust is unsupported by any worth-while music. (In Boito's version, incidentally, Faust isn't put through the business of reclaiming his youth; he is simply picked up by the Devil after an Easter Sunday stroll, and sells his soul for a little peace of mind, some insight into his own character and the nature of the world, and the gratification of a couple of other whims.)

The cast is extremely uneven in quality. The Bulgarian bass Boris Christoff, who takes the title part, has a rather dry, unattractive voice, but he uses it forcefully and expressively to convey the menace of the character. Orietta Moscucci, the soprano who sings Margherita, produces thin, unappealing tones that do almost nothing to increase our sympathy for a character it is difficult to sympathize with under the most favorable conditions. It remains for Giacinto Prandelli, the tenor singing Faust, to charm our ears with his light, mellifluous reading. The orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Vittorio Gui, are no more than adequate.

ANOTHER musical curiosity that has come along recently is Columbia's four-record set offering per-

Look, Maestro no hands!

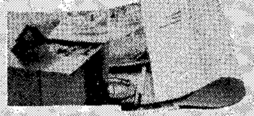
It was the evening of March third, 1956. As Conductor Enrique Jordá strode to the podium at San Francisco's Opera House, an expectant hush fell over the audience..

Conductor Jordá bowed, and turned to face the world-renowned San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The baton rose, held momentarily, and descended with a gesture of sweeping authority to command the presentation of the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro."

It was a brilliant performance, and as the audience was soon to discover, a historic one. Part way through, a strange and surprising thing happened. The conductor put down his baton, and the musicians laid aside their instruments, *but the music played on!*

The audience gasped involuntarily. To their immense astonishment, the orchestra's stilled strings and silenced horns now explained the loudspeakers on the stage. Though "The Marriage of Figaro" had never sounded better, the music was Ampex Stereophonic Sound, recorded on magnetic tape!

This remarkable event, before an alert and discriminating audience, proved that Ampex Stereophonic Sound could be indistinguishable from an actual flesh-and-blood performance. We'd like to prove it to you, too. Drop in at your dealer's and hear it today!



In the meantime, we've saved you a copy of our extravagant Home Music Systems brochure. Send for it.

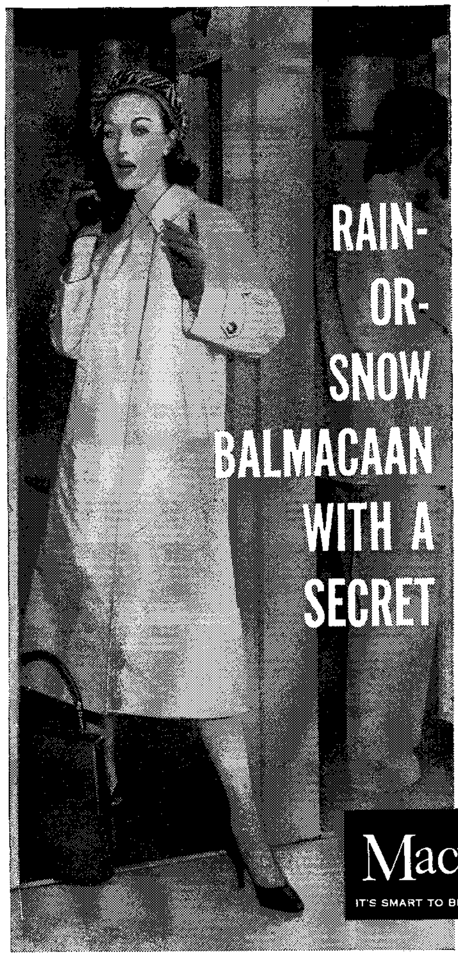
AMPEX
AUDIO INC.

1022 KIFER ROAD, SUNNYVALE, CALIF.
Please send my copy of the Ampex brochure:

NAME ____________

ADDRESS ____________

CITY ____________



RAIN-OR-SNOW BALMACAAN WITH A SECRET

Our dacron-cotton poplin is washable, but that's not the secret. It has a permanent filmy nylon lining, but that's not the secret. It also has a zip-out, interlined, quilted lining. Now you're getting much warmer. Want the whole secret?

THE SECRET IS CURON*

the revolutionary new interlining

Out of thin air, a new warmth, different from all others... yes, millions of tiny air bubbles held together by chemistry. Soft, light, hangs so gracefully. With the first cold snap, you'll know its superb warmth. Macy's Bureau of Standards tested Curon and agrees.

*A trade-mark of Curtiss-Wright Corp.

Natural only. By Aquatogs. #1711, 8-18.

27.99

Macy's

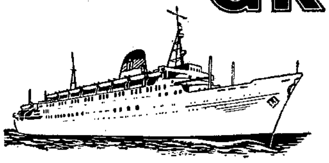
IT'S SMART TO BE THRIFTY

Come in, write, or phone LAckawanna 4-6000. Outside delivery area add 35¢ for handling. On C.O.D.'s within delivery area add 25¢ for handling.

Rainwear, 3rd Floor, Herald Square. Also at Parkchester, Jamaica, Flatbush, White Plains, Roosevelt Field, L. I.

Also at Bamberger's, Davison's, LaSalle's, Macy's Missouri and California

MEDITERRANEAN AND GREEK ISLANDS CRUISE



The Magnificent

TSS OLYMPIA

23,000 tons, 21 knots

FROM NEW YORK

JANUARY 17, 1958

62 DAYS • 25 PORTS

18 COUNTRIES • 3 CONTINENTS

13,323 MILES • From $1245

MADEIRA • CASABLANCA • TANGIER • TUNIS • MALTA
ALEXANDRIA • BEIRUT • HAIFA • CYPRUS • RHODES
ISTANBUL • ATHENS • CRETE • PATRAS • CORFU
DUBROVNIK • VENICE • SICILY • NAPLES
CANNES • BARCELONA • PALMA
MALAGA • GIBRALTAR
LISBON

To the sunkissed Mediterranean, Adriatic and fabled Aegean . . . more ports, more side trips, more shore excursions! Limited to less than half normal capacity... extra luxury service for every passenger, Continental cuisine.

Shore Excursions operated by
AMERICAN EXPRESS

Colorful Cruise Folder from your TRAVEL AGENT

GREEK LINE

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO
LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO • MONTREAL

formances, by instrumentalists and vocal forces under the leadership of Robert Craft, of practically the entire output of the controversial Austrian modernist Anton Webern, who was inexplicably shot to death—by American Occupation troops, it is thought—four months after V-E Day. Webern, an austere atonalist, was for some forty years a specialist in a kind of spook music, which, though it never won a wide following, influenced, and continues to influence, a good many younger composers. Its principal features are brevity (the longest pieces last ten or eleven minutes, the shortest under a minute, protracted periods of silence within individual compositions, a general soft-spokenness, and a variety of unique effects, among them some fascinating susurrations in the string-quartet works). I'm afraid, though, that to me the wealth of material displayed on these records reveals little beyond a vague melancholy punctuated now and again by annoyance. Webern's musical personality, insofar as it is possible to find any personality at all in such severely contrived stuff as this, comes through as a thoroughly humorless one and, at the same time, one with no grand object in view. His dedication is unmistakable, but to what? The mere practice of a kind of finicky art? And for phonograph listeners his art poses an additional problem, since a good part of it is played so softly—often as a mere whisper—that on the average home machine the volume must be turned up full in order to catch it; this means that when a tone of medium strength is sounded, it comes blasting out of the speaker. (I found myself reduced to sitting with one hand on the volume control.) Everything considered, it is difficult to say how good or how bad these performances are, but they have obviously been prepared with great care, and I should guess that all hands went through hell trying to get them right. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

As Perlberg views it, it all boils down to the spotlight versus the close-up.

"A spotlight is never as cruel as a close-up," he declared. "A person can appear beautiful on the stage and look like a monster in front of a camera."

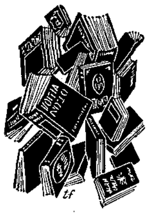
The veteran producer feels Clark Gable and Doris Day are two players who have both personality and acting ability.

"And," he added laughingly "that's not just because they're appearing in the Perlberg-Seaton production, 'Teacher's Pet!' " —*Nyack* (*N.Y.*) *Rockland County Journal-News.*

Why, the thought never crossed our mind!

BOOKS

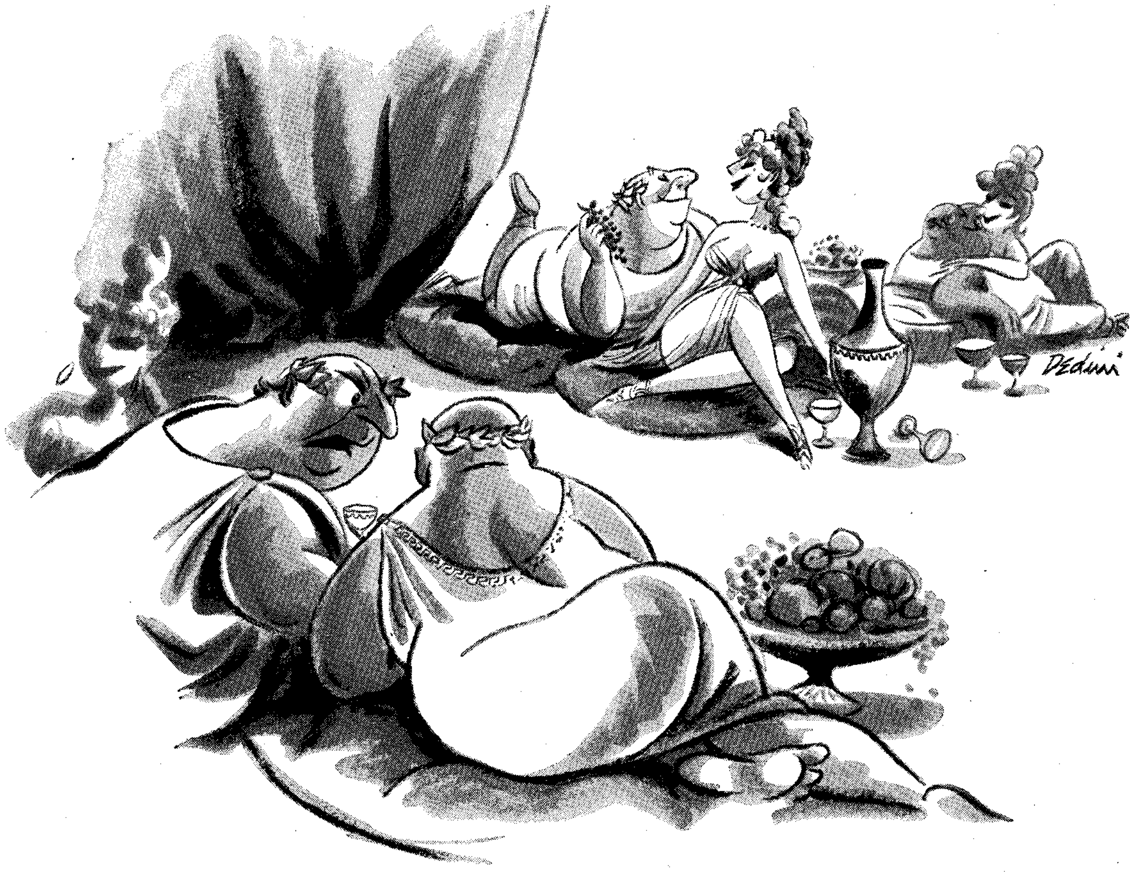
A Matter of Life and Death



Arthur Koestler's "Reflections on Hanging" (Macmillan) and Glanville Williams' "The Sanctity of Life and the Criminal Law" (Knopf) are notable works of the humane intelligence. Koestler's contribution is a tract against capital punishment. It has attained historic importance in England, where it was serialized in the London *Observer* and then was published as a book. It was the leading abolitionist text in the public and Parliamentary debates that led to a two-year moratorium on hanging in England and came very close to ending it forever. Koestler pleads his case, which would be as pertinent in the forty-two of our states that allow capital penalties as it is in England, with force and fervor; the book has none of the mere cleverness one often finds in his novels and none of the slipperiness one finds in so much of his political writing. It is not, though, as interesting or as brilliant a piece of work as Williams'. In a sense, Williams' book, an amplification of his Carpentier Lectures at Columbia Law School, runs counter to Koestler's. Koestler is opposed to killing by due process of law. Williams says nothing about capital punishment; his book is, among other things, a plea for modifications of Anglo-Saxon law that would lead to a more liberal view of a number of practices that are regarded by many as partaking of homicide—for example, euthanasia, suicide, contraception, abortion, and sterilization. The laws that deal with life-and-death matters only codify certain moral and religious attitudes—not necessarily the prevailing ones—toward these grave issues, and it is to these attitudes that Williams addresses himself. He brings to the task a great store of knowledge, a fastidious logic, and a style as clear as a mountain stream.

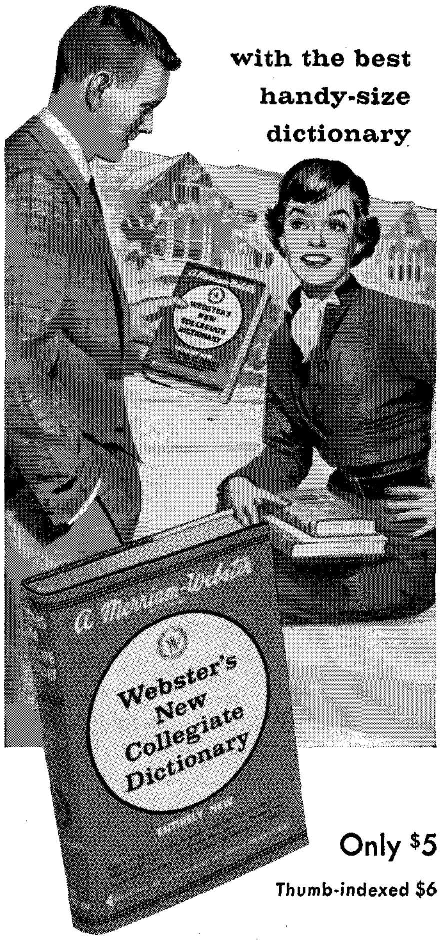
In his polemic, Koestler uses every argument but one against capital punishment; he never invokes the Sixth Commandment or holds that the destruction of a human spirit is too great a responsibility for any temporal authority. He never says that killing is wrong in itself. What he does say is that hanging is barbarous and sickening, that electrocution and the gas chamber are no less brutal and repellent, that the death penalty is not a deterrent to crime, that guiltless men are sometimes put to death by law, and that execution degrades any society that tolerates it and every judge who orders it. In the case of murder, he says, it is a punishment that conspicuously fails to fit the crime; murder is almost always the work of the deranged and is almost never a planned pursuit—such as, say, larceny—of the criminally bent. (The United States may be an exception. We have had killers who were professional in every sense of the word.) It is in some ways remarkable that his book should have had so great an impact when it makes no use of the argument one would expect to weigh most heavily on people reared in the Judeo-Christian tradition. Yet only once is it suggested that capital punishment is inherently wrong, a *malum in se*, regardless of the technique, regardless of the victim's guilt, regardless of social or penological considerations, and that suggestion occurs not in Koestler but in the introduction for American readers, by Professor Edmond Cahn, of the New York University Law School. Professor Cahn cites a statement by the late Judge Jerome Frank that the frequency of judicial error relieves the opponents of capital punishment of the need to fall back on the argument that "no man may morally play God." This argument might be adduced, Judge Frank said, if we could be sure that every man under sentence of death had committed the crime for which he was paying. "But such a thesis need not be considered," he remarked, with evident relief at having sidestepped an awkward dispute, "for it assumes the impossible. Experience teaches the fallibility of court decisions. . . . How dare any society take the chance of ordering the judicial homicide of an innocent man?"

The truth is that the modern mind would have a hard time arguing anything on the premise that human life is sacred. This is not because it disbelieves in sacredness or because it holds, like Mr. Justice Holmes, that the sanctity of life "is a purely municipal ideal of no validity outside the jurisdiction,"



"What gets me is that more-decadent-than-thou attitude of his."

START
the school year
RIGHT



A Merriam-Webster

Webster's New Collegiate — a *Merriam-Webster* — is required or recommended by the country's leading schools, colleges, and universities. It is the ONLY desk-size dictionary based on the unabridged Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, "the Supreme Authority" throughout the English-speaking world.

This Merriam-Webster will help you write more accurately, speak more effectively, read with more understanding. 125,000 entries, 1,196 pages; **yet it is compact, lightweight, easy to carry.**

Start the school year right by getting your copy today at your book, department, or stationery store.

GET THE BEST —
INSIST ON A GENUINE
MERRIAM-WEBSTER!

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., SPRINGFIELD 2, MASS.

which is a way of saying that the sanctity of life is simply a legal rather than an ethical concept. And it is not because life is held in low esteem; the secular mind, which may see death as an everlasting nothingness, can build a mystique of earthly existence in which far more value is placed on the privilege of inhaling and exhaling than most theologies have ever attached to it. But it would be almost fatuous, in the middle of the twentieth century, for even the most devout theologian to say that man cannot or should not play God—provided he means that man should not interfere with those processes that in earlier centuries were held to be reserved to Providence. Man must play God, for he has acquired certain Godlike powers, among them a considerable degree of mastery over life and death, and he cannot avoid their exercise. Glanville Williams deals with some of these Godlike powers, though not, because it is beyond the purview of the criminal law, with the most wonder-working of them all, atomic energy. Science has put into our hands—and politics has required us to grasp firmly—instruments that force a human judgment on whether or not the entire race is to be executed; even in benign employment, these instruments can affect the very image of man many millennia hence, and, for that matter, the duration of all life. In a less awesome—but awesome enough—way, modern medicine has been usurping prerogatives once held to be God's alone. It has learned to cheat death not merely by the prolongation of life but by calling men back to life after several hours on the other shore. The judge who orders an execution is no more guilty of playing God than the doctor who, having decided that a human being has been summoned to eternity too soon, restores him to the world of time and suffering and sin. Hanging may be more offensive, but it is not more presumptuous. We have been tampering with the processes of creation, too, and are more and more in a position to determine not only who shall die and when but who shall be born and when. If it is Godlike to cut a life or a death short, it is hardly less Godlike to arrange for a woman innocent of adultery and even wholly chaste to nourish in her womb and bear a child of whom she is not the natural mother and of whom her husband, if she has one, is not the natural father. The father, in fact, could very well be a man who has died years before his transplanted sperm fertilized the ovum.

In making his argument, Williams accepts Bertrand Russell's assertion that moral progress consists of a widening of the boundaries of human sympathy. That definition leaves much undefined. Is sympathy to be forever widened, until the term is meaningless? Does sympathy mean toleration? "Moral progress" has a metallic ring, and it is doubtful that men as perceptive as Koestler and Williams could find much satisfaction in being described as "morally progressive." But Russell's concept does illustrate the basic distinction between Koestler and Williams. By a literal application of the concept, Koestler qualifies easily for a place in the moral vanguard; he is begging mercy, the active stage of sympathy, for murderers. Williams' plea would be more difficult to justify, for the world is full of people of unassailable morality who would say that he is really asking us to withhold sympathy from many human beings whom our laws now protect. He favors the compulsory sterilization of the feeble-minded, the epileptic, and persons with certain hereditary physical defects. He would permit the destruction of grievously malformed infants. He thinks it should be "permissible both morally and legally so to define a human being as to exclude the grosser sports of nature." While he may share Koestler's view that one murder does not justify another, he would have the criminal law make infanticide a lesser form of homicide—an attitude that plays hob with Russell's dictum, since it could be described as a denial of sympathy to the victim.

Koestler argues against hanging with a revolutionist's ardor and the arid logic of a mere reformer. Minus its rhetoric, which is sometimes quite splendid, his tract is a series of pragmatic propositions of the sort he might work up to oppose anything he chanced to regard as unsound public policy. It cannot, however, be this purely municipal spirit that accounts for the abolitionist passion that has become for him a moral substitute for the Bolshevism that fired his imagination in his youth. (In 1936, he acquired a certain concern with capital punishment when, as a young Communist, he spent three months under sentence of death in one of General Franco's jails.) For while the ending of capital punishment may commend itself to many of us, it is not the kind of crusade that justifies and supports the fervor that moves Koestler. As Koestler himself remarks, the only direct beneficiaries in England are the "thirteen wretches a year" normally sentenced to death. This is but one inhabitant in three million, which is not very much, particularly if one believes that murderers, on the whole, are a

Any One OF THESE BEAUTIFUL BOOKS *Free...*

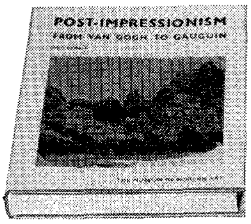
WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY

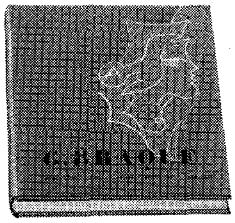
...an Invitation to Those Who Want the Finest in the Arts

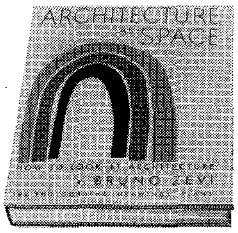
THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY offers you the opportunity to enrich your home with the finest books on the arts. The books described and pictured here are but a sampling of those offered month after month to Seven Arts members. Each, in its field, is the most authoritative and comprehensive volume published. No effort is spared in using the finest materials available. And, we would like to call your attention to the substantial savings which membership makes possible.

For your Enrollment Gift and first selection, you may select any of these magnificent books, any of which you will treasure for years to come. And, as a member, we are certain that the books you receive will find a permanent place in your library and will provide for you and your family a wonderful source of information and enjoyment.

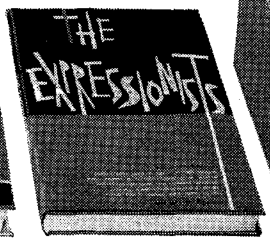
GREEK SCULPTURE

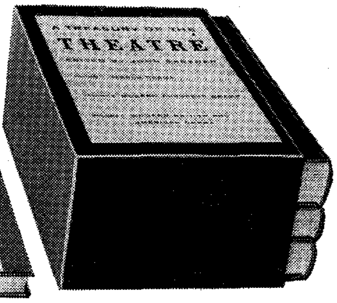


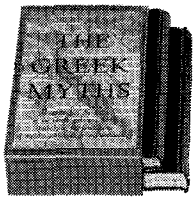


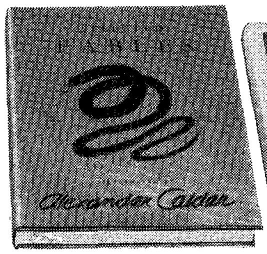


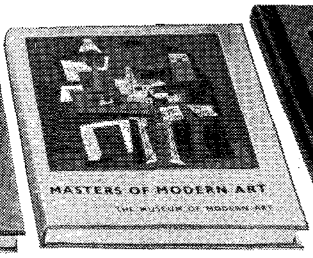
Pablo Picasso

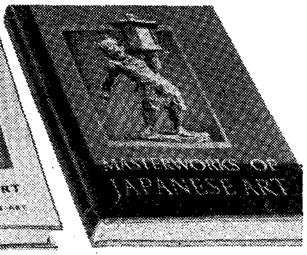












GREEK SCULPTURE. Text by Dr. Reinhard Lullies. Photographs by Max Hirmer *256 monochrome plates, 8 in full color, 11 drawings, 88 pages of text, 9½"x12½".* The great heritage of Greek art presented in an up-to-date survey for layman and student alike. *List Price $12.50,* **Members' Price $9.50.**

POST-IMPRESSIONISM: From Van Gogh to Gauguin. By John Rewald. *612 pages, 520 plates, 47 in full-color, 10¼"x9¼"* A vivid history and interpretation of Neo-Impressionism, Symbolism, and other creative currents. *List Price $15.00,* **Members' Price $11.95.**

G. BRAQUE. By Maurice Gieure. *148 full-page reproduction, 36 in full-color, hand mounted; 12 line drawings, 111 pages 9"x11⅜".* This handsome volume has well merited being called by art critics the "definitive" work on Braque. *List Price $15.00.* **Members' Price $11.95.**

A TREASURY OF THE THEATRE. Edited by John Gassner *Three volumes, over 1800 pp., 10"x7⅜"* A magnificent volume of world drama from Aeschylus to Arthur Miller, with complete text and artistic significance of each play. *List Price $22.50.* **Members' Price $14.95.**

ARCHITECTURE AS SPACE. By Bruno Zevi. *186 photographs, drawings and plans, 288 pages, 8¼"x10¼"* "The most penetrating and outspoken critic of our time stating what he sees in courageous terms."—Frank Lloyd Wright. *List Price $7.50.* **Members' Price $5.50.**

THE GREEK MYTHS. By Robert Graves. *Two-volume, boxed set, clothbound, 800 pages, 4⅜"x7⅛" fold-out map (12"x12½").* A complete mythology of the Greek tales of the Gods and Heroes, embodying the conclusions of modern anthropology and archaeology. *List Price $6.50.* **Members' Price $5.00.**

THE EXPRESSIONISTS. Text by Carl Zigrosser. *130 reproductions (8 full-color), hand mounted, 144 pages, 8½"x11"* The graphic art of one of the most exciting and influential art movements of the twentieth century. *List Price $10.00.* **Members' Price $7.50.**

SELECTED FABLES. By Jean de la Fontaine. Illustrated by Alexander Calder. Translated by Eunice Clark. *89 pages, 9¼"x12¼", 36 fables, 36 illustrations, 12 vignettes.* The sweeping satirical lines of La Fontaine and the rollickingly human drawings of Calder. *List Price $10.00,* **Members' Price $7.50.**

PABLO PICASSO. *By Wilhelm Boeck and Jaime Sabartés. 524 pages, 606 reproductions, 44 in full color, handsomely bound with exclusive cover design by Picasso.* A monumental study of Picasso, the man and his art. *List Price $17.50.* **Members' Price $13.50.**

MASTERS OF MODERN ART Edited by Alfred H Barr, Jr. *11¼"x10¼", 240 pages, 356 plates including 77 tipped-in full color.* Brings a gallery of the major movements of the past 75 years into your home. *List Price $15.00,* **Members' Price $12.50.**

MASTERWORKS OF JAPANESE ART. Edited by Charles S. Terry Based on the definitive six-volume Pageant of Japanese Art. *100 full-page plates, 40 in full color, hand mounted, 60 in gravure, 35 text ills., 264 pp., 8¾"x12" handsome binding with protective slipcase* A great heritage of Oriental art from prehistoric times to the present. *List Price $15.00,* **Members' Price $12.50.**

NY9-14

THE SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY

215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, New York

Please enroll me as a member. Send me the FREE GIFT and first selection which I have indicated below Bill me at the special membership price plus postage and handling.

I am to receive Free the monthly bulletin, *The Seven Arts News.* I agree to select as few as 4 books out of more than 100 titles offered during my first year of membership. I may resign without obligation at any time thereafter.

....
FREE GIFT

....
FIRST SELECTION

Name ____________________________

Street ____________________________

City ______________ Zone ______ State ______

Very SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

S. F. A's fling of leopard-print cotton

spotted for waiting!

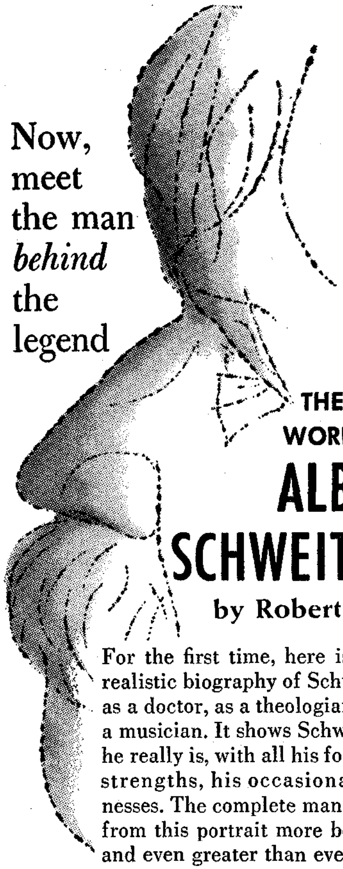
Replete with black tie, it's sparkling
at-home fare above slim black
jersey pants. Top, 8-16 sizes, 11.95.
Pants, 10-16 sizes, 10.95.
Maternity Shop. Also in Chicago,
Detroit, Beverly Hills.
Mail, phone orders filled.
Write for our Maternity Booklet.

AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, WHITE PLAINS, SPRINGFIELD, N. J.

"ARGENTA"
the grandeur of the Renaissance
in **FRANCONIA CHINA**
one of Europe's finest . . .
soft blue-grey Acanthus leaves
on pure white translucent porcelain
accented by rich Platinum trim.
5-pc. place setting: $13.95
(slightly higher south and west)
Name & address of nearest dealer,
price list upon request.
HERMAN C. KUPPER, INC.
39-41 West 23rd St. • N. Y. 10, N. Y.
*Write Dept. NY-9

poor lot. What, after all, is so important about ending capital punishment? Stricter traffic controls or increased appropriations for cancer research would save many, many more lives, and it seems nonsensical to imply, as Koestler does, that the death penalty compromises before the rest of the world the moral positions of the countries that impose it. (Oddly, the three most humane of modern Western societies—Britain, France, and the United States—are almost the only ones of those societies who still keep the category of capital crime on their books.) Actually, the Sixth Commandment *is at the bottom* of Koestler's case. The unstated assumption of his worldling's argument is that there is something profane, something supremely wicked about the taking of any human life. Though he advances only the standard municipal claims in support of abolition, one feels that his position would be the same in the face of incontrovertible evidence that hanging *is* an effective deterrent to murder. Koestler may be a worldling, but his passion has a transcendental base. This situation, as Glanville Williams points out, is not at all uncommon. "Even the modern infidel," he says, "tends to give his full support to the belief that it is our duty to regard all human life as sacred, however disabled or worthless or repellent the individual may be."

Williams, however, does not give *his* full support to the belief. He, too, may oppose hanging, but he could not do it with Koestler's zeal, for he thinks it is urgent common sense to measure the value of life both qualitatively and quantitatively. Life is feeling and awareness, not mere animation, and the more highly developed the feeling and awareness, the more deserving a particular life is of respect and protection. Life is also the community of the presently living, to whom the problem of numbers—the size of families, for example, or the relation of population to resources—can be of crucial importance. In a general way, Western man acts on these views even when his religions and his criminal laws run contrary to them. We reserve our severest penalties, such as hanging, for those who destroy or tamper with a life that is highly sentient and do not apply them in cases of low sentience. Infanticide has seldom been looked upon as murder; in some societies it has been encouraged, in others it has been tolerated. The destruction of a life in a declining state of sentience is also given a large degree of tolerance. In no Western jurisprudence is it conceivable that a doctor who re-



Now,
meet
the man
behind
the
legend

THE THREE
WORLDS OF
ALBERT SCHWEITZER
by Robert Payne

For the first time, here is a truly realistic biography of Schweitzer—as a doctor, as a theologian, and as a musician. It shows Schweitzer as he really is, with all his foibles, his strengths, his occasional weaknesses. The complete man emerges from this portrait more believable and even greater than ever before.
Now at your bookstore, $3.50

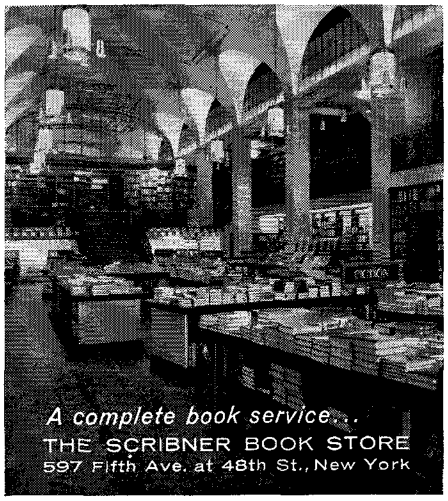
THOMAS NELSON & SONS
Exclusive publishers of the RSV Bible

By Italy's master storyteller...

Nineteen stories, about shopkeepers, thieves, washerwomen, prostitutes, hustlers, and other colorful characters, caught up in some extraordinary situations. *$3.75*

ALBERTO MORAVIA'S
Roman Tales

FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY



A complete book service...
THE SCRIBNER BOOK STORE
597 Fifth Ave. at 48th St., New York

Now you can SAVE UP TO $18.55 on Today's Most Vital Books!

James Joyce LETTERS Edited by Stuart Gilbert
Baudelaire
Gustave Flaubert Madame Bovary
Henry James autobiography
Dylan Thomas Collected Poems
D. H. Lawrence: Selected Literary Criticism Edited by Anthony Beal
English Literature in the Sixteenth Century C. S. Lewis
the complete works of Nathanael West
modern japanese literature
The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud The Formative Years and the Great Discoveries by Ernest Jones
The Organization Man by William H. Whyte Jr.
James Joyce Finnegans Wake

Any 3 for only $3.95 WITH MEMBERSHIP

(VALUES UP TO $22.50)

At Last: A Club That Offers You The Widest Range of Important Books . . . Month after Month!

If GOOD LITERATURE is your meat and drink, then here's a special opportunity for you to save money on books of lasting importance.

As an unusual membership offer, The Readers' Subscription would like you to take any 3 of these books . . . for only $3.95!

Here are the books that are being debated among intellectual leaders everywhere. They are the books which excite thinking people *now*, and will do so for years to come.

A Unique Plan for Discriminating Readers

As a member of the Readers' Subscription, you may choose as few as four books a year . . . from almost fifty new titles made available to you . . . *and* from a large back list. Alternate titles also include a number of fascinating long-playing recordings of poetry and prose read by distinguished literary figures. And each month you will receive a free copy of *The Griffin*, a 32 page magazine, containing a critical review of the current selection. These reviews are not written to "sell" you anything. They are perceptive critiques by three of the outstanding critical minds of our time: W. H. Auden, Jacques Barzun, and Lionel Trilling. Many of them, in fact, have been reprinted in other magazines and foreign literary journals.

If – after browsing through *The Griffin*—you decide that you want the current selection, it will be sent to you. If not, you merely say so on the form always provided.

With every fourth selection you accept, you get a FREE bonus book or record *of your own choosing*. And you may pick your bonus from *all* the titles offered by The Readers' Subscription!

You Save Over 45%

As a member of the Readers' Subscription your savings will average at least 25% on each monthly selection . . . and your over-all savings, through your bonus books, *will exceed 45%.*

This is your opportunity to build a magnificent library of books that you will read and *re-read* . . . books that you will recommend to friends whose judgment you respect.

Right now, choose the 3 books you want and mail the coupon – *without money* – to The Readers' Subscription. You will be billed only $3.95 plus small shipping charge . . . even though the value of your three selections may total as high as $22.50! Mail the entire coupon . . . *now* . . . to The Readers' Subscription, Dept. NY-9 1140 Broadway, New York 1, N. Y.

THE READERS' SUBSCRIPTION, INC., Dept. NY-9
1140 Broadway, New York 1, N.Y.

Please send me at once the THREE titles I have checked below and bill me only $3.95, plus a small shipping charge, for all three. Also enroll me as a member of The Readers' Subscription.

Forthcoming selections will be described to me in advance in *The Griffin*, your monthly publication which I am to receive FREE for one year. I may decline any book which I do not want simply by returning the special form always provided.

During the first year of my membership, I agree to accept four additional selections at members' Special Prices, plus a few cents shipping, from all present and future titles. I may resign anytime after accepting four such titles. I am to receive a FREE bonus book or 12" long-playing record *of my own choice* after every four selections purchased.

Choose below, your 3 titles for $3.95

☐ **LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE** edited by *Stuart Gilbert*. How did Joyce react to exile, misunderstanding and fame? Why did he mistrust Freud and Jung . . . and find Proust lacking in any "special" talent? The answers are in the long-awaited *Letters:* a vivid self portrayal of a towering and tormented literary genius. *List price $7.50.*

☐ **THE FLOWERS OF EVIL** by *Charles Baudelaire*. Banned during his lifetime because of the subject matter of his poetry, Baudelaire is now considered the greatest French poet of the 19th century. This magnificent bilingual edition contains the best English translations of *all* of his poems. *List $6.00.*

☐ **MADAME BOVARY** by *Gustave Flaubert*. A New Translation by Francis Steegmuller. For 100 years this world classic has been the dominating influence on fiction. Here is the celebrated new translation—the first in modern English—that gives fresh meaning to a great masterpiece. *List price $3.95.*

☐ **HENRY JAMES: AUTOBIOGRAPHY** edited by *F. W. Dupee*. Many answers to James' enigmatic personality are revealed in his famous *Autobiography*, long out of print. Contains the complete text of *A Small Boy and others, Notes of a Son and Brother* and *The Middle Years. List price $7.50.*

☐ **DYLAN THOMAS: COLLECTED POEMS.** "Poetry", said *Dylan Thomas*, "is what in a poem makes you laugh, cry, prickle, be silent, makes your toenails twinkle . . .". Here are *all* the poems that he wished to preserve—by a writer who has been called the greatest lyric poet since Keats. *List price $3.75.*

☐ **ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY** by *C. S. Lewis*. Here is a brilliant critical survey of one of the most "essential" and exciting periods in English literature. *List price $7.00.*

☐ **THE COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST.** Here —in one volume—are *all* the novels by one of America's most original and penetrating writers: *The Dream Life of Balso Snell, Miss Lonelyhearts, A Cool Million, The Day of the Locust.* "Contains some of the best writing produced by an American in this century."—*The New Yorker. List price $5.00.*

☐ **D. H. LAWRENCE: SELECTED LITERARY CRITICISM,** edited by *Anthony Beal*. Here is the *first* one-volume anthology containing the best of Lawrence's penetrating criticism . . . including a major part of *Studies in Classical American Literature* and the complete text of *Pornography and Obscenity. List price $5.00.*

☐ **THE ORGANIZATION MAN** by *William H. Whyte, Jr.* Here is a fascinating and challenging analysis of the sociological structure that governs our lives. Mr. Whyte's thesis is that we have all sacrificed individuality for conformity to the business, institutional, or professional group of which we are members. *List price $5.00.*

☐ **THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD, VOL. I,** by *Ernest Jones*. Freud's amazing discovery of infantile sexuality . . . his triumphs in dream interpretation changed the course of medical thought. Here is the definitive story of his education, courtship, marriage and early scientific career. "An unmatched—and unretouched—portrait of Freud as a human being." N. Y. Times. *List price $6.75.*

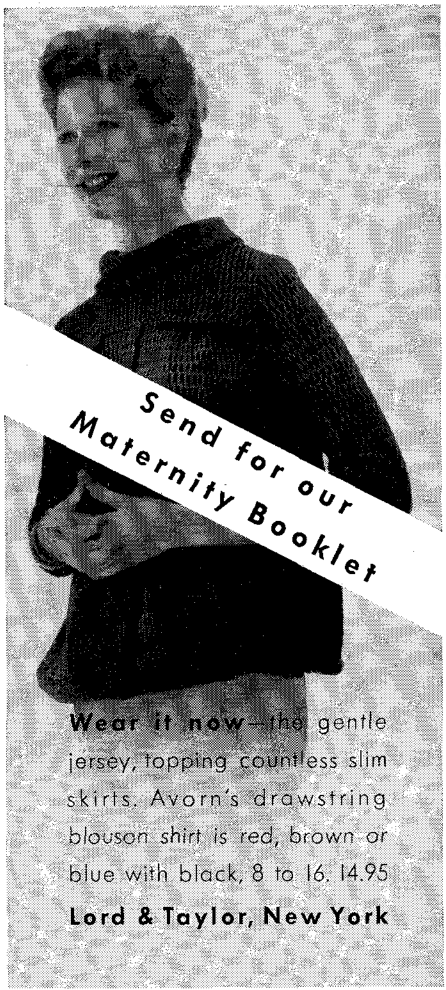
☐ **MODERN JAPANESE LITERATURE** edited by *Donald Keene*. In the past eighty years, startling changes have occurred in Japanese literature. Here is the first and only anthology of this fascinating literary renaissance. *List price $4.75.*

☐ **FINNEGANS WAKE** by *James Joyce*. Whether he really wrote "literature" or merely "exercised" with erotic words in order to shock—Joyce's influence on the modern novel has been profound. This final work by the author of *Ulysses* remains Joyce's most controversial book. *List price $7.50.*

Name ....

Address ....

City ....State ....



Send for our Maternity Booklet

Wear it now—the gentle jersey, topping countless slim skirts. Avorn's drawstring blouson shirt is red, brown or blue with black, 8 to 16. 14.95

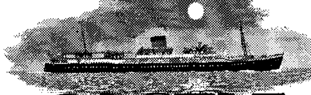
Lord & Taylor, New York

Start your African Adventure any THURSDAY!

Start your African adventure before you arrive in Africa! Board a lovely "Castle" liner at Southampton, England, any Thursday afternoon. You'll enjoy fourteen idyllic days of shipboard living on the way to Cape Town, with the choice of a stopover at Madeira or the Canary Islands. If you prefer, connect with a Union-Castle 'ROUND AFRICA ship at Marseilles or Genoa and approach Africa via the Mediterranean. DIRECT FARES—Southampton to Cape Town: 1st Class $406 up; Tourist $223 up.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or CUNARD LINE, General Passenger Agents for Union-Castle.

UNION CASTLE



lieves a dying patient's pain by a dose of anodyne that ends pain forever will suffer the full vengeance of the law.

Williams' book is in part an analysis of religious and legal estimates of the value of human life and in part a plea for the frank acceptance of municipal standards. The community of the living is obliged to be concerned with community problems. If life is sentience, then sentience must be respected. Williams would establish a man's right to put an end to what he chooses to regard as his own agony by suicide—the unsuccessful attempt at which is now, preposterously, a crime in most Anglo-Saxon jurisdictions—or by requesting euthanasia. Williams would also preserve the right of the community of the living to limit its numbers and to regulate, as far as possible, its quality by birth control, by sterilization, and by artificial insemination. According to statisticians in whom he has confidence, a laissez-faire eugenic, or perhaps even dysgenic, policy is almost bound to lead (through the tendency of the less sentient to be more prolific) to a decline in average intelligence as high as one per cent per generation—and this in a society that is already putting an enormous strain on its reserves of intelligence. In a way, the prospect of a society that took matters of life and death into its own hands as coldly as Williams would have it do is a terrifying one; reading him, one often has the feeling that it would be better and safer if we clung blindly to the simple precepts embodied in our law than if we settled coldly upon the idea that we ourselves are the makers of values. What Williams demonstrates, though, and what the worldling Koestler illustrates, is that the best of our secular minds have treasured life fully as much as the best of our transcendental minds. Who wrote a tract that helped bring an end to hanging in England? Arthur Koestler. A little over a century ago, English children were being hanged for petty thefts, and today there is mercy even for the merciless. And the burden of Glanville Williams' almost beautiful book is that the boundaries of our sympathies for all those who share our state of being should be immensely widened.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

VERSE

IN America, the lyric gift is reasserting itself, after a long period when it seemed either to have gone for good or to have become so muffled, stiffened, and distorted as to be unrecognizable. "Modern poetry has dissimulated lyricism . . . has been ashamed to avow it

J. PRESS SPORT JACKETS

Each season the beauty of J. PRESS original weaves in Real Shetland Island Homespuns is a tradition, and the hand-writing of J. PRESS cut, tailoring, and detail has made a virtual cult of J. PRESS customers the world over.

- J. PRESS Own Make Jackets $75
- 'PRESS-SCOT' Scottish made Jackets $65
- J. PRESS 'undergraduate' Jackets $55

Travel Exhibit dates & Brochure upon request

STORES AT:—
262 York St. New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St. Cambridge
341 Madison Ave. New York

NEW HAVEN ✱ CAMBRIDGE ✱ NEW YORK ✱ J. PRESS

enduring place mats

Beige abaca and real leaves in subtle shades of green, pressed between layers of clear vinyl. Translucent, softly textured, washable, virtually indestructible. Dimensions: 13" x 18". Each 2.25, ppd.

Twining & Buck *Rte. 41 Salisbury, Conn.*

Send for Free Catalog

Hand carved and gilded eagles, traditional emblems of the quiet elegance of the Federal period, are appropriate symbols of gracious living in modern decoration.

For information about hand carvings made only to order from original drawings, write to John Upton, Wood Carver, Star Route, Waldoboro, Maine.

too loudly," Maritain has said, and there were reasons for this dissimulation. Nineteenth-century poetry, in English, had become tendentious and full of a "wistful idealism;" it had also become so saturated with "music" that the lyric, at the end of the century, had turned into a caricature of itself. A break with this overblown Romanticism had to come, and it is natural that it appeared in the form of anti-Romanticism (T. E. Hulme, the early Eliot, and others). It then became a question, as time went on, of how much tradition could be returned to, and of how that tradition could be altered and refreshed to suit modern sensibilities. The earlier moderns were shy of lyricism, although the tendency persisted, sometimes in a pure form (as in Frost). A bleak period followed, when the New Criticism formula for writing poetry was pretty well in control. The youngest generation are now out in the clear. They have learned how to get around certain dangers. They are avoiding the poem as intellectual exercise and the poem flattened out and warped by rules. They have had their fill of Surrealism. They have instinctively recoiled from metaphysics without wit and from design not backed up by emotion. In contrast to their immediate elders, they seem more flexible in method and more innocent (in the best sense) temperamentally. They are not terrified by laughter or by "music," and they are free to give as much attention to their waking consciousness as to their unconscious dreams. They know from the book of rules that the lyric must be intense, personal, concrete, and condensed; they have learned from experience in writing it that it must also get off the ground.

In several books lately published, we can see how these new talents, though separate and individual, are beginning to reinforce one another. Two have already won prizes. "The Green Wall," by James Wright, was chosen by W. H. Auden as the most recent volume in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, and Philip Booth's "Letter from a Distant Land" (Viking) won the 1956 Lamont Poetry Selection. Auden says in his preface that Wright, by grasping the necessity for giving modern answers to timeless questions and by the variety of his concerns, has proved himself securely of his period. It is true that Wright's "imaginative preferences" are those of a young contemporary, but his manner of dealing with them is the age-old manner of the lyric poet, who draws his thought and emotion so closely together that they

The Golden Orchid

flower of our Etruscan series . . . night and day beauty for collar, lapel, belt or neckline. $7.50. Matching bud earring $7.50. Deeply textured . . . modern rendering of an ancient art by Monet, whose name appears on every piece. All prices plus tax.

Monet
MASTER JEWELER
AT FINE STORES

MONET • 6 WEST 32nd ST., NEW YORK

FOR OLD WORLD CHARM IN A MODERN SETTING . . .

belgium beautiful

THE CROSSROADS OF EUROPE

Enjoy world-famous seaside resorts; visit smart spas. Thrill to great art masterpieces. Fine, modern hotels. Food beyond compare. Yes, spend your vacation in beautiful, progressive Belgium! Plan now. See your Travel Agent, or write Official Belgian Tourist Bureau.

Visit belgium First!

International Annual Fall Trade Fairs Mid September-October:
Brussels, Charleroi, Ghent, Liege

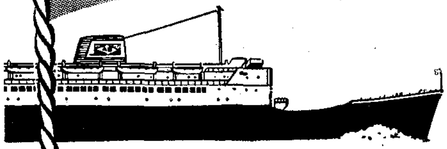
Official Belgian Tourist Bureau
589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
Please send me complete information about Belgium.

Name________________

Address________________

Y76

Smart Class—
Tourist Class!



THE AMERICAN
Banner WAY
TO EUROPE

NEW S/S ATLANTIC
COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED
MAIDEN VOYAGE MARCH 29, 1958

AB

Europe bound? Enjoy all
the freedom and comforts of a
PREDOMINANTLY TOURIST CLASS
liner. Travel in casual elegance
...the budget-wise way...
THE AMERICAN Banner WAY.

ALL ACCOMMODATIONS INCLUDE
PRIVATE SHOWER AND TOILET

★ *Superb American-Continental cuisine*
★ Glass enclosed promenade deck, exquisite lounges
★ Sports deck, theatre, bar, children's playroom
★ Interiors designed by Raymond Loewy Associates

DIRECT SERVICE TO THE CONTINENT
Zeebrugge, Belgium and Amsterdam, Holland
3¼-hour boat train from Zeebrugge to Paris

See an authorized travel agent or write:

AMERICAN BANNER LINES

DEPT. C-4 • 52 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 4, N. Y.

She deserves
to eat out
—at least once a week!

Whether it be dinner, breakfast,
brunch or lunch... the pleasure's made
greater by America's best-loved
beverage—coffee! *And Chase & Sanborn*
Coffees are served by more fine
hotels and restaurants
throughout America
than any other brand!

PRESSURE PACKED
Chase & Sanborn
COFFEE

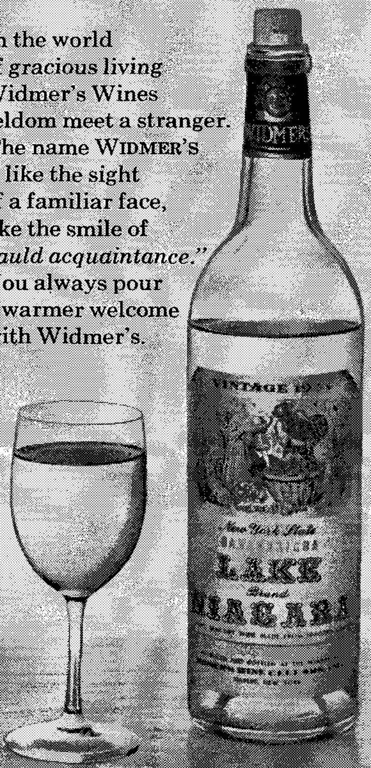
fuse. Wright is concerned with the thought of death as well as with the observation of life; he sometimes moves over the edge of reality toward haunted boundaries. This side of his perception gives his poetry an extra dimension, something quite rare at present but quite usual in Romanticism. In fact, Wright's poems on "outsiders"—children, ghosts, the mad—are moving in the extreme. This is a remarkable first book, which points to a continuing career.

Philip Booth differs from Wright in being more openly attached to the natural scene, or, rather, to his favorite natural scenes. Machines show up in them, cities impinge upon them, but they remain, for Booth, untouched. He hardly ever presents himself as a spectator; he slips as a matter of course into the sharer's role. Two pieces of light verse ("Ego" and "Crossing") fall in easily with the serious poems. Booth makes his connections between imagination and reality and offers his interpretations so unpretentiously that they can be passed over, but they are there—in fresh diction and in form. Booth, too, should keep going for some time.

"POETS OF TODAY IV" (Scribner), a now established annual, presents, in one volume, three complete books by poetic newcomers. John Hall Wheelock, in an introductory essay, traces with great insight the difficulties lyric poets have encountered in this century, during a period when emphasis was being placed on dissonance rather than harmony, on skeptical investigation rather than personal vision. He quotes Eliot's recent remark that "it is certain that we do not fully enjoy a poem unless we understand it; and, on the other hand, it is equally true that we do not fully understand a poem unless we enjoy it," and adds that "delight is a means to revelation, and accompanies it." Wheelock goes on to point out that two of the poets he includes are lyricists—one, George Garrett ("The Reverend Ghost"), of a rather metaphysical order, because of his preoccupation with hidden reality and his sardonic wit, and the other, Robert Wallace ("This Various World"), because of his stripped form, his subjective apprehension of the thing observed, and his verbal "magic." Both Garrett and Wallace have learned, as sensible young artists, from Emily Dickinson; and Wallace, also sensibly, has learned from Marianne Moore. The third poet, Theodore Holmes, writing in a long line that owes something to Whitman

"AULD"
ACQUAINTANCE

In the world
of gracious living
Widmer's Wines
seldom meet a stranger.
The name WIDMER'S
is like the sight
of a familiar face,
like the smile of
"auld acquaintance."
You always pour
a warmer welcome
with Widmer's.



WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS INC.
NAPLES, NEW YORK
Write Dept. N. for Wine Manners, Cookery Booklet.

THE Mid-Ocean Club BERMUDA

- CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF 3 HOURS FROM NEW YORK
- SUPERB PRIVATE BEACH
- TENNIS, FISHING, SAILING
- SPACIOUS AIR CONDITIONED ROOMS, FINE CUISINE

Folder from Travel Agents or
LEONARD HICKS, JR. & ASSOCIATES
65 W. 54th St., New York 19
CI 7-6940
Also Chicago, Cleveland, Wash., D. C.

FOR BIG MEN ONLY!

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

Sizes 10 to 16
Widths AAA to EEE

We specialize in LARGE SIZES ONLY—sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual and work shoes; golf shoes; insulated boots; sox; slippers; rubbers; overshoes; shoe trees. Also . . . sport shirts in your exact, extra-long sleeve length. Enjoy perfect fit in your hard-to-find size at amazingly low cost. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by mail only. Write for FREE Style Book TODAY!
KING-SIZE, Inc.
345 Brockton, Mass.

Gaston
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
...an intimate restaurant
"C'est Formidable"
a discriminating continental
cuisine and matching wine cellar . . .
48 East 49th St. • Closed Sat. & Sun. • PLaza 5-4285

and, as he says, to Rilke's "Elegies" and Eliot's "Four Quartets," has worked in a less strict field—a field that has its own richness and rewards but one that has been freely cultivated in our day. It is good to come upon, in the work of Garrett and Wallace, an ordered brilliance and effects, long neglected, that link us to the ancient tradition of English "song."

FOUR lyricists do not make a galaxy, or even a garland, but these talents have scattered companions and spirited defenders. The latest issue (No. 11) of *New World Writing* (Mentor Books) contains a group of poems that indicate, as Louis Simpson, himself young and a lyricist, states in a short introduction, that "a great range of subject matter and style is possible within the contemporary lyric." And in the same issue Cecil Hemley, another younger poet who has proved his theory by proficient practice, argues clearly and cogently ("The New and Experimental") for "a revolt against revolt"—for a modern poetry based on a living and an ageless tradition.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE THING DESIRED, by Lalage Pulvertaft (Viking). Miss Pulvertaft seems to have picked her large cast almost entirely from among the understudies for Angus Wilson's novels dealing with the scuffed intellectuals of present-day London. The principals include a middle-aged ex-poet, bent on torturing everybody around him; his wife, whom he has almost driven out of her mind (hello again!); his terrified daughter; his former mistress, who is married to a benign homosexual; a young teacher, Caroline, who is attracted to him; and an architect who falls in love with Caroline. Miss Pulvertaft reports their activities and drags us into their minds, but she is really a romantic, entirely lacking Mr. Wilson's special brand of detachment. The poet reveals his villainy in one long speech, his wife knifes him, his daughter turns out to be a lyric genius, and the young teacher and the architect reach agreement in time for the final fadeout. Miss Pulvertaft is a natural storyteller who has written the wrong book.

DRIVES MY GREEN AGE, by Josephine Carson (Harper). There are quite a few really funny lines in Miss Car-

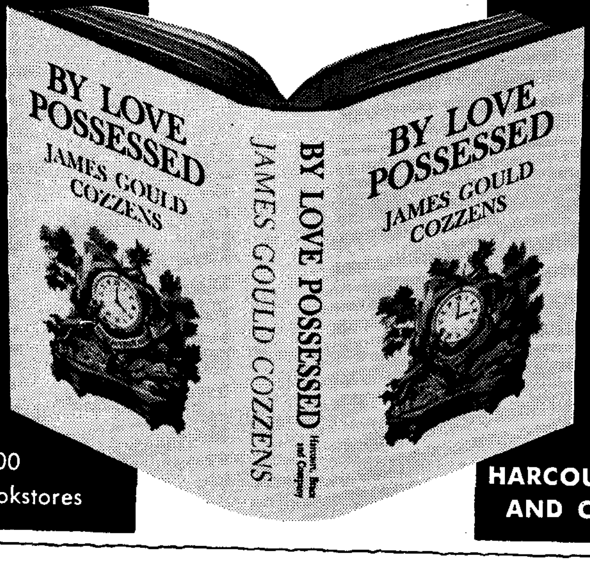
"The most mature, honest, painstaking, and technically accomplished American novelist alive."
—WHITNEY BALLIETT
Saturday Review

"Again and again there are vignettes, scenes of such truth or loveliness that we pause to reread them."
—EDWARD WEEKS
The Atlantic

James Gould Cozzens

"Nomination for a Nobel Prize."
—JOHN FISCHER
Harper's

"A grown-up novel by a grown-up man for a grown-up audience ... It makes most current American novels seem like the work of excited children."
—CLIFTON FADIMAN
Book-of-the-Month Club News



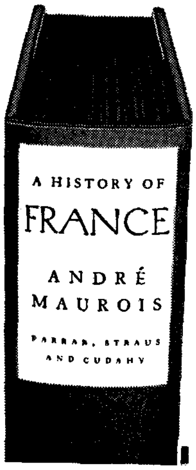
$5.00
at all bookstores

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

A masterful psychological novel about
The man who dares not tell the truth about himself
The woman who loves a man unable to return her love

THE TRANSGRESSOR
By Julian Green
At most bookstores, $3.50
PANTHEON BOOKS, N.Y.

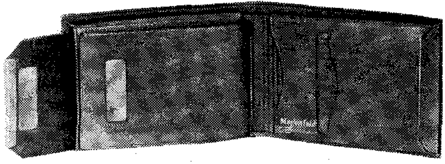
A remarkable one-volume history of France, written with Gallic wit and wisdom by one of her greatest authors



André Maurois'
A HISTORY OF FRANCE
New, enlarged edition, completely up-to-date. Detailed index, maps, $7.50 now at your bookstore.
FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY

the only one who doesn't need

a Magnafold

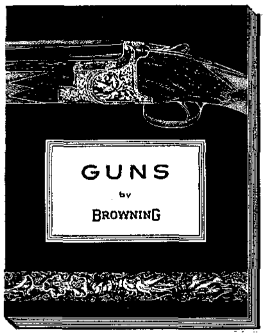


Magnetic Passcase Billfold

Magnafold is the world's only billfold with miracle magnetic closing passcase. Wonderful to give . . . wonderful to get.

$5 up
plus tax

Bosca
leather artisans
Hugo Bosca Co., Springfield, Ohio



IF INTERESTED IN GUNS

WRITE FOR FREE COPY

BROWNING'S NEW BOOKLET Contains:

Factual information on the shotgun—covering such subjects as barrel length, stock fit, choke, gauge and many others, including analysis of the proper gun for the purpose.

Basic principles to better shooting with explanations on effective range, shooting stance, correct gun position, proper lead.

Details on the shotgun shell, its components, the recommended load, shot size and powder charge for various game.

Each Browning gun and its features are illustrated in color and fully described including detailed specifications and prices —Automatic-5 Shot, Double Automatic, Superposed Over-Under, .22 Automatic Rifle, Automatic Pistols.

Browning Arms Co., Dept. N,
St. Louis 3, Mo.

BROWNING

son's novel, her first. The heroine is an attractive twelve-year-old hoyden who lives with an aunt and uncle in a small town in Kansas and whose eyes are opened to a number of things when the new schoolteacher arrives. The only trouble is that much of the prose is cluttered with private, regional imagery—the christening gift that so many Southern (or, in this case, Southwestern) writers have received from those two wicked fairies Mason and Dixon.

MORNING, by Julian Fane (Reynal). A close look at the day-by-day workings of a big country house in England. The story is told in a series of episodes that involve a little boy named Vere, the younger son of the family that lives in the house. The time is a year or so before the Second World War, and it also turns out to be the year or so before Vere is sent off to school. Mr. Fane, straining hard for symmetry, seems to expect us to see a parallel between these two events, but since one is completely awful and the other barely too bad, he doesn't stand a chance. He is a very nice writer, though.

GENERAL

BARUCH: MY OWN STORY, by Bernard M. Baruch (Holt). This autobiography might be subtitled "The Old Gentleman Shows His Medals," for it is a frank and not unbecoming display of achievement, including the acquisition of plenty of hard cash. Mr. Baruch describes his colorful family background (his father had been a surgeon with the Confederate Army, and his earliest American ancestor on his mother's side was a New York shipowner named Isaac Rodriguez Marques, who, he says, was a contemporary of Captain Kidd but kept to "the starboard side of the law"); his childhood in South Carolina and in New York, where his family moved when he was ten; and his years at C.C.N.Y., where he studied economics under Professor George B. Newcomb. Remembering the Professor's exposition of the law of supply and demand, Baruch went into Wall Street, and at thirty-two he had a hundred thousand dollars for every year of his life—"and I had it in cash." What makes the book memorable, of course, is the sequel to this early success. The author, unsatisfied by his brilliant operations in the stock market, began casting about for other ways to use his talents, and he

MAJOR GREY'S CHUTNEY

by CROSSE & BLACKWELL

partner PERFECT for your Currie Dishes

GENUINE MAJOR GREY'S CHUTNEY
MAJOR GREY'S CHUTNEY
SERVE WITH ALL MEATS USE AS A RELISH

9 oz. & 18 oz.

Serve Chutney with Curried Foods, it says on the label. And why not—especially when *Major Grey's* adds an almost unbelievable balance of sweet-hot-spicy flavors to your curried shrimp or curried rice supreme. It's made with Indian mangoes and exotic oriental fruits, rare spices, piquant and subtle seasonings—blended together the way the original Far Eastern recipe says they should be!

The first use of *Major Grey's* Chutney is, of course, to serve with your curried dishes. Try it on a cracker, though, with melted cheese over it—for a delicious canapé.

Remember, too: the true currie flavor calls for Crosse & Blackwell's Currie Powder!

If your grocer doesn't have Crosse & Blackwell's *Major Grey's* Chutney or Currie Powder, send us his name and address. But there's no need to wait—a dollar sent to us will bring you the regular size jar of each product, with a recipe folder. Send to CROSSE & BLACKWELL, Baltimore 24, Md.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL
FINE FOODS SINCE 1706

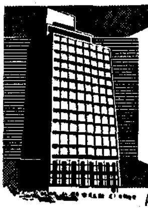
The hilarious and nostalgic best seller that The New Yorker calls "A classic evocation . . . of childhood . . ." 5th Large Printing. $2.95

"Where Did You Go?"
"Out."
"What Did You Do?"
"Nothing."

By Robert Paul Smith
NORTON

PERSONAL

JAMES BOND – Rosa Klebb, Tatiana Romanova, and SMERSH (Soviet super-secret agency in charge of liquidations) want you. For further details read FROM RUSSIA, WITH LOVE by Ian Fleming. Macmillan, $3.50.

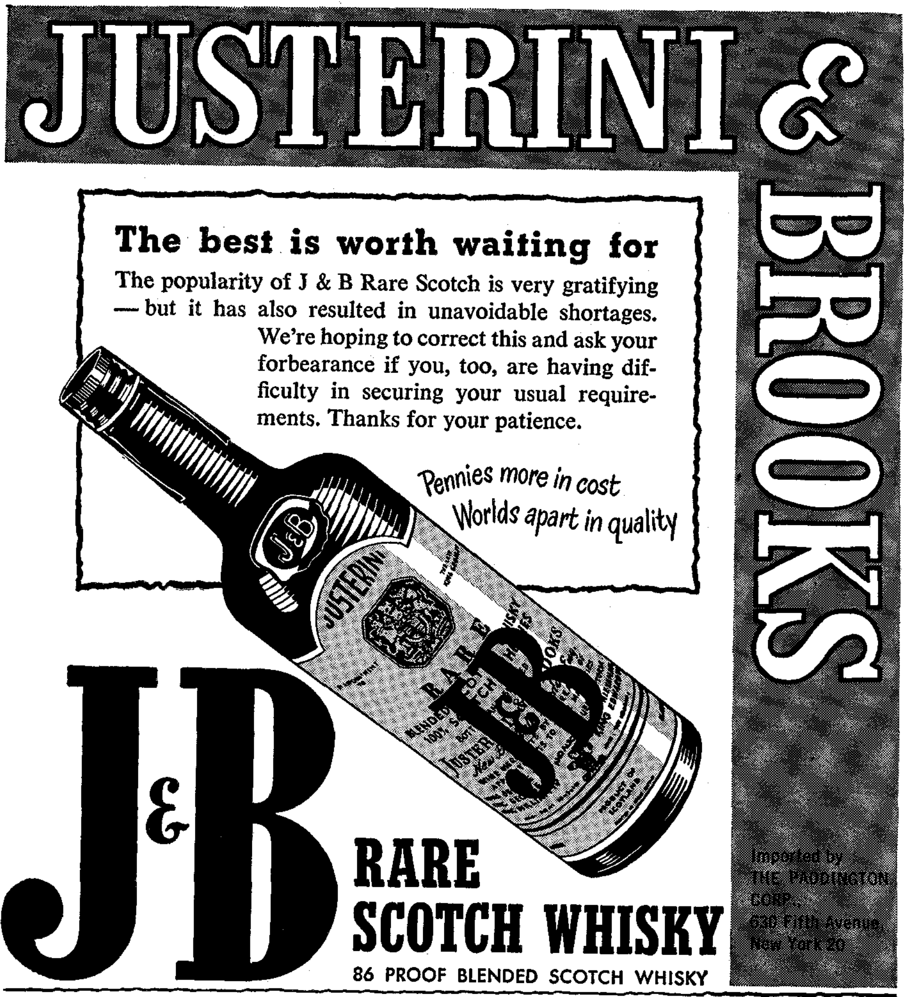


HOTEL BAMER
Mexico City
THE MOST DISTINGUISHED HOTEL
AV. JUAREZ 52 MEXICO, CITY

found them in public service, where he has remained. This book, which takes his career up to the end of the First World War, is largely straightforward narrative, with occasional digressions in which Mr. Baruch delivers little homilies, pardonable in an old man who is America's Dutch uncle, on self-discipline, reason, and "putting first things first." Another volume is in the writing, and it will round out the life story of one of the most unusual rich men of our time. Photographs.

THE BATTLE OF CASSINO, by Fred Majdalany (Houghton Mifflin). A lively, well-written recapitulation of the five-month struggle for Monte Cassino, which was the climax of the campaign in Italy and, grotesquely, after all the slaughter and heartbreak, the anticlimax, too. The author, an English infantry officer in the battle, is objective for the most part, yet he does take sides on some matters. He believes that the public debate over whether the Abbey of Monte Cassino should be reduced was silly; the huge building, seventeen hundred feet above the valley, afforded the Germans a tactician's dream of an observation post, and the Allied soldiers could not make a move on the hillsides without drawing accurate fire. He is hard on General Mark Clark for changing his plans after Cassino had fallen so that his Fifth Army could get the glory of being first into Rome—a move that, the author says, allowed the German Tenth Army to escape. And he is even harder on Eisenhower and Marshall for insisting that the costly victories at Cassino and Anzio should be followed up not by finishing off the badly beaten Germans in Italy but by switching the Allied troops there to the invasion of southern France; this, he feels, was the anticlimax of Cassino. Clearly, old soldiers never die; they simply keep on arguing. Maps and photographs.

RUSSIA REVISITED, by Louis Fischer (Doubleday). A not altogether satisfactory book. As a report on Russia today, it is exceedingly thin (the author was permitted only a twenty-day visit to the Soviet Union), for it has more to say about the satellite countries, with particular emphasis on the revolutions in Poland and Hungary. Mr. Fischer was a correspondent in Moscow from 1922 to 1938, and his disenchantment with the Communist cause was a noisy af-



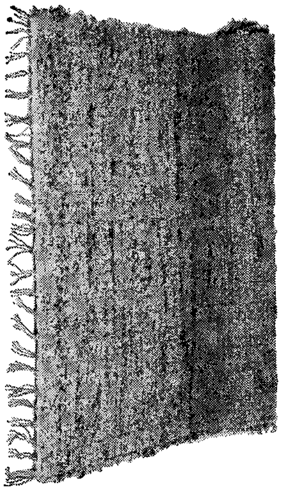
The best is worth waiting for

The popularity of J & B Rare Scotch is very gratifying — but it has also resulted in unavoidable shortages. We're hoping to correct this and ask your forbearance if you, too, are having difficulty in securing your usual requirements. Thanks for your patience.

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

J&B RARE SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Imported by
THE PADDINGTON CORP.,
630 Fifth Avenue,
New York 20



ideal town or country gift

Equally smart in black for a city foyer or in a variety of colors for country and summer homes, these reversible, handwoven burlap rugs make splendid gifts. In soft green, beige, brown, rust, black. Shown: 2′ x 3′ size, $6.60. Postage 75¢. Also available for custom orders in any size you wish at only $1.10 per square foot. Please allow 3-5 week delivery.

CATALOG ON REQUEST

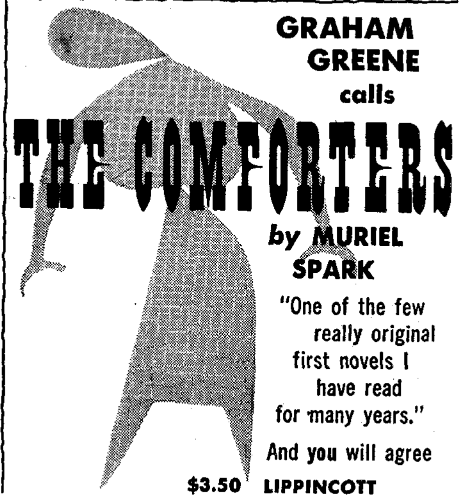
AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 20, N. Y.
PLaza 3-0839

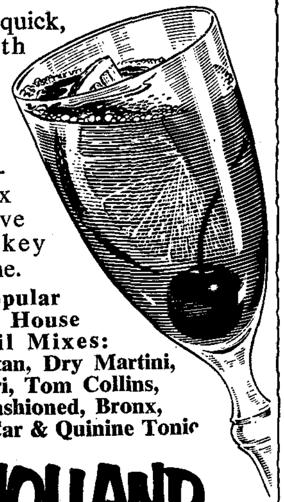
To an Unknown Lady

— who seeks to be wise in the ways of love and in the art of happiness—candid advice on how to be happy and make men happy.

"Very charming, very French, very Maurois."
— Harper's

from
ANDRÉ MAUROIS
$2.95 at your bookstore
DUTTON


GRAHAM GREENE calls
THE COMFORTERS
by MURIEL SPARK
"One of the few really original first novels I have read for many years."
And you will agree
$3.50 LIPPINCOTT



Enjoy delicious
WHISKEY SOUR
cocktails-at home
EQUAL TO THOSE SERVED AT WORLD-FAMOUS BARS

Make them the quick, easy way with Holland House Whiskey Sour Mix. Just add your favorite brand of whiskey to the Mix and you'll serve perfect Whiskey Sours every time.

Other popular Holland House Cocktail Mixes: Manhattan, Dry Martini, Daiquiri, Tom Collins, Old Fashioned, Bronx, Side Car & Quinine Tonic

HOLLAND HOUSE
WHISKEY SOUR MIX
Full pint—enough for 22 cocktails
85¢ Slightly higher West of the Mississippi.

At Food, Drug, Beverage & Liquor Stores.
Write for free cocktail and canapé recipes!
Holland House Sales Co., Woodside 77, N. Y.

Authentick MUSEUM Reproductions by Hagerty

WINDSOR
SIDE CHAIR

EASY TO MAKE KIT $14.95
Assembled, Unfinished $19.95
Assembled, Finished $24.95
"Antique" Stain finishing Kit $1.45

No period in history has produced furniture as functional and beautiful as the Colonial. Outstanding were the Windsors with their pert, clean-cut lines and splayed "bamboo" legs representing comfort, good looks and durability—chairs that are equally at home in either a traditional or modern setting. Like the originals, our exacting reproductions are built to last for generations. Kits are easily assembled and finished in less than an hour. No tools or skills required. Kits are complete with pre-cut parts and simple assembly instructions. Side chair shown; 35½" high; 16"x17" seat.

NOTE: Matching Arm Chair, High Chair and Drop Leaf Dining Table are also available.

WRITE FOR NEW catalog showing our complete collection of exacting reproductions, including tips on furniture finishing. See Cohasset Colonials in color. Please enclose 10¢.

Money Back Guarantee—No C.O.D.'s Please
Shipping charges Collect

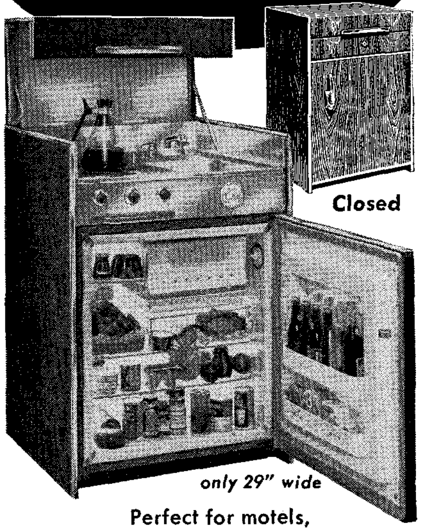
Cohasset Colonials
56 PARKER AVE., COHASSET, MASS.

Established 1864
Keeler's
STATE STREET
The Restaurant Landmark of
ALBANY, NEW YORK

fair. Last year, he returned to observe the changes since Stalin's death. He found, as others have, that there have been many, but he reports that little has been really altered in the Soviet dictatorship's grand design for the domination of the human mind. He also found a serious decline in the birth rate and a pervasive atmosphere of boredom; on the other hand, he declares, the Soviet citizenry, no matter how disillusioned they may be by the degrading of the Stalin myth, are proud, strongly nationalistic, and fully conscious of their power in world affairs.

A PROPHET IN HIS OWN COUNTRY, by Kenneth S. Davis (Doubleday). This rather overwrought biography of Adlai Stevenson runs to five hundred pages and could stand some cutting. Stevenson is a compelling man, but few human beings could be subjected to the lucubrated treatment he gets here and not lose a good deal of the reader's attention. There is an exhaustive passage, for instance, on the influence that Scott Fitzgerald *might* have had on young Stevenson at Princeton, a detailed account of Ellen Borden Stevenson's bout with the mumps in 1949 ("Jane Dick had the mumps, too, at about this time, having been exposed by her son Edison, Jr., who in turn gave them to John Fell, who gave them to Ellen"), and the sad and somehow pointless story of Stevenson's unhappy marriage. The author, who has also written a biography of Dwight D. Eisenhower (and who is a bit rough on Ike in this one), had access to Stevenson's personal diaries, letters, family papers, and so forth. Perhaps that is what undid him.

PRUNIER'S: THE STORY OF A GREAT RESTAURANT, by Mme. Prunier (Knopf). A history of the famous sea-food place on the Rue Duphot, in Paris. Founded in 1872 by an enterprising Norman peasant named Eugène Alfred Prunier, who was the grandfather of the author, Prunier's, from the beginning, specialized in oysters—all customers had to order oysters, whatever the rest of the meal—and fine wines. The tiny restaurant was an almost instantaneous success, attracting writers, actors, grand dukes, industrialists, and politicians. Oscar Wilde ate there, and so did Saint-Saëns, César Franck, Sarah Bernhardt, and Edward VIII when he was Prince of Wales. Clemenceau, who was ex-

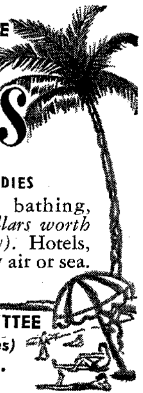


New... handsome
CABINET KITCHEN
refrigerator • stove • freezer • sink
Closed
only 29" wide

Perfect for motels, apartments, offices, patios, recreation rooms. Combines refrigerator, stove, freezer and sink — also available with oven. Natural wood and white finishes.

WRITE FOR FULL DETAILS TO
GENERAL AIR CONDITIONING CORP.
Dept. A-6 4542 E. Dunham St.
Los Angeles 23, California

General Chef NATIONWIDE SALES AND SERVICE



YEAR 'ROUND VACATION ISLE
Barbados
BRITISH WEST INDIES

Perfect climate. Renowned bathing, sports. *Reasonable—(U. S. dollars worth 69% more in local currency).* Hotels, clubs, guest houses. Reached by air or sea.

See or write Travel Agents or
BARBADOS PUBLICITY COMMITTEE
(under Barbados Gov't Auspices)
122 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

NEW YORK'S MOST EXCLUSIVE HOTEL RESIDENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN
The Barbizon

If you are seeking a career in New York, you will appreciate The Barbizon. Music studios. Social activities. Sun deck, swimming pool, radios. Coffee shop. From $4.25 daily. Weekly on application. Write for booklet.

Lexington Ave. at 63rd St., New York

PERSONAL

TATIANA ROMANOVA — Because of your excellent services to the State, SMERSH has singled you out for "Operation James Bond." Report to Rosa Klebb. For further details read FROM RUSSIA, WITH LOVE by Ian Fleming. Macmillan, $3.50.

empt from the oyster rule, was a regular, and always ordered boiled egg, rib of beef, and a bottle of Evian water. The Prunier family branched out into the cultivation of oysters and into the fish business, and became one of the largest European dealers in caviar; at present there are two Prunier restaurants in Paris and one in London. Mme. Prunier, who presides over all three, tells the story in affectionate detail, and from time to time it makes one's mouth water. Illustrated.

CYPRUS: A PORTRAIT AND AN APPRECIATION, by Sir Harry Luke (Roy). Sir Harry has been a British official on Cyprus, knows the island as well as anyone could, and loves it shamelessly. His historical account begins, as it should, with the birth of Aphrodite from the foam off Paphos; proceeds to topography and the biography of such colorful Cypriotes and visitors as the Empress Theodora and the original of Othello; and concludes sadly with the movement for union with Greece, which the author regards as the work of a minority of "professional terrorists," led by unscrupulous clerical politicians. Maps and many photographs.

BEAUTYWAY: A NAVAHO CEREMONIAL, text by Father Berard Haile and others; edited, with commentaries, by Leland C. Wyman (Pantheon). In 1932, a Navaho named Singer Man dictated the myth of Younger Sister and her adventures among the snake people to Father Haile, and the Father's beautiful translation of the legend is the core of this book. With it are other texts for comparison, magnificent colored reproductions of sixteen sand paintings meant to ward off evil spirits, and extensive notes by the editor. The original Navaho text is printed in a booklet that fits into the inside back cover, and the whole thing represents not only careful ethnology but a thoughtful job of bookmaking.

OEDIPUS AT THEBES, by Bernard M. W. Knox (Yale). An appraisal of Sophocles' "Oedipus Tyrannus" as an almost total summing up of fifth-century Athens—political, religious, philosophic, legal, medical, scientific, mathematical, and even vocational. Professor Knox follows key words and images through the play and comes up with a superb analysis, demonstrating that when classical study is aware of Freud and the techniques of modern literary criticism, it can be as exciting nowadays as it

This Is Your Wife

How the telephone helps her to be five busy people

This is the very pretty girl you married.

She's the family chef. And the nurse. And the chauffeur and maid.

And when she's all dressed up for an evening out—doesn't she look just wonderful!

How does she do it?

Of course she's smart and it keeps her busy, but she never could manage it without the telephone.

When the "chef" needs groceries, she telephones. Supplies from the drugstore? The "nurse" phones her order.

A train to be met? The telephone tells the "chauffeur" which one. A beauty shop appointment? A call from the "glamour girl" makes it easily and quickly.

Handy, ever-ready telephones—in living room, bedroom, kitchen and hobby room—mean more comfort, convenience and security for everybody.

Working together to bring people together...BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE SICK NICKEL

Maybe you've heard Franklin P. Adam's wry observation that "what this country needs is a good five-cent nickel."

Certainly it's true that with the rising cost of living, there aren't many things left that a nickel will buy—a newspaper, a package of gum, a trip on the Staten Island ferry.

But *ten nickels a day* and you're an investor! That's right. If you can set aside as little as 50¢ a day for three months, you can start to buy stock in any of 1200 leading American companies under the Monthly Investment Plan.

Want more information about this simple way to put your money to work for you? Just write your name and address and the letters "M.I.P." on a post card and drop it in the mail, addressed to us. We'll see that you get full information about the Monthly Investment Plan—with no strings attached.

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & BEANE

Members New York Stock Exchange
and all other Principal Exchanges
70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.
Offices in 112 Cities

must have been during the Renaissance.

NEW ART IN AMERICA, edited by John I. H. Baur (New York Graphic Society-Frederick A. Praeger). A curious but generally rewarding amalgam. Five authorities on contemporary American painting—Mr. Baur, Lloyd Goodrich, Dorothy C. Miller, James Thrall Soby, and Frederick S. Wight—pool their choices of the fifty painters that each believes "did the most . . . to form American art in the twentieth century," and present them in relation to the development of our present-day art. As with all such symposiums, the trouble is that there is no central point of reference, and so no fixed standard of judgment; the reader is likely to be confused and occasionally annoyed by the conflict between inclusions that he feels shouldn't be there and some even more surprising exclusions (Joseph Pickett, Man Ray, and Louis M. Eilshemius *in*, for example, and Robert Henri, George Luks, and Kenneth Hayes Miller *out*). The many reproductions, quite a lot of them in color, are excellent, and the evaluations, as well as the interpolated historical summaries, are often extremely apposite. Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Manchester* (*N.H.*) *Union-Leader*]

CONCORD—The state's revenue from the Inheritance tax will be $1,000,000 more than estimated for 1957, it was reported yesterday by Kenneth L. Cowan, director of the Division of Inheritance Taxes, State Tax Commission.

Director Cowan reported Friday that the total for the fiscal year ending June 30 will be $2,150,478.43 as compared to the legislative estimate of $1,121,700.

The total received in 1956 was $1,387,811.44.

Said Director Cowan:

"While the director and the division are proud of the record, the writer humbly acknowledges that it could not have been accomplished without the action of Him who called to rest many New Hampshire citizens possessed of substantial wealth and who had no tax-exempt survivors to whom to leave such wealth."

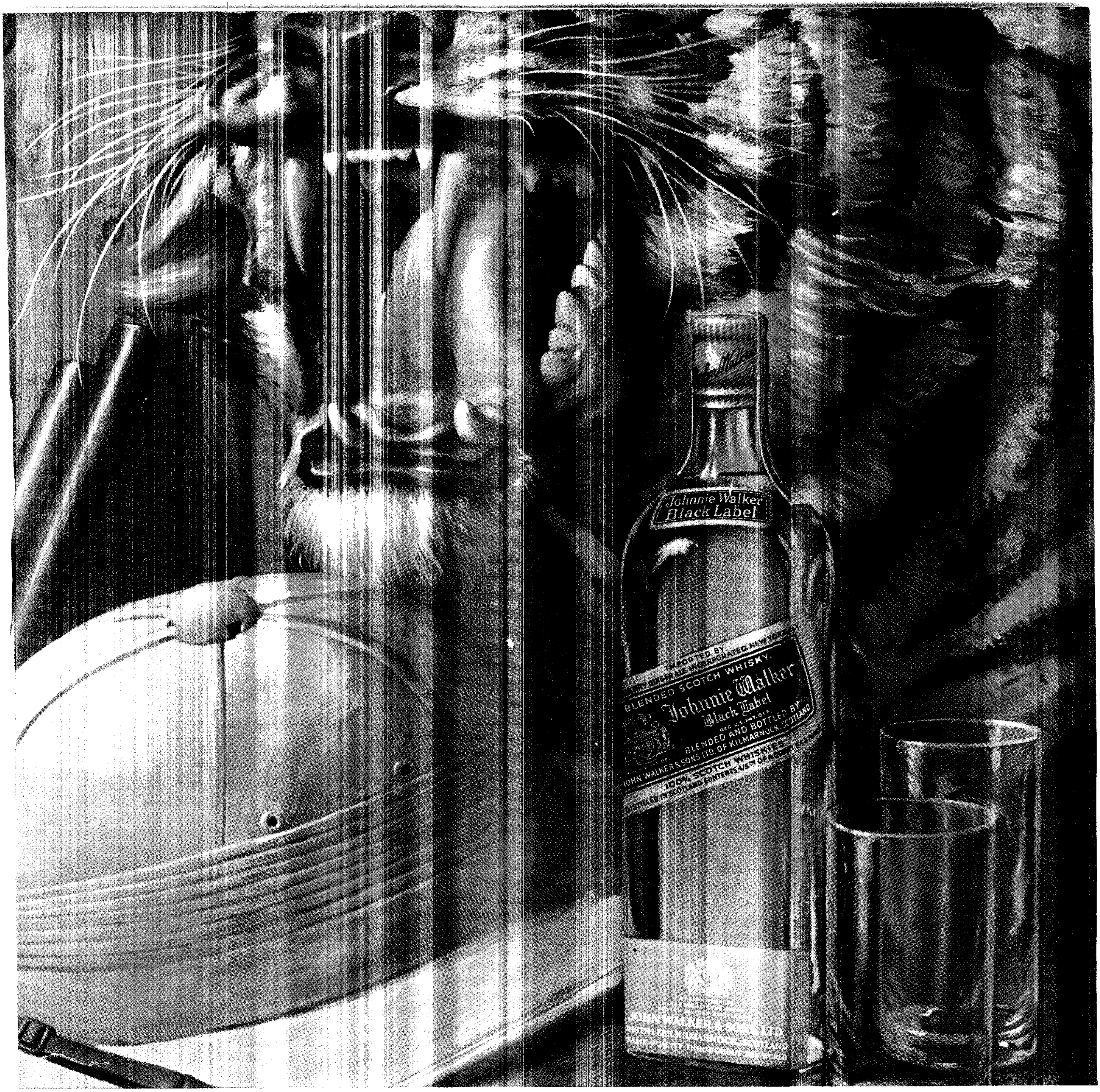
•

NOTE: To avoid accidents, the Greens Committee asks that children and dogs stay off the golf course unless playing golf.—*Communication received by a member of the Hope Valley Country Club, Durham, N. C.*

Sensible rule.

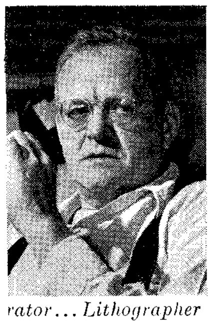
See the Jofa decorator fabrics featured in the
Celanese
"World Of Ideas"
advertisement on page 20
at these stores:

Albany, New York	W. M. Whitney & Co.
Albuquerque, N. M.	Home Beautiful
Athens, Ga.	Davison's
Atlanta, Ga.	Davison's
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Charlotte, N. C.	Belk's
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Loveman's
Chevy Chase, Md.	Woodward & Lothrop
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue Co.
Clayton, Mo.	Famous-Barr Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.	James L. Tapp Co.
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Corpus Christi, Texas	Lichtenstein's
Dallas, Texas	Titche-Goettinger Co.
Dayton, Ohio	Rike-Kumler Co.
Denver, Colo.	Denver Dry Goods
Edina, Minn.	Dayton's
El Paso, Texas	American Furniture Co.
Fort Worth, Texas	The Fair
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Herpolsheimer Co.
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co.
Houston, Texas	Joske's of Houston
Hopkinsville, Ky.	Keach Furniture Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres & Co. Inc.
Jackson, Miss.	The Emporium
Jacksonville, Fla.	Cohen Bros.
Kansas City, Mo.	Macy's Kansas City
Lakeland, Fla.	Maas Bros.
Lexington, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Little Rock, Ark.	Gus Blass Co.
Lincoln, Nebr.	Miller & Paine
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Los Angeles, Calif.	The Broadway
Madison, Wisc.	Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.	J. Goldsmith & Sons
Miami, Fla.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc.	Ed. Schuster & Co. Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche Co. Ltd.
Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's
Oakland, Calif.	Jackson's Furniture Co.
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Peoria, Ill.	Block & Kuhl Co.
Phoenix, Ariz.	Dorris Heyton
Philadelphia, Pa.	Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Gimbel Bros.
Portland, Oregon	Meier & Frank Co.
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer Bros.
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
Rochester, Minn.	Dayton's
St. Paul, Minn.	Emporium of St. Paul, Inc.
Sacramento, Calif.	Weinstock, Lubin & Co.
Sarasota, Fla.	Maas Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.—Southtown, Northland	Famous-Barr Co.
San Francisco, Calif.	Macy's, Calif.
St. Petersburg, Fla.	Maas Bros.
Salt Lake City, Utah	ZCMI
San Antonio, Texas	Joske's of Texas
Schenectady, N. Y.	Carl Co.
Scranton, Pa.	The Globe
Seven Corners, Md.	Woodward & Lothrop
Seattle, Wash.	The Bon Marche
Spokane, Wash.	The Crescent
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.	C. F. Chappell & Sons, Inc.
Tacoma, Wash.	Rhodes Bros.
Tampa, Fla.	Maas Bros.
Toledo, Ohio	LaSalle's
Tulsa, Okla.	Brown Dunkin Co.
Washington, D.C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Wheeling, W. Va.	L. S. Good & Co.
Wichita, Kansas	Innes
Youngstown, Ohio	Strouss-Hirshberg Co.
York, Pa.	Charles H. Bear


Johnnie Walker
Black Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Johnnie Walker
Black Label
JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD

M THE JOHNNIE WALKER COLLECTION

Trophy" by ROBERT RIGGS



rator... Lithographer

A man can live a safari all over again, surrounded by trophies of the hunt. Robert Riggs stirs such memories to life in this vivid painting.

Here another trophy takes its rightful place. Johnnie Walker Black Label stands for the successful end to a hunt which has taken men to every corner of the world ... the quest for Scotch whisky of rare and royal character. To relive great moments ... to live new moments ... Black Label becomes your trophy of trophies.

By appointment to
Her Majesty the Queen
Scotch Whisky Distillers
John Walker & Sons Limited

JOHNNIE WALKER
Born 1820
still going strong

ded Scotch Whisky ... 86.8 Proof. Imported by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N.Y.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strike up a friendship with new PARLIAMENT

HER: *Oh, how nice! You smoke Parliaments, too!*
You know, cigarettes tell so much about people!

HIM: *Honestly?*

HER: *Oh, yes! Specially Parliaments. The recessed filter. More expensive tobaccos.*
There's something so savoir-faire about a Parliament.

HIM: *You really think so? Well, I . . .*

HER: *Certainly! And I knew you were the Parliament type! Why just yesterday . . .*

More expensive tobaccos . . . you can tell by the flavor!

Parliament
FILTER MOUTHPIECE
BENSON & HEDGES NEW YORK
Parliament

The filter's right where it belongs
. . . .
recessed to keep it away from your lips!

NEW LOW PRICE